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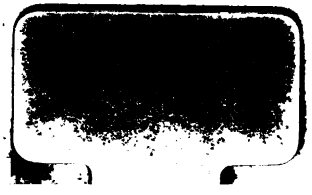

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Mysteries of Udolpho.

Vol. 4. Ch. D. P. 319.

THE

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,

A

ROMANCE;

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

BY

ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPPER-PLATES.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Fate fits on these dark battlements, and frowns,
And, as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice, in sullen echoes through the courts,
Tells of a nameless deed.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1799.

THE

MYSTERIES

OF

UDOLPHO.

CHAP. I.

" Where'er I roam, whatever realms I ſee,
My heart untravell'd ſtill ſhall turn to thee."

GOLDSMITH.

THE carriages were at the gates at an early hour; the buſtle of the domeſtics, paſſing to and fro in the galleries, awakened Emily from haraſſing ſlumbers: her unquiet mind had, during the night, preſented her with terrific images and obſcure circumſtances, concerning her affection and her future life. She now endeavoured to chaſe away the impreſſions they had left on her fancy; but from imaginary evils ſhe awoke to the conſciouſneſs of real ones. Recol-

lecting that ſhe had parted with Valancourt, perhaps for ever, her heart ſickened as memory revived. But ſhe tried to diſmiſs the diſmal forebodings that crowded on her mind, and to reſtrain the ſorrow which ſhe could not ſubdue; efforts which diffuſed over the ſettled melancholy of her countenance an expreſſion of tempered reſignation, as a thin veil, thrown over the features of beauty, renders them more intereſting by a partial concealment. But Madame Montoni obſerved nothing in this countenance except its unuſual paleneſs, which attracted her cenſure. She told her niece, that ſhe had been indulging in fanciful ſorrows, and begged ſhe would have more regard for decorum, than to let the world ſee that ſhe could not renounce an improper attachment; at which Emily's pale cheek became flushed with crimſon, but it was the bluſh of pride, and ſhe made no anſwer. Soon after, Montoni entered the breakfaſt room, ſpoke little, and ſeemed impatient to be gone.

The

The windows of this room opened upon the garden. As Emily paſſed them, ſhe ſaw the ſpot where ſhe had parted with Valancourt on the preceding night: the remembrance preſſed heavily on her heart, and ſhe turned haſtily away from the object that had awakened it.

The baggage being at length adjuſted, the travellers entered their carriages, and Emily would have left the chateau without one ſigh of regret, had it not been ſituated in the neighbourhood of Valancourt's reſidence.

From a little eminence ſhe looked back upon Thouloufe, and the far-ſeen plains of Gaſcony, beyond which the broken ſummits of the Pyrenées appeared on the diſtant horizon, lighted up by a morning ſun. "Dear pleaſant mountains!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "how long may it be ere I ſee ye again, and how much may happen to make me miſerable in the interval! Oh, could I now be certain, that I ſhould ever return to ye, and find that Valancourt ſtill lived

for me, I ſhould go in peace! He will ſtill gaze on ye, gaze when I am far away!"

The trees, that impended over the high banks of the road, and formed a line of perſpective with the diſtant country, now threatened to exclude the view of them; but the blueiſh mountains ſtill appeared beyond the dark foliage, and Emily continued to lean from the coach window, till at length the cloſing branches ſhut them from her ſight.

Another object ſoon caught her attention. She had ſcarcely looked at a perſon who walked along the bank, with his hat, in which was the military feather, drawn over his eyes, before, at the ſound of wheels, he ſuddenly turned, and ſhe perceived that it was Valancourt himſelf, who waved his hand, ſprung into the road, and through the window of the carriage put a letter into her hand. He endeavoured to ſmile through the deſpair that overſpread his countenance as ſhe paſſed on. The remembrance of

that

that ſmile ſeemed impreſſed on Emily's mind for ever. She leaned from the window, and ſaw him on a knoll of the broken bank, leaning againſt the high trees that waved over him, and purſuing the carriage with his eyes. He waved his hand, and ſhe continued to gaze till diſtance confuſed his figure, and at length another turn of the road entirely ſeparated him from her ſight.

Having ſtopped to take up Signor Cavigni at a chateau on the road, the travellers, of whom Emily was diſreſpectfully ſeated with Madame Montoni's woman in a ſecond carriage, purſued their way over the plains of Languedoc. The preſence of this ſervant reſtrained Emily from reading Valancourt's letter, for ſhe did not chooſe to expoſe the emotions it might occaſion to the obſervation of any perſon. Yet ſuch was her wiſh to read this his laſt communication, that her trembling hand was every moment on the point of breaking the ſeal.

At length they reached the village, where they ſtayed only to change horſes, without alighting, and it was not till they ſtopped to dine, that Emily had an opportunity of reading the letter. Though ſhe had never doubted the ſincerity of Valancourt's affection, the freſh aſſurances ſhe now received of it revived her ſpirits; ſhe wept over his letter in tenderneſs, laid it by to be referred to when they ſhould be particularly depreſſed, and then thought of him with much leſs anguiſh than ſhe had done ſince they parted. Among ſome other requeſts, which were intereſting to her, becauſe expreſſive of his tenderneſs, and becauſe a compliance with them ſeemed to annihilate for a while the pain of abſence, he entreated ſhe would always think of him at ſun-ſet. "You will then meet me in thought," ſaid he; "I ſhall conſtantly watch the ſun-ſet, and I ſhall be happy in the belief, that your eyes are fixed upon the ſame object with mine, and that our minds are converſing. You know not, Emily, the comfort

comfort I promiſe myſelf from theſe moments; but I truſt you will experience it."

It is unneceſſary to ſay with what emotion Emily, on this evening, watched the declining ſun, over a long extent of plains, on which ſhe ſaw it ſet without interruption, and ſink towards the province which Valancourt inhabited. After this hour her mind became far more tranquil and reſigned, than it had been ſince the marriage of Montoni and her aunt.

During ſeveral days the travellers journeyed over the plains of Languedoc; and then entering Dauphiny, and winding for ſome time among the mountains of that romantic province, they quitted their carriages and began to aſcend the Alps. And here ſuch ſcenes of ſublimity opened upon them as no colours of language muſt dare to paint! Emily's mind was even ſo much engaged with new and wonderful images, that they ſometimes baniſhed the idea of Valancourt, though they more frequently

revived it. Theſe brought to her recollection the proſpects among the Pyrenées, which they had admired together, and had believed nothing could excel in grandeur. How often did ſhe wiſh to expreſs to him the new emotions which this aſtoniſhing ſcenery awakened, and that he could partake of them! Sometimes too ſhe endeavoured to anticipate his remarks, and almoſt imagined him preſent. She ſeemed to have ariſen into another world, and to have left every trifling thought, every trifling ſentiment, in that below; thoſe only of grandeur and ſublimity now dilated her mind, and elevated the affections of her heart.

With what emotions of ſublimity, ſoftened by tenderneſs, did ſhe meet Valancourt in thought, at the cuſtomary hour of ſun-ſet, when, wandering among the Alps, ſhe watched the glorious orb ſink amid their ſummits, his laſt tints die away on their ſnowy points, and a ſolemn obſcurity ſteal over the ſcene! And when the laſt gleam had

had faded, ſhe turned her eyes from the weſt with ſomewhat of the melancholy regret that is experienced after the departure of a beloved friend; while theſe lonely feelings were heightened by the ſpreading gloom, and by the low ſounds, heard only when darkneſs confines attention, which make the general ſtillneſs more impreſſive—leaves ſhook by the air, the laſt ſigh of the breeze that lingers after ſun-ſet, or the murmur of diſtant ſtreams.

During the firſt days of this journey among the Alps, the ſcenery exhibited a wonderful mixture of ſolitude and inhabitation, of cultivation and barrenneſs. On the edge of tremendous precipices, and within the hollow of the cliffs, below which the clouds often floated, were ſeen villages, ſpires, and convent towers; while green paſtures and vineyards ſpread their hues at the feet of perpendicular rocks of marble, or of granite, whoſe points, tufted with alpine ſhrubs, or exhibiting only maſſy crags, roſe above each other, till they ter-

minated in the ſnow-topt mountains, whence the torrent fell, that thundered along the valley.

The ſnow was not yet melted on the ſummit of Mount Cenis, over which the travellers paſſed; but Emily, as ſhe looked upon its clear lake and extended plain, ſurrounded by broken cliffs, ſaw, in imagination, the verdant beauty it would exhibit when the ſnows ſhould be gone, and the ſhepherds, leading up the midſummer flocks from Piedmont, to paſture on its flowery ſummit, ſhould add Arcadian figures to Arcadian landſcape.

As ſhe deſcended on the Italian ſide, the precipices became ſtill more tremendous, and the proſpects ſtill more wild and majeſtic, over which the ſhifting lights threw all the pomp of colouring. Emily delighted to obſerve the ſnowy tops of the mountains under the paſſing influence of the day, bluſhing with morning, glowing with the brightneſs of noon, or juſt tinted with the purple evening. The haunt of man could now

now only be diſcovered by the ſimple hut of the ſhepherd and the hunter, or by the rough pine bridge thrown acroſs the torrent, to aſſiſt the latter in his chaſe of the chamois over crags where, but for this veſtige of man, it would have been believed only the chamois or the wolf dared to venture. As Emily gazed upon one of theſe perilous bridges, with the cataract foaming beneath it, ſome images came to her mind, which ſhe afterwards combined in the following

STORIED SONNET.

The weary traveller, who, all night long,
Has climb'd among the Alps' tremendous ſteeps,
Skirting the pathleſs precipice, where throng
Wild forms of danger; as he onward creeps
If, chance, his anxious eye at diſtance ſees
The mountain-ſhepherd's ſolitary home,
Peeping from forth the moon-illumin'd trees,
What ſudden tranſports to his boſom come!
But, if between ſome hideous chaſm yawn,
Where the cleft pine a doubtful bridge diſplays,
In dreadful ſilence, on the brink, forlorn
He ſtands, and views in the faint rays

Far, far below, the torrent's riſing ſurge,
And liſtens to the wild impetuous roar;
Still eyes the depth, ſtill ſhudders on the verge,
Fears to return, nor dares to venture o'er.
Deſperate, at length the tottering plank he tries,
His weak ſteps ſlide, he ſhrieks, he ſinks—he dies!

Emily, often as ſhe travelled among the clouds, watched in ſilent awe their billowy ſurges rolling below; ſometimes, wholly cloſing upon the ſcene, they appeared like a world of chaos, and, at others, ſpreading thinly, they opened and admitted partial catches of the landſcape—the torrent, whoſe aſtounding roar had never failed, tumbling down the rocky chaſm, huge cliffs white with ſnow, or the dark ſummits of the pine foreſts, that ſtretched mid-way down the mountains. But who may deſcribe her rapture, when, having paſſed through a ſea of vapour, ſhe caught a firſt view of Italy; when, from the ridge of one of thoſe tremendous precipices that hang upon Mount Cenis and guard the entrance of that enchanting country, ſhe looked down through the

the lower clouds, and, as they floated away, ſaw the graſſy vales of Piedmont at her feet, and, beyond, the plains of Lombardy extending to the fartheſt diſtance, at which appeared, on the faint horizon, the doubtful towers of Turin?

The ſolitary grandeur of the objects that immediately ſurrounded her, the mountain region towering above, the deep precipices that fell beneath, the waving blackneſs of the foreſts of pine and oak, which ſkirted their feet, or hung within their receſſes, the headlong torrents that, daſhing among their cliffs, ſometimes appeared like a cloud of miſt, at others like a ſheet of ice—theſe were features which received a higher character of ſublimity from the repoſing beauty of the Italian landſcape below, ſtretching to the wide horizon, where the ſame melting blue tint ſeemed to unite earth and ſky.

Madame Montoni only ſhuddered as ſhe looked down precipices near whoſe edge the chairmen trotted lightly and ſwiftly, almoſt,

almoſt, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears were mingled ſuch various emotions of delight, ſuch admiration, aſtoniſhment, and awe, as ſhe had never experienced before.

Meanwhile the carriers, having come to a landing-place, ſtopped to reſt, and the travellers being ſeated on the point of a cliff, Montoni and Cavigni renewed a diſpute concerning Hannibal's paſſage over the Alps, Montoni contending that he entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis, and Cavigni, that he paſſed over Mount St. Bernard. The ſubject brought to Emily's imagination the diſaſters he had ſuffered in this bold and perilous adventure. She ſaw his vaſt armies winding among the defiles, and over the tremendous cliffs of the mountains, which at night were lighted up by his fires, or by the torches which he cauſed to be carried when he purſued his indefatigable march. In the eye of fancy, ſhe perceived the gleam of arms through the duſkineſs of night, the

the glitter of ſpears and helmets, and the banners floating dimly on the twilight; while now and then the blaſt of a diſtant trumpet echoed along the defile, and the ſignal was anſwered by a momentary claſh of arms. She looked with horror upon the mountaineers, perched on the higher cliffs, aſſailing the troops below with broken fragments of the mountain; on ſoldiers and elephants tumbling headlong down the lower precipices; and, as ſhe liſtened to the rebounding rocks, that followed their fall, the terrors of fancy yielded to thoſe of reality, and ſhe ſhuddered to behold herſelf on the dizzy height, whence ſhe had pictured the deſcent of others.

Madame Montoni, meantime, as ſhe looked upon Italy, was contemplating in imagination the ſplendour of palaces and the grandeur of caſtles, ſuch as ſhe believed ſhe was going to be miſtreſs of at Venice and in the Apennine, and ſhe became, in idea, little leſs than a princeſs. Being no longer under the alarms which had deterred her from

from giving entertainments to the beauties of Thoulouſe, whom Montoni had mentioned with more *eclat* to his own vanity than credit to their diſcretion, or regard to truth, ſhe determined to give concerts, though ſhe had neither ear nor taſte for muſic; *converſazioni*, though ſhe had no talents for converſation; and to outvie, if poſſible, in the gaieties of her parties and the magnificence of her liveries, all the nobleſſe of Venice. This bliſsful reverie was ſomewhat obſcured, when ſhe recollected the Signor, her huſband, who, though he was not averſe to the profit which ſometimes reſults from ſuch parties, had always ſhewn a contempt of the frivolous parade that ſometimes attends them; till ſhe conſidered that his pride might be gratified by diſplaying among his own friends, in his native city, the wealth which he had neglected in France; and ſhe courted again the ſplendid illuſions that had charmed her before.

The travellers, as they deſcended, gradually, exchanged the region of winter for the genial

genial warmth and beauty of ſpring. The ſky began to aſſume that ſerene and beautiful tint peculiar to the climate of Italy; patches of young verdure, fragrant ſhrubs and flowers looked gaily among the rocks, often fringing their rugged brows, or hanging in tufts from their broken ſides; and the buds of the oak and mountain aſh were expanding into foliage. Deſcending lower, the orange and the myrtle, every now and then, appeared in ſome ſunny nook, with their yellow bloſſoms peeping from among the dark green of their leaves, and mingling with the ſcarlet flowers of the pomegranate and the paler ones of the arbutus, that ran mantling to the crags above; while, lower ſtill, ſpread the paſtures of Piedmont, where early flocks were cropping the luxuriant herbage of ſpring.

The river Doria, which, riſing on the ſummit of Mount Cenis, had daſhed for many leagues over the precipices that bordered the road, now began to aſſume a leſs impetuous, though ſcarcely leſs romantic, character,

character, as it approached the green vallies of Piedmont, into which the travellers deſcended with the evening ſun; and Emily found herſelf once more amid the tranquil beauty of paſtoral ſcenery; among flocks and herds, and ſlopes tufted with woods of lively verdure and with beautiful ſhrubs, ſuch as ſhe had often ſeen waving luxuriantly over the Alps above. The verdure of the paſturage, now varied with the hues of early flowers, among which were yellow ranunculuſes and panſey violets of delicious fragrance, ſhe had never ſeen excelled.—Emily almoſt wiſhed to become a peaſant of Piedmont, to inhabit one of the pleaſant embowered cottages which ſhe ſaw peeping beneath the cliffs, and to paſs her careleſs hours among theſe romantic landſcapes. To the hours, the months, ſhe was to paſs under the dominion of Montoni, ſhe looked with apprehenſion; while thoſe which were departed ſhe remembered with regret and ſorrow.

In the preſent ſcenes her fancy often gave

gave her the figure of Valancourt, whom ſhe ſaw on a point of the cliffs, gazing with awe and admiration at the imagery around him; or wandering penſively along the vale below, frequently pauſing to look back upon the ſcenery, and then, his countenance glowing with the poet's fire, purſuing his way to ſome overhanging height. When ſhe again conſidered the time and the diſtance that were to ſeparate them, that every ſtep ſhe now took lengthened this diſtance, her heart ſunk, and the ſurrounding landſcape charmed her no more.

The travellers, paſſing Novaleſa, reached, after the evening had cloſed, the ſmall and ancient town of Suſa, which had formerly guarded this paſs of the Alps into Piedmont. The heights which command it had, ſince the invention of artillery, rendered its fortifications uſeleſs; but theſe romantic heights, ſeen by moon-light, with the town below, ſurrounded by its walls and watch-towers, and partially illumined, exhibited an intereſting picture to Emily.

Here

Here they reſted for the night at an inn, which had little accommodation to boaſt of; but the travellers brought with them the hunger that gives delicious flavour to the coarſeſt viands, and the wearineſs that enſures repoſe; and here Emily firſt caught a ſtrain of Italian muſic, on Italian ground. As ſhe ſat after ſupper at a little window, that opened upon the country, obſerving an effect of the moon-light on the broken ſurface of the mountains, and remembering that on ſuch a night as this, ſhe once had ſat with her father and Valancourt, reſting upon a cliff of the Pyrenées, ſhe heard from below the long-drawn notes of a violin, of ſuch tone and delicacy of expreſſion, as harmonized exactly with the tender emotions ſhe was indulging, and both charmed and ſurpriſed her. Cavigni, who approached the window, ſmiled at her ſurpriſe. "This is nothing extraordinary," ſaid he, "you will hear the ſame, perhaps, at every inn in our way. It is one of our landlord's family who plays, I doubt not."

Emily,

Emily, as ſhe liſtened, thought he could be ſcarcely leſs than a profeſſor of muſic whom ſhe heard; and the ſweet and plaintive ſtrains ſoon lulled her into a reverie, from which ſhe was very unwillingly rouſed by the raillery of Cavigni, and by the voice of Montoni, who gave orders to a ſervant to have the carriages ready at an early hour on the following morning; and added, that he meant to dine at Turin.

Madame Montoni was exceedingly rejoiced to be once more on level ground; and, after giving a long detail of the various terrors ſhe had ſuffered, which ſhe forgot that ſhe was deſcribing to the companions of her dangers, ſhe added a hope, that ſhe ſhould ſoon be beyond the view of theſe horrid mountains, "which all the world," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould not tempt me to croſs again." Complaining of fatigue ſhe ſoon retired to reſt, and Emily withdrew to her own room, when ſhe underſtood from Annette, her aunt's woman, that Cavigni was nearly right in his conjecture concerning the

the muſician, who had awakened the violin with ſo much taſte, for that he was the ſon of a peaſant, inhabiting the neighbouring valley. "He is going to the Carnival at Venice," added Annette, "for they ſay he has a fine hand at playing, and will get a world of money; and the Carnival is juſt going to begin: but for my part, I ſhould like to live among theſe pleaſant woods and hills, better than in a town; and they ſay, ma'amſelle, we ſhall ſee no woods, or hills, or fields, at Venice, for that it is built in the very middle of the ſea."

Emily agreed with the talkative Annette, that this young man was making a change for the worſe, and could not forbear ſilently lamenting, that he ſhould be drawn from the innocence and beauty of theſe ſcenes, to the corrupt ones of that voluptuous city.

When ſhe was alone, unable to ſleep, the landſcapes of her native home, with Valancourt, and the circumſtances of her departure, haunted her fancy; ſhe drew pictures

of

of ſocial happineſs amidſt the grand ſimplicity of nature, ſuch as ſhe feared ſhe had bade farewel to for ever; and then the idea of this young Piedmonteſe, thus ignorantly ſporting with his happineſs, returned to her thoughts, and, glad to eſcape awhile from the preſſure of near interests, ſhe indulged her fancy in compoſing the following lines:

THE PIEDMONTESE.

Ah, merry ſwain, who laugh'd along the vales,
And with your gay pipe made the mountains ring,
Why leave your cot, your woods, and thymy gales,
And friends belov'd, for aught that wealth can bring?
He goes to wake o'er moon-light ſeas the ſtring,
Venetian gold his untaught fancy hails!
Yet oft of home his ſimple carols ſing,
And his ſteps pauſe, as the laſt Alp he ſcales.
Once more he turns to view his native ſcene—
Far, far below, as roll the clouds away,
He ſpies his cabin 'mid the pine-tops green,
The well known woods, clear brook, and paſtures gay;
And thinks of friends and parents left behind,
Of ſylvan revels, dance, and feſtive ſong;
And hears the faint reed ſwelling in the wind;
And his ſad ſighs the diſtant notes prolong!

Thus

Thus went the ſwain, till mountain-ſhadows fell,
And dimm'd the landſcape to his aching ſight;
And muſt he leave the vales he loves ſo well?
Can foreign wealth, and ſhows, his heart delight?
No, happy vales! your wild rocks ſtill ſhall hear
His pipe, light ſounding on the morning breeze;
Still ſhall he lead the flocks to ſtreamlet clear,
And watch at eve beneath the weſtern trees.
Away, Venetian gold—your charm is o'er!
And now his ſwift ſtep ſeeks the lowland bow'rs,
Where, through the leaves, his cottage light *once more*
Guides him to happy friends, and jocund hours.
Ah, merry ſwain! that laugh along the vales,
And with your gay pipe make the mountains ring,
Your cot, your woods, your thymy-ſcented gales—
And friends belov'd—more joy than wealth can bring!

CHAP. II.

Titania. "If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us."
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

EARLY on the following morning, the travellers set out for Turin. The luxuriant plain, that extends from the feet of the Alps to that magnificent city, was not then, as now, shaded by an avenue of trees nine miles in length; but plantations of olives, mulberry and palms, festooned with vines, mingled with the pastoral scenery through which the rapid Po, after its descent from the mountains, wandered to meet the humble Doria at Turin. As they advanced towards the city, the Alps, seen at some distance, began to appear in all their awful sublimity; chain rising over chain

in long ſucceſſion, their higher points darkened by the hovering clouds, ſometimes hid, and at others ſeen ſhooting up far above them; while their lower ſteeps, broken into fantaſtic forms, were touched with blue and purpliſh tints, which, as they changed in light and ſhade, ſeemed to open new ſcenes to the eye. To the eaſt ſtretched the plains of Lombardy, with the towers of Turin riſing at a diſtance; and beyond, the Apennines, bounding the horizon.

The general magnificence of that city, with its viſtas of churches and palaces, branching from the grand ſquare, each opening to a landſcape of the diſtant Alps or Apennines, was not only ſuch as Emily had never ſeen in France, but ſuch as ſhe had never imagined.

Montoni, who had been often at Turin, and cared little about views of any kind, did not comply with his wife's requeſt, that they might ſurvey ſome of the palaces; but ſtaying only till the neceſſary refreſhments could be obtained, they ſet forward

for

for Venice with all poſſible rapidity. Montoni's manner, during this journey, was grave, and even haughty; and towards Madame Montoni he was more eſpecially reſerved; but it was not the reſerve of reſpect ſo much as of pride and diſcontent. Of Emily he took little notice. With Cavigni his converſations were commonly on political or military topics, ſuch as the convulſed ſtate of their country rendered at this time particularly intereſting. Emily obſerved, that, at the mention of any daring exploit, Montoni's eyes loſt their ſullenneſs, and ſeemed inſtantaneouſly to gleam with fire; yet they ſtill retained ſomewhat of a lurking cunning, and ſhe ſometimes thought that their fire partook more of the glare of malice than the brightneſs of valour, though the latter would well have harmonized with the high chivalric air of his figure, in which Cavigni, with all his gay and gallant manners, was his inferior.

On entering the Milaneſe, the gentlemen exchanged their French hats for the

Italian cap of ſcarlet cloth, embroidered; and Emily was ſomewhat ſurpriſed to obſerve, that Montoni added to his the military plume, while Cavigni retained only the feather, which was uſually worn with ſuch caps: but ſhe at length concluded, that Montoni aſſumed this enſign of a ſoldier for convenience, as a means of paſſing with more ſafety through a country over-run with parties of the military.

Over the beautiful plains of this country the devaſtations of war were frequently viſible. Where the lands had not been ſuffered to lie uncultivated, they were often tracked with the ſteps of the ſpoiler; the vines were torn down from the branches that had ſupported them, the olives trampled upon the ground, and even the groves of mulberry trees had been hewn by the enemy to light fires that deſtroyed the hamlets and villages of their owners. Emily turned her eyes with a ſigh from theſe painful veſtiges of contention, to the Alps of the Griſon, that overlooked them to the north, whoſe awful

awful ſolitudes ſeemed to offer to perſecuted man a ſecure aſylum.

The travellers frequently diſtinguiſhed troops of ſoldiers moving at a diſtance; and they experienced, at the little inns on the road, the ſcarcity of proviſion and other inconveniencies, which are a part of the conſequence of inteſtine war; but they had never reaſon to be much alarmed for their immediate ſafety, and they paſſed on to Milan with little interruption of any kind, where they ſtayed not to ſurvey the grandeur of the city, or even to view its vaſt cathedral, which was then building.

Beyond Milan, the country wore the aſpect of a ruder devaſtation; and though every thing ſeemed now quiet, the repoſe was like that of death, ſpread over features, which retain the impreſſion of the laſt convulſions.

It was not till they had paſſed the eaſtern limits of the Milaneſe, that the travellers ſaw any troops ſince they had left Milan, when, as the evening was drawing to a

cloſe, they deſcried what appeared to be an army winding onward along the diſtant plains, whoſe ſpears and other arms caught the laſt rays of the ſun. As the column advanced through a part of the road, contracted between two hillocks, ſome of the commanders, on horſeback, were diſtinguiſhed on a ſmall eminence, pointing and making ſignals for the march; while ſeveral of the officers were riding along the line directing its progreſs, according to the ſigns communicated by thoſe above; and others, ſeparating from the vanguard, which had emerged from the paſs, were riding careleſsly along the plains, at ſome diſtance to the right of the army.

As they drew nearer, Montoni, diſtinguiſhing the feathers that waved in their caps, and the banners and liveries of the bands that followed them, thought he knew this to be the ſmall army commanded by the famous captain Utaldo, with whom, as well as with ſome of the other chiefs, he was perſonally acquainted. He, therefore,

fore, gave orders that the carriages ſhould draw up by the ſide of the road, to await their arrival, and give them the paſs. A faint ſtrain of martial muſic now ſtole by, and, gradually ſtrengthening as the troops approached, Emily diſtinguiſhed the drums and trumpets, with the claſh of cymbals and of arms, that were ſtruck by a ſmall party, in time to the march.

Montoni being now certain that theſe were the bands of the victorious Utaldo, leaned from the carriage window, and hailed their general by waving his cap in the air; which compliment the chief returned by raiſing his ſpear, and then letting it down again ſuddenly, while ſome of his officers, who were riding at a diſtance from the troops, came up to the carriage, and ſaluted Montoni as an old acquaintance. The captain himſelf ſoon after arriving, his bands halted while he converſed with Montoni, whom he appeared much rejoiced to ſee; and from what he ſaid, Emily

underſtood that this was a victorious army, returning into their own principality; while the numerous waggons, that accompanied them, contained the rich ſpoils of the enemy, their own wounded ſoldiers, and the priſoners they had taken in battle, who were to be ranſomed when the peace, then negotiating between the neighbouring ſtates, ſhould be ratified. The chiefs on the following day were to ſeparate, and each, taking his ſhare of the ſpoil, was to return with his own band to his caſtle. This was therefore to be an evening of uncommon and general feſtivity, in commemoration of the victory they had accompliſhed together, and of the farewel which the commanders were about to take of each other.

Emily, as theſe officers converſed with Montoni, obſerved with admiration, tinctured with awe, their high martial air, mingled with the haughtineſs of the nobleſſe of thoſe days, and heightened by the gallantry

gallantry of their dreſs, by the plumes towering on their caps, the armorial coat, Perſian ſaſh, and ancient Spaniſh cloak. Utaldo, telling Montoni that his army were going to encamp for the night near a village at only a few miles diſtance, invited him to turn back and partake of their feſtivity, aſſuring the ladies alſo, that they ſhould be pleaſantly accommodated; but Montoni excuſed himſelf, adding, that it was his deſign to reach Verona that evening; and, after ſome converſation concerning the ſtate of the country towards that city, they parted.

The travellers proceeded without any interruption; but it was ſome hours after ſunſet before they arrived at Verona, whoſe beautiful environs were therefore not ſeen by Emily till the following morning; when, leaving that pleaſant town at an early hour, they ſet off for Padua, where they embarked on the Brenta for Venice. Here the ſcene was entirely changed; no veſtiges of war, ſuch as had deformed the plains of the Milaneſe, appeared; on the contrary,

all was peace and elegance. The verdant banks of the Brenta exhibited a continued landſcape of beauty, gaiety, and ſplendour. Emily gazed with admiration on the villas of the Venetian nobleſſe, with their cool porticos and colonnades, overhung with poplars and cypreſſes of majeſtic height and lively verdure; on their rich orangeries, whoſe bloſſoms perfumed the air, and on the luxuriant willows, that dipped their light leaves in the wave, and ſheltered from the ſun the gay parties whoſe muſic came at intervals on the breeze. The Carnival did, indeed, appear to extend from Venice along the whole line of theſe enchanting ſhores; the river was gay with boats paſſing to that city, exhibiting the fantaſtic diverſity of a maſquerade in the dreſſes of the people within them; and, towards evening, groups of dancers frequently were ſeen beneath the trees.

Cavigni, meanwhile, informed her of the names of the noblemen to whom the ſeveral villas they paſſed belonged, adding light

ſketches

ſketches of their characters, ſuch as ſerved to amuſe rather than to inform, exhibiting his own wit inſtead of the delineation of truth. Emily was ſometimes diverted by his converſation; but his gaiety did not entertain Madame Montoni, as it had formerly done; ſhe was frequently grave, and Montoni retained his uſual reſerve.

Nothing could exceed Emily's admiration, on her firſt view of Venice, with its iſlets, palaces, and towers riſing out of the ſea, whoſe clear ſurface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours. The ſun, ſinking in the weſt, tinted the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, which ſkirt the northern ſhores of the Adriatic, with a ſaffron glow, while on the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and ſhades of evening. As they glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more diſtinctly: its terraces, crowned with airy yet majeſtic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the ſplendour of the ſetting ſun, appeared as if they

had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter, rather than reared by mortal hands.

The ſun, ſoon after, ſinking to the lower world, the ſhadow of the earth ſtole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering ſides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguiſhed even the laſt upward beams that had lingered on their ſummits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them, like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the ſcene! All nature ſeemed to repoſe; the fineſt emotions of the ſoul were alone awake. Emily's eyes filled with tears of admiration and ſublime devotion, as ſhe raiſed them over the ſleeping world to the vaſt heavens, and heard the notes of ſolemn muſic, that ſtole over the waters from a diſtance. She liſtened in ſtill rapture, and no perſon of the party broke the charm by an enquiry. The ſounds ſeemed to grow on the air; for ſo ſmoothly did the barge glide along, that its motion was not perceivable,

ceivable, and the fairy city appeared approaching to welcome the ſtrangers. They now diſtinguiſhed a female voice, accompanied by a few inſtruments, ſinging a ſoft and mournful air; and its fine expreſſion, as ſometimes it ſeemed pleading with the impaſſioned tenderneſs of love, and then languiſhing into the cadence of hopeleſs grief, declared, that it flowed from no feigned ſenſibility. Ah! thought Emily, as ſhe ſighed and remembered Valancourt, thoſe ſtrains come from the heart!

She looked round, with anxious enquiry; the deep twilight, that had fallen over the ſcene, admitted only imperfect images to the eye, but, at ſome diſtance on the ſea, ſhe thought ſhe perceived a gondola: a chorus of voices and inſtruments now ſwelled on the air—ſo ſweet, ſo ſolemn! it ſeemed like the hymn of angels deſcending through the ſilence of night! Now it died away, and fancy almoſt beheld the holy choir reaſcending towards heaven; then again it ſwelled with the breeze, trembled awhile,

and

and again died into ſilence. It brought to Emily's recollection ſome lines of her late father, and ſhe repeated in a low voice,

> . . . . Oft I hear,
> Upon the ſilence of the midnight air,
> Celeſtial voices ſwell in holy chorus,
> That bears the ſoul to heaven!

The deep ſtillneſs, that ſucceeded, was as expreſſive as the ſtrain that had juſt ceaſed. It was uninterrupted for ſeveral minutes, till a general ſigh ſeemed to releaſe the company from their enchantment. Emily, however, long indulged the pleaſing ſadneſs, that had ſtolen upon her ſpirits; but the gay and buſy ſcene that appeared, as the barge approached St. Mark's Place, at length rouſed her attention. The riſing moon, which threw a ſhadowy light upon the terraces, and illumined the porticos and magnificent arcades that crowned them, diſcovered the various company, whoſe light ſteps, ſoft guitars, and ſofter voices, echoed through the colonnades.

The

The muſic they heard before now paſſed Montoni's barge, in one of the gondolas, of which ſeveral were ſeen ſkimming along the moon-light ſea, full of gay parties, catching the cool breeze. Moſt of theſe had muſic, made ſweeter by the waves over which it floated, and by the meaſured ſound of oars, as they daſhed the ſparkling tide. Emily gazed, and liſtened, and thought herſelf in a fairy ſcene: even Madame Montoni was pleaſed; Montoni congratulated himſelf on his return to Venice, which he called the firſt city in the world, and Cavigni was more gay and animated than ever.

The barge paſſed on to the grand canal, where Montoni's manſion was ſituated. And here, other forms of beauty and of grandeur, ſuch as her imagination had never painted, were unfolded to Emily in the palaces of Sanſovino and Palladio, as ſhe glided along the waves. The air bore no ſounds, but thoſe of ſweetneſs, echoing along each margin of the canal,

and

and from gondolas on its ſurface, while groups of maſks were ſeen dancing on the moon-light terraces, and ſeemed almoſt to realize the romance of fairy-land.

The barge ſtopped before the portico of a large houſe, from whence a ſervant of Montoni croſſed the terrace, and immediately the party diſembarked. From the portico they paſſed a noble hall to a ſtaircaſe of marble, which led to a ſaloon, fitted up in a ſtyle of magnificence that ſurpriſed Emily. The walls and ceiling were adorned with hiſtorical and allegorical paintings, in *freſco*; ſilver tripods, depending from chains of the ſame metal, illumined the apartment, the floor of which was covered with Indian mats painted in a variety of colours and devices; the couches and drapery of the lattices were of pale green ſilk, embroidered and fringed with green and gold. Balcony lattices opened upon the grand canal, whence roſe a confuſion of voices and of muſical inſtruments, and the breeze that gave freſhneſs to the apartment.

Emily,

Emily, conſidering the gloomy temper of Montoni, looked upon the ſplendid furniture of his houſe with ſurpriſe, and remembered the report of his being a man of broken fortune, with aſtoniſhment. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "if Valancourt could but ſee this manſion, what peace would it give him! He would then be convinced that the report was groundleſs."

Madame Montoni ſeemed to aſſume the airs of a princeſs; but Montoni was reſtleſs and diſcontented, and did not even obſerve the civility of bidding her welcome to her home.

Soon after his arrival, he ordered his gondola, and, with Cavigni, went out to mingle in the ſcenes of the evening. Madame then became ſerious and thoughtful. Emily, who was charmed with every thing ſhe ſaw, endeavoured to enliven her; but reflection had not, with Madame Montoni, ſubdued caprice and ill humour, and her anſwers diſcovered ſo much of both, that Emily gave up the attempt of diverting her, and withdrew

withdrew to a lattice, to amuſe herſelf with the ſcene without, ſo new and ſo enchanting.

The firſt object that attracted her notice was a group of dancers on the terrace below, led by a guitar, and ſome other inſtruments. The girl, who ſtruck the guitar, and another, who flouriſhed a tamborine, paſſed on in a dancing ſtep, and with a light grace and gaiety of heart, that would have ſubdued the goddeſs of ſpleen in her worſt humour. After theſe came a group of fantaſtic figures, ſome dreſſed as gondolieri, others as minſtrels, while others ſeemed to defy all deſcription. They ſung in parts, their voices accompanied by a few ſoft inſtruments. At a little diſtance from the portico they ſtopped, and Emily diſtinguiſhed the verſes of Arioſto. They ſung of the wars of the Moors againſt Charlemagne, and then of the woes of Orlando: afterwards the meaſure changed, and the melancholy ſweetneſs of Petrarch ſucceeded. The magic of his grief was aſſiſted by all

that

that Italian muſic and Italian expreſſion, heightened by the enchantments of Venetian moonlight, could give.

Emily, as ſhe liſtened, caught the penſive enthuſiaſm; her tears flowed ſilently, while her fancy bore her far away to France and to Valancourt. Each ſucceeding ſonnet, more full of charming ſadneſs than the laſt, ſeemed to bind the ſpell of melancholy: with extreme regret ſhe ſaw the muſicians move on, and her attention followed the ſtrain till the laſt faint warble died in air. She then remained ſunk in that penſive tranquillity which ſoft muſic leaves on the mind—a ſtate like that produced by the view of a beautiful landſcape by moonlight, or by the recollection of ſcenes marked with the tenderneſs of friends loſt for ever, and with ſorrows, which time has mellowed into mild regret. Such ſcenes are indeed, to the mind, like "thoſe faint traces which the memory bears of muſic that is paſt."

Other

Other ſounds ſoon awakened her attention: it was the ſolemn harmony of horns, that ſwelled from a diſtance; and, obſerving the gondolas arrange themſelves along the margin of the terraces, ſhe threw on her veil, and, ſtepping into the balcony, diſcerned, in the diſtant perſpective of the canal, ſomething like a proceſſion, floating on the light ſurface of the water: as it approached, the horns and other inſtruments mingled ſweetly, and ſoon after the fabled deities of the city ſeemed to have ariſen from the ocean; for Neptune, with Venice perſonified as his queen, came on the undulating waves, ſurrounded by tritons and ſea-nymphs. The fantaſtic ſplendour of this ſpectacle, together with the grandeur of the ſurrounding palaces, appeared like the viſion of a poet ſuddenly embodied; and the fanciful images, which it awakened in Emily's mind, lingered there long after the proceſſion had paſſed away. She indulged herſelf in imagining what might be the manners

manners and delights of a ſea-nymph, till ſhe almoſt wiſhed to throw off the habit of mortality, and plunge into the green wave to participate them.

"How delightful," ſaid ſhe, "to live amidſt the coral bowers and cryſtal caverns of the ocean, with my ſiſter nymphs, and liſten to the ſounding waters above, and to the ſoft ſhells of the tritons! and then, after ſun-ſet, to ſkim on the ſurface of the waves round wild rocks and along ſequeſtered ſhores, where, perhaps, ſome penſive wanderer comes to weep! Then would I ſooth his ſorrows with my ſweet muſic, and offer him from a ſhell ſome of the delicious fruit that hangs round Neptune's palace."

She was recalled from her reverie to a mere mortal ſupper, and could not forbear ſmiling at the fancies ſhe had been indulging, and at her conviction of the ſerious diſpleaſure, which Madame Montoni would have expreſſed, could ſhe have been made acquainted with them.

After

After ſupper, her aunt ſat late, but Montoni did not return, and ſhe at length retired to reſt. If Emily had admired the magnificence of the ſaloon, ſhe was not leſs ſurpriſed, on obſerving the half-furniſhed and forlorn appearance of the apartments ſhe paſſed in the way to her chamber, whither ſhe went through long ſuits of noble rooms, that ſeemed, from their deſolate aſpect, to have been unoccupied for many years. On the walls of ſome were the faded remains of tapeſtry; from others, painted in *freſco*, the damps had almoſt withdrawn both colours and deſign. At length ſhe reached her own chamber, ſpacious, deſolate, and lofty, like the reſt, with high lattices that opened towards the Adriatic. It brought gloomy images to her mind, but the view of the Adriatic ſoon gave her others more airy, among which was that of the ſea-nymph, whoſe delights ſhe had before amuſed herſelf with picturing; and, anxious to eſcape from ſerious reflections, ſhe now endeavoured to throw her fanciful ideas into a

trian,

train, and concluded the hour with compoſing the following lines:

THE SEA-NYMPH.

Down, down a thouſand fathom deep,
Among the ſounding ſeas I go;
Play round the foot of ev'ry ſteep
Whoſe cliffs above the ocean grow.

There, within their ſecret caves,
I hear the mighty rivers roar!
And guide their ſtreams thro' Neptune's waves
To bleſs the green earth's inmoſt ſhore:

And bid the freſhen'd waters glide,
For fern-crown'd nymphs of lake, or brook,
Through winding woods and paſtures wide,
And many a wild, romantic nook.

For this the nymphs, at fall of eve,
Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks,
And ſing my name, and garlands weave
To bear beneath the wave their thanks.

In coral bow'rs I love to lie,
And hear the ſurges roll above,
And through the waters view on high
The proud ſhips ſail, and gay clouds move.

And

And oft at midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
When ſummer ſeas the veſſel lave,
I love to prove my charmful pow'r
While floating on the moon-light wave.

And when deep ſleep the crew has bound,
And the ſad lover muſing leans
O'er the ſhip's ſide, I breathe around
Such ſtrains as ſpeak no mortal means!

O'er the dim waves his ſearching eye
Sees but the veſſel's lengthen'd ſhade;
Above—the moon and azure ſky;
Entranc'd he hears, and half afraid!

Sometimes, a ſingle note I ſwell
That, ſoftly ſweet, at diſtance dies!
Then wake the magic of my ſhell,
And choral voices round me riſe!

The trembling youth, charm'd by my ſtrain,
Calls up the crew, who, ſilent, bend
O'er the high deck, but liſt in vain;
My ſong is huſh'd, my wonders end!

Within the mountain's woody bay,
Where the tall bark at anchor rides,
At twilight hour, with tritons gay,
I dance upon the lapſing tides:

And

And with my ſiſter-nymphs I ſport,
Till the broad ſun looks o'er the floods;
Then, ſwift we ſeek our cryſtal court,
Deep in the wave, 'mid Neptune's woods.

In cool arcades and glaſſy halls
We paſs the ſultry hours of noon,
Beyond wherever ſun-beam falls,
Weaving ſea-flowers in gay feſtoon.

The while we chant our ditties ſweet
To ſome ſoft ſhell that warbles near;
Join'd by the murmuring currents, fleet,
That glide along our halls ſo clear.

There, the pale pearl and ſapphire blue,
And ruby red, and em'rald green,
Dart from the domes a changing hue,
And ſparry columns deck the ſcene.

When the dark ſtorm ſcowls o'er the deep,
And long, long peals of thunder ſound,
On ſome high cliff my watch I keep
O'er all the reſtleſs ſeas around:

Till on the ridgy wave afar
Comes the lone veſſel, labouring ſlow,
Spreading the white foam in the air,
With ſail and top-maſt bending low.

Then, plunge I 'mid the ocean's roar,
My way by quiv'ring lightnings ſhown,
To guide the bark to peaceful ſhore,
And huſh the ſailor's fearful groan.

And if too late I reach its ſide
To ſave it from the 'whelming ſurge,
I call my dolphins o'er the tide,
To bear the crew where iſles emerge.

Their mournful ſpirits ſoon I cheer,
While round the deſert coaſt I go,
With warbled ſongs they faintly hear,
Oft as the ſtormy guſt ſinks low.

My muſic leads to lofty groves,
That wild upon the ſea-bank wave;
Where ſweet fruits bloom, and freſh ſpring roves,
And cloſing boughs the tempeſt brave.

Then, from the air ſpirits obey
My potent voice they love ſo well,
And, on the clouds, paint viſions gay,
While ſtrains more ſweet at diſtance ſwell.

And thus the lonely hours I cheat,
Soothing the ſhipwreck'd ſailor's heart,
Till from the waves the ſtorms retreat,
And o'er the eaſt the day-beams dart.

Neptune

Neptune for this oft binds me faſt
To rocks below, with coral chain,
Till all the tempeſt's over-paſt,
And drowning ſeamen cry in vain.

Whoe'er ye are that love my lay,
Come, when red ſun-ſet tints the wave,
To the ſtill ſands, where fairies play;
There, in cool ſeas, I love to lave.

CHAP. III.

"He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
. . . . . he hears no muſic;
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
When they behold a greater than themſelves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MONTONI and his companion did not return home, till many hours after the dawn had bluſhed upon the Adriatic. The airy groups, which had danced all night along the colonnade of St. Mark, diſperſed before the morning, like ſo many ſpirits. Montoni had been otherwiſe engaged; his ſoul was little ſuſceptible of light pleaſures. He delighted in the energies of the paſſions; the difficulties and tempeſts of life, which wreck

wreck the happineſs of others, rouſed and ſtrengthened all the powers of his mind, and afforded him the higheſt enjoyments, of which his nature was capable. Without ſome object of ſtrong intereſt, life was to him little more than a ſleep; and, when purſuits of real intereſt failed, he ſubſtituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceaſed to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming, which he had adopted, firſt, for the purpoſe of relieving him from the langour of inaction, but had ſince purſued with the ardour of paſſion. In this occupation he had paſſed the night with Cavigni and a party of young men, who had more money than rank, and more vice than either. Montoni deſpiſed the greater part of theſe for the inferiority of their talents, rather than for their vicious inclinations, and aſſociated with them only to make them the inſtruments of his purpoſes. Among theſe, however, were ſome of ſuperior abilities, and a few whom Montoni

admitted to his intimacy, but even towards theſe he ſtill preſerved a deciſive and haughty air, which, while it impoſed ſubmiſſion on weak and timid minds, rouſed the fierce hatred of ſtrong ones. He had, of courſe, many and bitter enemies; but the rancour of their hatred proved the degree of his power; and, as power was his chief aim, he gloried more in ſuch hatred, than it was poſſible he could in being eſteemed. A feeling ſo tempered as that of eſteem, he deſpiſed, and would have deſpiſed himſelf alſo had he thought himſelf capable of being flattered by it.

Among the few whom he diſtinguiſhed, were the Signors Bertolini, Orſino, and Verezzi. The firſt was a man of a gay temper, ſtrong paſſions, diſſipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unſuſpicious. Orſino was reſerved, and haughty; loving power more than oſtentation; of a cruel and ſuſpicious temper; quick to feel an injury, and relentleſs in avenging it; cunning and unſearchable in contrivance,

contrivance, patient and indefatigable in the execution of his ſchemes. He had a perfect command of feature and of his paſſions, of which he had ſcarcely any, but pride, revenge, and avarice; and, in the gratification of theſe, few conſiderations had power to reſtrain him, few obſtacles to withſtand the depth of his ſtratagems. This man was the chief favourite of Montoni. Verizzi was a man of ſome talent, of fiery imagination, and the ſlave of alternate paſſions. He was gay, voluptuous, and daring; yet had neither perſeverance or true courage, and was meanly ſelfiſh in all his aims. Quick to form ſchemes, and ſanguine in his hope of ſucceſs, he was the firſt to undertake, and to abandon, not only his own plans, but thoſe adopted from other perſons. Proud and impetuous, he revolted againſt all ſubordination; yet thoſe who were acquainted with his character, and watched the turn of his paſſions, could lead him like a child.

Such were the friends whom Montoni in-

troduced to his family and his table, on the day after his arrival at Venice. There were alſo of the party a Venetian nobleman, Count Morano, and a Signora Livona, whom Montoni had introduced to his wife, as a lady of diſtinguiſhed merit, and who, having called in the morning to welcome her to Venice, had been requeſted to be of the dinner party.

Madame Montoni received, with a very ill grace, the compliments of the Signors. She diſliked them, becauſe they were the friends of her huſband; hated them, becauſe ſhe believed they had contributed to detain him abroad till ſo late an hour of the preceding morning; and envied them, ſince, conſcious of her own want of influence, ſhe was convinced, that he preferred their ſociety to her own. The rank of Count Morano procured him that diſtinction which ſhe refuſed to the reſt of the company. The haughty ſullenneſs of her countenance and manner, and the oſtentatious extravagance of her dreſs, for ſhe had not yet adopted the

Venetian

Venetian habit, were ſtrikingly contraſted by the beauty, modeſty, ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of Emily, who obſerved, with more attention than pleaſure, the party around her. The beauty and faſcinating manners of Signora Livona, however, won her involuntary regard; while the ſweetneſs of her accents and her air of gentle kindneſs awakened with Emily, thoſe pleaſing affections, which ſo long had ſlumbered.

In the cool of the evening the party embarked in Montoni's gondola, and rowed out upon the ſea. The red glow of ſunſet ſtill touched the waves, and lingered in the weſt, where the melancholy gleam ſeemed ſlowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper æther began to twinkle with ſtars. Emily ſat, given up to penſive and ſweet emotions. The ſmoothneſs of the water, over which ſhe glided, its reflected images—a new heaven and trembling ſtars below the waves, with ſhadowy outlines of towers and porticos, conſpired with the

ſtillneſs of the hour, interrupted only by the paſſing wave, or the notes of diſtant muſic, to raiſe thoſe emotions to enthuſiaſm. As ſhe liſtened to the meaſured ſound of the oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her ſoftened mind returned to the memory of St. Aubert and to Valancourt, and tears ſtole to her eyes. The rays of the moon, ſtrengthening as the ſhadows deepened, ſoon after threw a ſilvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly ſhaded by a thin black veil, and touched it with inimitable ſoftneſs. Her's was the *contour* of a Madona, with the ſenſibility of a Magdalen; and the penſive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her cheek, confirmed the expreſſion of the character.

The laſt ſtrain of diſtant muſic now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have muſic of their own. The Count Morano, who ſat next to Emily, and who had been obſerving her for ſome time in ſilence, ſnatched

ſnatched up a lute, and ſtruck the chords with the finger of harmony herſelf, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender ſadneſs. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exortation of an Engliſh poet, had it then exiſted:

. . . . "Strike up, my maſter,
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs!
Teach ſounds to languiſh through the night's dull ear
Till Melancholy ſtarts from off her couch,
And Careleſſneſs grows convert to Attention."

With ſuch powers of expreſſion the Count ſung the following

RONDEAU.

Soft as yon ſilver ray, that ſleeps
Upon the ocean's trembling tide;
Soft as the air, that lightly ſweeps
Yon ſail, that ſwells in ſtately pride;

Soft as the ſurge's ſealing note,
That dies along the diſtant ſhores,
Or warbled ſtrain, that ſinks remote——
So ſoft the ſigh my boſom pours!

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
True as the veſſel to the breeze,
True as the ſoul to muſic's ſway,
Or muſic to Venetian ſeas:

Soft as yon ſilver beams, that ſleep
Upon the ocean's trembling breaſt;
So ſoft, ſo true, fond Love ſhall weep,
So ſoft, ſo true, with *thee* ſhall reſt.

The cadence with which he returned from the laſt ſtanza to a repetition of the firſt; the fine modulation in which his voice ſtole upon the firſt line, and the pathetic energy with which it pronounced the laſt, were ſuch as only exquiſite taſte could give. When he had concluded, he gave the lute with a ſigh to Emily, who, to avoid any appearance of affectation, immediately began to play. She ſung a melancholy little air, one of the popular ſongs of her native province, with a ſimplicity and pathos that made it enchanting. But its well-known melody brought ſo forcibly to her fancy the ſcenes and the perſons, among which

which ſhe had often heard it, that her ſpirits were overcome, her voice trembled and ceaſed—and the ſtrings of the lute were ſtruck with a diſordered hand; till, aſhamed of the emotion ſhe had betrayed, ſhe ſuddenly paſſed on to a ſong ſo gay and airy, that the ſteps of the dance ſeemed almoſt to echo to the notes. *Braviſſimo!* burſt inſtantly from the lips of her delighted auditors, and ſhe was compelled to repeat the air. Among the compliments that followed, thoſe of the Count were not the leaſt audible, and they had not concluded, when Emily gave the inſtrument to Signora Livona, whoſe voice accompanied it with true Italian taſte.

Afterwards the Count, Emily, Cavigni, and the Signora, ſung *canzonettes*, accompanied by a couple of lutes and a few other inſtruments. Sometimes the inſtruments ſuddenly ceaſed, and the voices dropped from the full ſwell of harmony into a low chant; then, after a deep pauſe, they roſe by degrees, the inſtruments one by one ſtriking

ſtriking up, till the loud and full chorus ſoared again to heaven!

Meanwhile, Montoni, who was weary of this harmony, was conſidering how he might diſengage himſelf from his party, or withdraw with ſuch of it as would be willing to play, to a Caſino. In a pauſe of the muſic, he propoſed returning to ſhore, a propoſal which Orſino eagerly ſeconded, but which the Count and the other gentlemen as warmly oppoſed.

Montoni ſtill meditated how he might excuſe himſelf from longer attendance upon the Count, for to him only he thought excuſe neceſſary, and how he might get to land, till the gondolieri of an empty boat, returning to Venice, hailed his people. Without troubling himſelf longer about an excuſe, he ſeized this opportunity of going thither, and, committing the ladies to the care of his friends, departed with Orſino, while Emily, for the firſt time, ſaw him go with regret; for ſhe conſidered his preſence a protection, though ſhe knew

not

not what ſhe ſhould fear. He landed at St. Mark's, and, hurrying to a Caſino, was ſoon loſt amidſt a crowd of gameſters.

Meanwhile, the Count having ſecretly diſpatched a ſervant in Montoni's boat, for his own gondola and muſicians, Emily heard, without knowing his project, the gay ſong of gondolieri approaching, as they ſat on the ſtern of the boat, and ſaw the tremulous gleam of the moon-light wave, which their oars diſturbed. Preſently ſhe heard the ſound of inſtruments, and then a full ſymphony ſwelled on the air, and, the boats meeting, the gondolieri hailed each other. The Count then explaining himſelf, the party removed into his gondola, which was embelliſhed with all that taſte could beſtow.

While they partook of a collation of fruits and ice, the whole band, following at a diſtance, in the other boat, played the moſt ſweet and enchanting ſtrains, and the Count, who had again ſeated himſelf by Emily, paid her unremitted

mitted attention, and ſometimes, in a low but impaſſioned voice, uttered compliments which ſhe could not miſunderſtand. To avoid them ſhe converſed with Signora Livona, and her manner to the Count aſſumed a mild reſerve, which, though dignified, was too gentle to repreſs his aſſiduities: he could ſee, hear, ſpeak to no perſon, but Emily, while Cavigni obſerved him now and then, with a look of diſpleaſure, and Emily, with one of uneaſineſs. She now wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to return to Venice, but it was near midnight before the gondolas approached St. Mark's Place, where the voice of gaiety and ſong was loud. The buſy hum of mingling ſounds was heard at a conſiderable diſtance on the water, and, had not a bright moonlight diſcovered the city, with its terraces and towers, a ſtranger would almoſt have credited the fabled wonders of Neptune's court, and believed, that the tumult aroſe from beneath the waves.

They landed at St. Mark's, where the gaiety

gaiety of the colonnades and the beauty of the night, made Madame Montoni willingly ſubmit to the Count's ſolicitations to join the promenade, and afterwards to take a ſupper with the reſt of the party, at his Caſino. If any thing could have diſſipated Emily's uneaſineſs, it would have been the grandeur, gaiety, and novelty of the ſurrounding ſcene, adorned with Palladio's palaces, and buſy with parties of maſqueraders.

At length they withdrew to the Caſino, which was fitted up with infinite taſte, and where a ſplendid banquet was prepared; but here Emily's reſerve made the Count perceive, that it was neceſſary for his intereſt to win the favour of Madame Montoni, which, from the condeſcenſion ſhe had already ſhewn to him, appeared to be an achievement of no great difficulty. He transferred, therefore, part of his attention from Emily to her aunt, who felt too much flattered by the diſtinction even to diſguiſe her emotion; and, before the party broke up, he had entirely engaged the eſteem of

Madame

Madame Montoni. Whenever he addreſſed her, her ungracious countenance relaxed into ſmiles, and to whatever he propoſed ſhe aſſented. He invited her, with the reſt of the party, to take coffee, in his box at the opera, on the following evening, and Emily heard the invitation accepted, with ſtrong anxiety concerning the means of excuſing herſelf from attending Madame Montoni thither.

It was very late before their gondola was ordered, and Emily's ſurpriſe was extreme, when, on quitting the Caſino, ſhe beheld the broad ſun riſing out of the Adriatic, while St. Mark's Place was yet crowded with company. Sleep had long weighed heavily on her eyes, but now the freſh ſea-breeze revived her, and ſhe would have quitted the ſcene with regret, had not the Count been preſent, performing the duty which he had impoſed upon himſelf, of eſcorting them home. There they heard that Montoni was not yet returned; and his wife, retiring in diſpleaſure to her apartment,

ment, at length releaſed Emily from the fatigue of further attendance.

Montoni came home late in the morning, in a very ill humour, having loſt conſiderably at play, and, before he withdrew to reſt, had a private conference with Cavigni, whoſe manner, on the following day, ſeemed to tell, that the ſubject of it had not been pleaſing to him.

In the evening, Madame Montoni, who, during the day, had obſerved a ſullen ſilence towards her huſband, received viſits from ſome Venetian ladies, with whoſe ſweet manners Emily was particularly charmed. They had an air of eaſe and kindneſs towards the ſtrangers, as if they had been their familiar friends for years; and their converſation was by turns tender, ſentimental, and gay. Madame, though ſhe had no taſte for ſuch converſation, and whoſe coarſeneſs and ſelfiſhneſs ſometimes exhibited a ludicrous contraſt to their exceſſive refinement, could not remain wholly inſenſible to the captivations of their manner.

In

In a pauſe of converſation, a lady who was called Signora Herminia took up a lute, and began to play and ſing, with as much eaſy gaiety, as if ſhe had been alone. Her voice was uncommonly rich in tone and various in expreſſion; yet ſhe appeared to be entirely unconſcious of its powers, and meant nothing leſs than to diſplay them. She ſung from the gaiety of her heart, as ſhe ſat with her veil half thrown back, holding gracefully the lute, under the ſpreading foliage and flowers of ſome plants, that roſe from baſkets, and interlaced one of the lattices of the ſaloon. Emily, retiring a little from the company, ſketched her figure, with the miniature ſcenery around her, and drew a very intereſting picture, which, though it would not, perhaps, have borne criticiſm, had ſpirit and taſte enough to awaken both the fancy and the heart. When ſhe had finiſhed it, ſhe preſented it to the beautiful original, who was delighted with the offering, as well as the ſentiment it conveyed, and aſſured

assured Emily, with a smile of captivating sweetness, that she should preserve it as a pledge of her friendship.

In the evening Cavigni joined the ladies, but Montoni had other engagements; and they embarked in the gondola for St. Mark's, where the same gay company seemed to flutter as on the preceding night. The cool breeze, the glassy sea, the gentle sound of its waves, and the sweeter murmur of distant music; the lofty porticos and arcades, and the happy groups that sauntered beneath them; these, with every feature and circumstance of the scene, united to charm Emily, no longer teased by the officious attentions of Count Morano. But, as she looked upon the moon-light sea, undulating along the walls of St. Mark, and lingering for a moment over those walls, caught the sweet and melancholy song of some gondolier as he sat in his boat below, waiting for his master, her softened mind returned to the memory of her home, of her

her friends, and of all that was dear in her native country.

After walking ſome time, they ſat down at the door of a Caſino, and while Cavigni was accommodating them with coffee and ice, were joined by Count Morano. He ſought Emily with a look of impatient delight, who, remembering all the attention he had ſhewn her on the preceding evening, was compelled, as before, to ſhrink from his aſſiduities into a timid reſerve, except when ſhe converſed with Signora Herminia and the other ladies of her party.

It was near midnight before they withdrew to the opera, where Emily was not ſo charmed but that, when ſhe remembered the ſcene ſhe had juſt quitted, ſhe felt how infinitely inferior all the ſplendour of art is to the ſublimity of nature. Her heart was not now affected, tears of admiration did not ſtart to her eyes, as when ſhe viewed the vaſt expanſe of ocean, the grandeur of the heavens, and liſtened to the rolling waters,

waters, and to the faint muſic that, at intervals, mingled with their roar. Remembering theſe, the ſcene before her faded into inſignificance.

Of the evening, which paſſed on without any particular incident, ſhe wiſhed the concluſion, that ſhe might eſcape from the attentions of the Count; and, as oppoſite qualities frequently attract each other in our thoughts, thus Emily, when ſhe looked on Count Morano, remembered Valancourt, and a ſigh ſometimes followed the recollection.

Several weeks paſſed in the courſe of cuſtomary viſits, during which nothing remarkable occurred. Emily was amuſed by the manners and ſcenes that ſurrounded her, ſo different from thoſe of France, but where Count Morano, too frequently for her comfort, contrived to introduce himſelf. His manner, figure and accompliſhments, which were generally admired, Emily would, perhaps, have admired alſo, had her heart been diſengaged from Valancourt.

lancourt, and had the Count forborne to perſecute her with officious attentions, during which ſhe obſerved ſome traits in his character, that prejudiced her againſt whatever might otherwiſe be good in it.

Soon after his arrival at Venice, Montoni received a packet from M. Queſnel, in which the latter mentioned the death of his wife's uncle, at his villa on the Brenta; and that, in conſequence of this event, he ſhould haſten to take poſſeſſion of that eſtate and of other effects bequeathed to him. This uncle was the brother of Madame Queſnel's late mother; Montoni was related to her by the father's ſide; and though he could have had neither claim nor expectation concerning theſe poſſeſſions, he could ſcarcely conceal the envy which M. Queſnel's letter excited.

Emily had obſerved with concern, that, ſince they left France, Montoni had not even affected kindneſs towards her aunt, and that, after treating her, at firſt, with neglect, he now met her with uniform ill-

humour

humour and reſerve. She had never ſuppoſed, that her aunt's foibles could have eſcaped the diſcernment of Montoni, or that her mind or figure were of a kind to deſerve his attention. Her ſurpriſe, therefore, at this match, had been extreme; but ſince he had made the choice, ſhe did not ſuſpect that he would ſo openly have diſcovered his contempt of it. But Montoni, who had been allured by the ſeeming wealth of Madame Cheron, was now ſeverely diſappointed by her comparative poverty, and highly exaſperated by the deceit ſhe had employed to conceal it, till concealment was no longer neceſſary. He had been deceived in an affair, wherein he meant to be the deceiver; outwitted by the ſuperior cunning of a woman, whoſe underſtanding he deſpiſed, and to whom he had ſacrificed his pride and his liberty, without ſaving himſelf from the ruin, which had impended over his head. Madame Montoni had contrived to have the greateſt part of what ſhe really did poſſeſs, ſettled upon herſelf:

what remained, though it was totally inadequate both to her huſband's expectations, and to his neceſſities, he had converted into money, and brought with him to Venice, that he might a little longer delude ſociety, and make a laſt effort to regain the fortunes he had loſt.

The hints which had been thrown out to Valancourt, concerning Montoni's character and condition, were too true; but it was now left to time and occaſion, to unfold the circumſtances, both of what had, and of what had not been hinted, and to time and occaſion we commit them.

Madame Montoni was not of a nature to bear injuries with meekneſs, or to reſent them with dignity: her exaſperated pride diſplayed itſelf in all the violence and acrimony of a little, or at leaſt of an ill-regulated mind. She would not acknowledge, even to herſelf, that ſhe had in any degree provoked contempt by her duplicity, but weakly perſiſted in believing, that ſhe alone was to be pitied, and Montoni alone

alone to be cenſured; for, as her mind had naturally little perception of moral obligation, ſhe ſeldom underſtood its force but when it happened to be violated towards herſelf: her vanity had already been ſeverely ſhocked by a diſcovery of Montoni's contempt; it remained to be farther reproved by a diſcovery of his circumſtances. His manſion at Venice, though its furniture diſcovered a part of the truth to unprejudiced perſons, told nothing to thoſe who were blinded by a reſolution to believe whatever they wiſhed. Madame Montoni ſtill thought herſelf little leſs than a princeſs, poſſeſſing a palace at Venice, and a caſtle among the Apennines. To the caſtle di Udolpho, indeed, Montoni ſometimes talked of going for a few weeks to examine into its condition, and to receive ſome rents; for it appeared that he had not been there for two years, and that, during this period, it had been inhabited only by an old ſervant, whom he called his ſteward.

Emily liſtened to the mention of this journey with pleaſure, for ſhe not only expected from it new ideas, but a releaſe from the perſevering aſſiduities of Count Morano. In the country, too, ſhe would have leiſure to think of Valancourt, and to indulge the melancholy, which his image, and a recollection of the ſcenes of La Vallée, always bleſſed with the memory of her parents, awakened. The ideal ſcenes were dearer, and more ſoothing to her heart, than all the ſplendour of gay aſſemblies; they were a kind of taliſman that expelled the poiſon of temporary evils, and ſupported her hopes of happy days: they appeared like a beautiful landſcape, lighted up by a gleam of ſunſhine, and ſeen through a perſpective of dark and rugged rocks.

But Count Morano did not long confine himſelf to ſilent aſſiduities; he declared his paſſion to Emily, and made propoſals to Montoni, who encouraged, though Emily rejected, him: with Montoni for his friend,

friend, and an abundance of vanity to delude him, he did not deſpair of ſucceſs. Emily was aſtoniſhed and highly diſguſted at his perſeverance, after ſhe had explained her ſentiments with a frankneſs that would not allow him to miſunderſtand them.

He now paſſed the greater part of his time at Montoni's, dining there almoſt daily, and attending Madame and Emily wherever they went; and all this, notwithſtanding the uniform reſerve of Emily, whoſe aunt ſeemed as anxious as Montoni to promote this marriage, and would never diſpenſe with her attendance at any aſſembly where the Count propoſed to be preſent.

Montoni now ſaid nothing of his intended journey, of which Emily waited impatiently to hear; and he was ſeldom at home but when the Count, or Signor Orſino, was there, for between himſelf and Cavigni a coolneſs ſeemed to ſubſiſt, though the latter remained in his houſe. With Orſino, Montoni was frequently cloſetted for hours together, and, whatever might be the buſi-

neſs, upon which they conſulted, it appeared to be of conſequence, ſince Montoni often ſacrificed to it his favourite paſſion for play, and remained at home the whole night. There was ſomewhat of privacy, too, in the manner of Orſino's viſits, which had never before occurred, and which excited not only ſurpriſe, but ſome degree of alarm in Emily's mind, who had unwillingly diſcovered much of his character when he had moſt endeavoured to diſguiſe it. After theſe viſits, Montoni was often more thoughtful than uſual; ſometimes the deep workings of his mind entirely abſtracted him from ſurrounding objects, and threw a gloom over his viſage that rendered it terrible; at others, his eyes ſeemed almoſt to flaſh fire, and all the energies of his ſoul appeared to be rouſed for ſome great enterpriſe. Emily obſerved theſe written characters of his thoughts with deep intereſt, and not without ſome degree of awe, when ſhe conſidered that ſhe was entirely in his power; but

but forbore even to hint her fears, or her obſervations, to Madame Montoni, who diſcerned nothing in her huſband, at theſe times, but his uſual ſternneſs.

A ſecond letter from M. Queſnel announced the arrival of himſelf and his lady at the villa Miarenti; ſtated ſeveral circumſtances of his good fortune, reſpecting the affair that had brought him into Italy; and concluded with an earneſt requeſt to ſee Montoni, his wife and niece, at his new eſtate.

Emily received, about the ſame period, a much more intereſting letter, and which ſoothed for a while every anxiety of her heart. Valancourt, hoping ſhe might be ſtill at Venice, had truſted a letter to the ordinary poſt, that told her of his health, and of his unceaſing and anxious affection. He had lingered at Thouloufe for ſome time after her departure, that he might indulge the melancholy pleaſure of wandering through the ſcenes where he had been accuſtomed to behold her, and had thence

gone to his brother's chateau, which was in the neighbourhood of La Vallée. Having mentioned this, he added, "If the duty of attending my regiment did not require my departure, I know not when I ſhould have reſolution enough to quit the neighbourhood of a place which is endeared by the remembrance of you. The vicinity to La Vallée has alone detained me thus long at Eſtuviere: I frequently ride thither early in the morning, that I may wander, at leiſure, through the day, among ſcenes, which were once your home, where I have been accuſtomed to ſee you, and to hear you converſe. I have renewed my acquaintance with the good old Thereſa, who rejoiced to ſee me, that ſhe might talk of you: I need not ſay how much this circumſtance attached me to her, or how eagerly I liſtened to her upon her favourite ſubject. You will gueſs the motive that firſt induced me to make myſelf known to Thereſa: it was, indeed, no other than that of gaining admittance into the chateau

and

and gardens; which my Emily had ſo lately inhabited: here, then, I wander, and meet your image under every ſhade: but chiefly I love to ſit beneath the ſpreading branches of your favourite plane, where once, Emily, we ſat together; where I firſt ventured to tell you, that I loved. O Emily! the remembrance of thoſe moments overcomes me—I ſit loſt in reverie—I endeavour to ſee you dimly through my tears, in all the heaven of peace and innocence, ſuch as you then appeared to me; to hear again the accents of that voice, which then thrilled my heart with tenderneſs and hope. I lean on the wall of the terrace, where we together watched the rapid current of the Garonne below, while I deſcribed the wild ſcenery about its ſource, but thought only of you. O Emily! are theſe moments paſſed for ever—will they never more return?"

In another part of his letter he wrote thus. "You ſee my letter is dated on many different days, and, if you look back to the firſt, you will perceive, that I began to

write ſoon after your departure from France. To write was, indeed, the only employment that withdrew me from my own melancholy, and rendered your abſence ſupportable, or rather, it ſeemed to deſtroy abſence; for, when I was converſing with you on paper, and telling you every ſentiment and affection of my heart, you almoſt appeared to be preſent. This employment has been from time to time my chief conſolation, and I have deferred ſending off my packet, merely for the comfort of prolonging it, though it was certain, that what I had written, was written to no purpoſe till you received it. Whenever my mind has been more than uſually depreſſed, I have come to pour forth its ſorrows to you, and have always found conſolation; and, when any little occurrence has intereſted my heart, and given a gleam of joy to my ſpirits, I have haſtened to communicate it to you, and have received reflected ſatisfaction. Thus, my letter is a kind of picture of my life and of my thoughts for the laſt month,

and

and thus, though it has been deeply intereſting to me, while I wrote it, and I dare hope will, for the ſame reaſon, be not indifferent to you, yet to other readers it would ſeem to abound only in frivolities. Thus it is always, when we attempt to deſcribe the finer movements of the heart, for they are too fine to be diſcerned, they can only be experienced, and are therefore paſſed over by the indifferent obſerver, while the intereſted one feels, that all deſcription is imperfect and unneceſſary, except as it may prove the ſincerity of the writer, and ſooth his own ſufferings. You will pardon all this egotiſm—for I am a lover.

"I have juſt heard of a circumſtance, which entirely deſtroys all my fairy paradiſe of ideal delight, and which will reconcile me to the neceſſity of returning to my regiment, for I muſt no longer wander beneath the beloved ſhades, where I have been accuſtomed to meet you in thought—La Vallée is let! I have reaſon to believe this is without your knowledge, from what

Thereſa told me this morning, and, therefore, I mention the circumſtance. She ſhed tears, while ſhe related, that ſhe was going to leave the ſervice of her dear miſtreſs, and the chateau where ſhe had lived ſo many happy years; and all this, added ſhe, without even a letter from Mademoiſelle to ſoften the news; but it is all Monſ. Queſnel's doings, and I dare ſay ſhe does not even know what is going forward.

"Thereſa added, That ſhe had received a letter from him, informing her the chateau was let, and that as her ſervices would no longer be required, ſhe muſt quit the place, on that day week, when the new tenant would arrive.

"Thereſa had been ſurpriſed by a viſit from M. Queſnel, ſome time before the receipt of this letter, who was accompanied by a ſtranger that viewed the premiſes with much curioſity."

Towards the concluſion of this letter, which is dated a week after this ſentence, Valancourt adds, "I have received a ſummons

mons from my regiment, and I join it without regret, ſince I am ſhut out from the ſcenes that are ſo intereſting to my heart. I rode to La Vallée this morning, and heard that the new tenant was arrived, and that Thereſa was gone. I ſhould not treat the ſubject thus familiarly if I did not believe you to be uninformed of this diſpoſal of your houſe; for your ſatisfaction I have endeavoured to learn ſomething of the character and fortune of your tenant, but without ſucceſs. He is a gentlemen, they ſay, and this is all I can hear. The place, as I wandered round the boundaries, appeared more melancholy to my imagination, than I had ever ſeen it. I wiſhed earneſtly to have got admittance, that I might have taken another leave of your favourite plane-tree, and thought of you once more beneath its ſhade: but I forbore to tempt the curioſity of ſtrangers: the fiſhing-houſe in the woods, however, was ſtill open to me; thither I went, and paſſed an hour, which I cannot even look back upon without emo-

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tion. O Emily! ſurely we are not ſeparated for ever—ſurely we ſhall live for each other!"

This letter brought many tears to Emily's eyes; tears of tenderneſs and ſatisfaction on learning that Valancourt was well, and that time and abſence had in no degree effaced her image from his heart. There were paſſages in this letter which particularly affected her, ſuch as thoſe deſcribing his viſits to La Vallée, and the ſentiments of delicate affection that its ſcenes had awakened. It was a conſiderable time before her mind was ſufficiently abſtracted from Valancourt to feel the force of his intelligence concerning La Vallée. That Monſ. Queſnel ſhould let it, without even conſulting her on the meaſure, both ſurpriſed and ſhocked her, particularly as it proved the abſolute authority he thought himſelf entitled to exerciſe in her affairs. It is true, he had propoſed, before ſhe left France, that the chateau ſhould be let, during her abſence, and to the economical prudence of this

ſhe

ſhe had nothing to object; but the committing what had been her father's villa to the power and caprice of ſtrangers, and the depriving herſelf of a ſure home, ſhould any unhappy circumſtances make her look back to her home as an aſylum, were conſiderations that made her, even then, ſtrongly oppoſe the meaſure. Her father, too, in his laſt hour, had received from her a ſolemn promiſe never to diſpoſe of La Vallée; and this ſhe conſidered as in ſome degree violated if ſhe ſuffered the place to be let. But it was now evident with how little reſpect M. Queſnel had regarded theſe objections, and how inſignificant he conſidered every obſtacle to pecuniary advantage. It appeared, alſo, that he had not even condeſcended to inform Montoni of the ſtep he had taken, ſince no motive was evident for Montoni's concealing the circumſtance from her, if it had been made known to him: this both diſpleaſed and ſurpriſed her; but the chief ſubjects of her uneaſineſs were—the temporary

diſpoſal

diſpoſal of La Vallée, and the diſmiſſion of her father's old and faithful ſervant.—"Poor Thereſa," ſaid Emily, "thou hadſt not ſaved much in thy ſervitude, for thou waſt always tender towards the poor, and believedſt thou ſhouldſt die in the family, where thy beſt years had been ſpent. Poor Thereſa!—now art thou turned out in thy old age to ſeek thy bread!"

Emily wept bitterly as theſe thoughts paſſed over her mind, and ſhe determined to conſider what could be done for Thereſa, and to talk very explicitly to M. Queſnel on the ſubject; but ſhe much feared that his cold heart could feel only for itſelf. She determined alſo to enquire whether he had made any mention of her affairs, in his letters to Montoni, who ſoon gave her the opportunity ſhe ſought, by deſiring that ſhe would attend him in his ſtudy. She had little doubt, that the interview was intended for the purpoſe of communicating to her a part of M. Queſnel's letter concerning the tranſactions at La Vallee, and

ſhe

ſhe obeyed him immediately. Montoni was alone.

"I have juſt been writing to Monſ. Queſnel," ſaid he when Emily appeared, "in reply to the letter I received from him a few days ago, and I wiſhed to talk to you upon a ſubject that occupied part of it."

"I alſo wiſhed to ſpeak with you on this topic, ſir," ſaid Emily.

"It is a ſubject of ſome intereſt to you, undoubtedly," rejoined Montoni, "and I think you muſt ſee it in the light that I do; indeed it will not bear any other. I truſt you will agree with me, that any objection founded on ſentiment, as they call it, ought to yield to circumſtances of ſolid advantage."

"Granting this, ſir," replied Emily, modeſtly, "thoſe of humanity ought ſurely to be attended to. But I fear it is now too late to deliberate upon this plan, and I muſt regret, that it is no longer in my power to reject it."

"It

"It is too late," ſaid Montoni, "but ſince it is ſo, I am pleaſed to obſerve, that you ſubmit to reaſon and neceſſity without indulging uſeleſs complaint. I applaud this conduct exceedingly, the more, perhaps, ſince it diſcovers a ſtrength of mind ſeldom obſervable in your ſex. When you are older you will look back with gratitude to the friends who aſſiſted in reſcuing you from the romantic illuſions of ſentiment, and will perceive, that they are only the ſnares of childhood, and ſhould be vanquiſhed the moment you eſcape from the nurſery. I have not cloſed my letter, and you may add a few lines to inform your uncle of your acquieſcence. You will ſoon ſee him, for it is my intention to take you, with Madame Montoni, in a few days to Miarenti, and you can then talk over the affair."

Emily wrote on the oppoſite page of the paper as follows:

"It is now uſeleſs, ſir, for me to remonſtrate upon the circumſtances of which

Signor

Signor Montoni informs me that he has written. I could have wiſhed, at leaſt, that the affair had been concluded with leſs precipitation, that I might have taught myſelf to ſubdue ſome prejudices, as the Signor calls them, which ſtill linger in my heart. As it is, I ſubmit. In point of prudence nothing certainly can be objected; but, though I ſubmit, I have yet much to ſay on ſome other points of the ſubject, when I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you. In the mean time I entreat you will take care of Thereſa, for the ſake of,

Sir,

Your affectionate niece,

EMILY ST. AUBERT."

Montoni ſmiled ſatirically at what Emily had written, but did not object to it, and ſhe withdrew to her own apartment, where ſhe ſat down to begin a letter to Valancourt, in which ſhe related the particulars of her journey, and her arrival at Venice, deſcribed ſome of the moſt ſtriking ſcenes in the paſ-

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ſage over the Alps; her emotions on her firſt view of Italy; the manners and characters of the people around her, and ſome few circumſtances of Montoni's conduct. But ſhe avoided even naming Count Morano, much more the declaration he had made, ſince ſhe well knew how tremblingly alive to fear is real love, how jealouſly watchful of every circumſtance that may affect its intereſt; and ſhe ſcrupulouſly avoided to give Valancourt even the ſlighteſt reaſon for believing he had a rival.

On the following day Count Morano dined again at Montoni's. He was in an uncommon flow of ſpirits, and Emily thought there was ſomewhat of exultation in his manner of addreſſing her, which ſhe had never obſerved before. She endeavoured to repreſs this by more than her uſual reſerve, but the cold civility of her air now ſeemed rather to encourage than to depreſs him. He appeared watchful of an opportunity of ſpeaking with her alone, and more than once ſolicited this; but Emily always replied,

replied, that ſhe could hear nothing from him which he would be unwilling to repeat before the whole company.

In the evening, Madame Montoni and her party went out upon the ſea, and as the Count led Emily to his *zendaletto*, he carried her hand to his lips, and thanked her for the condeſcenſion ſhe had ſhewn him. Emily, in extreme ſurpriſe and diſpleaſure, haſtily withdrew her hand, and concluded that he had ſpoken ironically; but, on reaching the ſteps of the terrace, and obſerving by the livery, that it was the Count's *zendaletto*, which waited below, while the reſt of the party, having arranged themſelves in the gondolas, were moving on, ſhe determined not to permit a ſeparate converſation, and, wiſhing him a good evening, returned to the portico. The Count followed to expoſtulate and entreat, and Montoni, who then came out, rendered ſolicitation unneceſſary, for, without condeſcending to ſpeak, he took her hand, and led her to the *zendaletto*. Emily was

not

not ſilent; ſhe entreated Montoni, in a low voice, to conſider the impropriety of theſe circumſtances, and that he would ſpare her the mortification of ſubmitting to them; he, however, was inflexible.

"This caprice is intolerable," ſaid he, "and ſhall not be indulged: here is no impropriety in the caſe."

At this moment, Emily's diſlike of Count Morano aroſe to abhorrence. That he ſhould, with undaunted aſſurance, thus purſue her, notwithſtanding all ſhe had expreſſed on the ſubject of his addreſſes, and think, as it was evident he did, that her opinion of him was of no conſequence, ſo long as his pretenſions were ſanctioned by Montoni, added indignation to the diſguſt which ſhe had felt towards him. She was ſomewhat relieved by obſerving that Montoni was to be of the party, who ſeated himſelf on one ſide of her, while Morano placed himſelf on the other. There was a pauſe of ſome moments as the gondolieri prepared their oars, and Emily trembled from apprehenſion

henſion of the diſcourſe that might follow this ſilence. At length ſhe collected courage to break it herſelf, in the hope of preventing fine ſpeeches from Morano, and reproof from Montoni. To ſome trivial remark which ſhe made, the latter returned a ſhort and diſobliging reply; but Morano immediately followed with a general obſervation, which he contrived to end with a particular compliment, and, though Emily paſſed it without even the notice of a ſmile, he was not diſcouraged.

"I have been impatient," ſaid he, addreſſing Emily, "to expreſs my gratitude, to thank you for your goodneſs; but I muſt alſo thank Signor Montoni, who has allowed me this opportunity of doing ſo."

Emily regarded the Count with a look of mingled aſtoniſhment and diſpleaſure.

"Why," continued he, "ſhould you wiſh to diminiſh the delight of this moment by that air of cruel reſerve?—Why ſeek to throw me again into the perplexities of doubt, by teaching your eyes to contradict

dict the kindneſs of your late declaration? You cannot doubt the ſincerity, the ardour of my paſſion; it is therefore unneceſſary, charming Emily! ſurely unneceſſary, any longer to attempt a diſguiſe of your ſentiments."

"If I ever had diſguiſed them, ſir," ſaid Emily, with recollected ſpirit, "it would certainly be unneceſſary any longer to do ſo. I had hoped, ſir, that you would have ſpared me any farther neceſſity of alluding to them; but, ſince you do not grant this, hear me declare, and for the laſt time, that your perſeverance has deprived you even of the eſteem which I was inclined to believe you merited."

"Aſtoniſhing!" exclaimed Montoni: "this is beyond even my expectation, though I have hitherto done juſtice to the caprice of the ſex! But you will obſerve, Mademoiſelle Emily, that I am no lover, though Count Morano is, and that I will not be made the amuſement of your capricious moments. Here is the offer of an alliance, which

which would do honour to any family; your's, you will recollect, is not noble; you long reſiſted my remonſtrances, but my honour is now engaged, and it ſhall not be trifled with.—You ſhall adhere to the declaration, which you have made me an agent to convey to the Count."

"I muſt certainly miſtake you, ſir," ſaid Emily; "my anſwers on the ſubject have been uniform; it is unworthy of you to accuſe me of caprice. If you have condeſcended to be my agent, it is an honour I did not ſolicit. I myſelf have conſtantly aſſured Count Morano, and you alſo, ſir, that I never can accept the honour he offers me, and I now repeat the declaration."

The Count looked with an air of ſurpriſe and enquiry at Montoni, whoſe countenance alſo was marked with ſurpriſe, but it was ſurpriſe mingled with indignation.

"Here is confidence, as well as caprice!" ſaid the latter. "Will you deny your own words, madam?"

"Such a queſtion is unworthy of an an-

ſwer, ſir," ſaid Emily, bluſhing; "you will recollect yourſelf, and be ſorry that you have aſked it."

"Speak to the point," rejoined Montoni, in a voice of increaſing vehemence. "Will you deny your own words; will you deny, that you acknowledged, only a few hours ago, that it was too late to recede from your engagements, and that you accepted the Count's hand?"

"I will deny all this, for no words of mine ever imported it."

"Aſtoniſhing! Will you deny what you wrote to Monſ. Queſnel, your uncle? if you do, your own hand will bear teſtimony againſt you. What have you now to ſay?" continued Montoni, obſerving the ſilence and confuſion of Emily.

"I now perceive, ſir, that you are under a very great error, and that I have been equally miſtaken."

"No more duplicity, I entreat; be open and candid, if it be poſſible."

"I have always been ſo, ſir; and can claim

claim no merit in such conduct, for I have had nothing to conceal."

"How is this, Signor?" cried Morano, with trembling emotion.

"Suspend your judgment, Count," replied Montoni, "the wiles of a female heart are unsearchable. Now, madam, your *explanation*."

"Excuse me, sir, if I withhold my explanation till you appear willing to give me your confidence; assertion at present can only subject me to insult."

"Your explanation, I entreat you!" said Morano.

"Well, well," rejoined Montoni, "I give you my confidence; let us hear this explanation."

"Let me lead to it, then, by asking a question."

"As many as you please," said Montoni, contemptuously.

"What, then, was the subject of your letter to Mons. Quesnel?"

"The ſame that was the ſubject of your note to him, certainly. You did well to ſtipulate for my confidence before you demanded that queſtion."

"I muſt beg you will be more explicit, ſir; what was that ſubject?"

"What could it be, but the noble offer of Count Morano?" ſaid Montoni.

"Then, ſir, we entirely miſunderſtood each other," replied Emily.

"We entirely miſunderſtood each other too, I ſuppoſe," rejoined Montoni, "in the converſation which preceded the writing of that note? I muſt do you the juſtice to own, that you are very ingenious at this ſame art of miſunderſtanding."

Emily tried to reſtrain the tears that came to her eyes, and to anſwer with becoming firmneſs. "Allow me, ſir, to explain myſelf fully, or to be wholly ſilent."

"The explanation may now be diſpenſed with; it is anticipated. If Count Morano ſtill thinks one neceſſary, I will

give

give him an honeſt one.—You have changed your intention ſince our laſt converſation; and, if he can have patience and humility enough to wait till to-morrow, he will probably find it changed again: but as I have neither the patience or the humility, which you expect from a lover, I warn you of the effect of my diſpleaſure!"

"Montoni, you are too precipitate," ſaid the Count, who had liſtened to this converſation in extreme anxiety and impatience:—"Signora, I entreat your own explanation of this affair!"

"Signor Montoni has ſaid juſtly," replied Emily, "that all explanation may now be diſpenſed with; after what has paſſed I cannot ſuffer myſelf to give one. It is ſufficient for me, and for you, ſir, that I repeat my late declaration; let me hope this is the laſt time it will be neceſſary for me to repeat it—I never can accept the honour of your alliance."

"Charming Emily!" exclaimed the Count in an impaſſioned tone, "let not

reſentment make you unjuſt; let me not ſuffer for the offence of Montoni!—Revoke——"

"Offence!" interrupted Montoni—— "Count, this language is ridiculous, this ſubmiſſion is childiſh:—Speak as becomes a man, not as the ſlave of a petty tyrant."

"You diſtract me, Signor; ſuffer me to plead my own cauſe; you have already proved inſufficient to it."

"All converſation on this ſubject, ſir," ſaid Emily, "is worſe than uſeleſs, ſince it can bring only pain to each of us: if you would oblige me, purſue it no further."

"It is impoſſible, madam, that I can thus eaſily reſign the object of a paſſion, which is the delight and torment of my life.—I muſt ſtill love—ſtill purſue you with unremitting ardour;—when you ſhall be convinced of the ſtrength and conſtancy of my paſſion, your heart muſt ſoften into pity and repentance."

"Is this generous, ſir? is this manly? Can it either deſerve or obtain the eſteem you

you solicit, thus to continue a persecution from which I have no present means of escaping?"

A gleam of moon-light that fell upon Morano's countenance, revealed the strong emotions of his soul; and, glancing on Montoni, discovered the dark resentment, which contrasted his features.

"By heaven this is too much!" suddenly exclaimed the Count; "Signor Montoni, you treat me ill; it is from you that I shall look for explanation.

"From me, sir! you shall have it;" muttered Montoni; "if your discernment is indeed so far obscured by passion, as to make explanation necessary. And for you, madam, you should learn, that a man of honour is not to be trifled with, though you may, perhaps, with impunity, treat a *boy* like a puppet."

This sarcasm roused the pride of Morano, and the resentment which he had felt at the indifference of Emily, being lost in indignation of the insolence of Montoni,

he determined to mortify him, by defending her.

"This alſo," ſaid he, replying to Montoni's laſt words, "this alſo, ſhall not paſs unnoticed. I bid you learn, ſir, that you have a ſtronger enemy than a woman to contend with: I will protect Signora St. Aubert from your threatened reſentment. You have miſled me, and would revenge your diſappointed views upon the innocent."

"Miſled you!" retorted Montoni with quickneſs; "is my conduct—my word—" then pauſing, while he ſeemed endeavouring to reſtrain the reſentment, that flaſhed in his eyes, in the next moment he added, in a ſubdued voice, "Count Morano, this is a language, a ſort of conduct, to which I am not accuſtomed: it is the conduct of a paſſionate boy—as ſuch, I paſs it over in contempt."

"In contempt, Signor?"

"The reſpect I owe myſelf," rejoined Montoni, "requires, that I ſhould converſe more

more largely with you upon ſome points of the ſubject in diſpute. Return with me to Venice, and I will condeſcend to convince you of your error."

"Condeſcend, ſir! but I will not condeſcend to be ſo converſed with."

Montoni ſmiled contemptuouſly; and Emily, now terrified for the conſequences of what ſhe ſaw and heard, could no longer be ſilent. She explained the whole ſubject upon which ſhe had miſtaken Montoni in the morning, declaring, that ſhe underſtood him to have conſulted her ſolely concerning the diſpoſal of La Vallée, and concluded with entreating, that he would write immediately to M. Queſnel, and rectify the miſtake.

But Montoni either was, or affected to be, ſtill incredulous; and Count Morano was ſtill entangled in perplexity. While ſhe was ſpeaking, however, the attention of her auditors had been diverted from the immediate occaſion of their reſentment, and their paſſion conſequently became leſs.

Montoni desired the Count would order his servants to row back to Venice, that he might have some private conversation with him; and Morano, somewhat soothed by his softened voice and manner, and eager to examine into the full extent of his difficulties, complied.

Emily, comforted by this prospect of release, employed the present moments in endeavouring, with conciliating care, to prevent any fatal mischief between the persons who so lately had persecuted and insulted her.

Her spirits revived, when she heard once more the voice of song and laughter, resounding from the grand canal, and at length entered again between its stately piazzas. The *zendaletto* stopped at Montoni's mansion, and the Count hastily led her into the hall, where Montoni took his arm, and said something in a low voice, on which Morano kissed the hand he held, notwithstanding Emily's effort to disengage it, and, wishing her a good evening, with

with an accent and look ſhe could not miſunderſtand, rteurned to his *zendaletto* with Montoni.

Emily, in her own apartment, conſidered with intenſe anxiety all the unjuſt and tyrannical conduct of Montoni, the dauntleſs perſeverance of Morano, and her own deſolate ſituation, removed from her friends and country. She looked in vain to Valancourt, confined by his profeſſion to a diſtant kingdom, as her protector; but it gave her comfort to know, that there was, at leaſt, one perſon in the world, who would ſympathize in her afflictions, and whoſe wiſhes would fly eagerly to releaſe her. Yet ſhe determined not to give him unavailing pain by relating the reaſons ſhe had to regret the having rejected his better judgment concerning Montoni; reaſons, however, which could not induce her to lament the delicacy and diſintereſted affection that had made her reject his propoſal for a clandeſtine marriage. The approaching interview with her uncle ſhe regarded

with ſome degree of hope, for ſhe determined to repreſent to him the diſtreſſes of her ſituation, and to entreat that he would allow her to return to France with him and Madame Queſnel. Then, ſuddenly remembering that her beloved La Val'ée, her only home, was no longer at her command, her tears flowed anew, and ſhe feared that ſhe had little pity to expect from a man who, like M. Queſnel, could diſpoſe of it without deigning to conſult with her, and could diſmiſs an aged and faithful ſervant, deſtitute of either ſupport or aſylum. But, though it was certain, that ſhe had herſelf no longer a home in France, and few, very few friends there, ſhe determined to return, if poſſible, that ſhe might be releaſed from the power of Montoni, whoſe particularly oppreſſive conduct towards herſelf, and general character as to others, were juſtly terrible to her imagination. She had no wiſh to reſide with her uncle, M. Queſnel, ſince his behaviour to her late father, and to herſelf, had been uniformly ſuch as to convince

vince her, that in flying to him ſhe could only obtain an exchange of oppreſſors; neither had ſhe the ſlighteſt intention of conſenting to the propoſal of Valancourt for an immediate marriage, though this would give her a lawful and a generous protector; for the chief reaſons, which had formerly influenced her conduct, ſtill exiſted againſt it, while others, which ſeemed to juſtify the ſtep, would now be done away; and his intereſt, his fame were at all times too dear to her, to ſuffer her to conſent to an union, which at this early period of their lives, would probably defeat both. One ſure, and proper aſylum, however, would ſtill be open to her in France. She knew that ſhe could board in the convent, where ſhe had formerly experienced ſo much kindneſs, and which had an affecting and ſolemn claim upon her heart, ſince it contained the remains of her late father. Here ſhe could remain in ſafety and tranquillity, till the term for which La Vallée might be let,

ſhould

ſhould expire; or, till the arrangement of M. Motteville's affairs enabled her ſo far to eſtimate the remains of her fortune, as to judge whether it would be prudent for her to reſide there.

Concerning Montoni's conduct with reſpect to his letters to M. Queſnel, ſhe had many doubts; however he might be at firſt miſtaken on the ſubject, ſhe much ſuſpected that he wilfully perſevered in his error, as a means of intimidating her into a compliance with his wiſhes of uniting her to Count Morano. Whether this was or was not the fact, ſhe was extremely anxious to explain the affair to M. Queſnel, and looked forward with a mixture of impatience, hope and fear, to her approaching viſit.

On the following day, Madame Montoni, being alone with Emily, introduced the mention of Count Morano, by expreſſing her ſurpriſe, that ſhe had not joined the party on the water the preceding evening,

evening, and at her abrupt departure to Venice. Emily then related what had paſſed, expreſſed her concern for the mutual miſtake that had occurred between Montoni and herſelf, and ſolicited her aunt's kind offices in urging him to give a deciſive denial to the Count's further addreſſes; but ſhe ſoon perceived, that Madame Montoni had not been ignorant of the late converſation, when ſhe introduced the preſent.

"You have no encouragement to expect from me," ſaid her aunt, "in theſe notions. I have already given my opinion on the ſubject, and think Signor Montoni right in enforcing, by any means, your conſent. If young perſons will be blind to their intereſt, and obſtinately oppoſe it, why, the greateſt bleſſings they can have are friends, who will oppoſe their folly. Pray what pretenſions of any kind do you think you have to ſuch a match as is now offered you?"

"Not any whatever, madam," replied Emily;

Emily; "and, therefore, at leaſt, ſuffer me to be happy in my humility."

"Nay, niece, it cannot be denied, that you have pride enough; my poor brother, your father, had his ſhare of pride too; though, let me add, his fortune did not juſtify it."

Emily, ſomewhat embarraſſed by the indignation, which this malevolent alluſion to her father excited, and by the difficulty of rendering her anſwer as temperate as it ſhould be reprehenſive, heſitated for ſome moments, in a confuſion, which highly gratified her aunt. At length ſhe ſaid, "My father's pride, madam, had a noble object—the happineſs which he knew could be derived only from goodneſs, knowledge and charity. As it never conſiſted in his ſuperiority, in point of fortune, to ſome perſons, it was not humbled by his inferiority, in that reſpect, to others. He never diſdained thoſe, who were wretched by poverty and misfortune; he did ſometimes

deſpiſe

deſpiſe perſons, who, with many opportunities of happineſs, rendered themſelves miſerable by vanity, ignorance and cruelty. I ſhall think it my higheſt glory to emulate ſuch pride."

"I do not pretend to underſtand any thing of theſe high-flown ſentiments, niece; you have all that glory to yourſelf: I would teach you a little plain ſenſe, and not have you ſo wiſe as to deſpiſe happineſs."

"That would indeed not be wiſdom, but folly," ſaid Emily, "for wiſdom can boaſt no higher attainment than happineſs; but you will allow, madam, that our ideas of happineſs may differ. I cannot doubt, that you wiſh me to be happy, but I muſt fear you are miſtaken in the means of making me ſo."

"I cannot boaſt of a learned education, niece, ſuch as your father thought proper to give you, and, therefore, do not pretend to underſtand all theſe fine ſpeeches about happineſs. I muſt be contented to underſtand only common ſenſe, and happy would

would it have been for you and your father, if that had been included in his education."

Emily was too much ſhocked by theſe reflections on her father's memory, to deſpiſe this ſpeech as it deſerved.

Madame Montoni was about to ſpeak, but Emily quitted the room, and retired to her own, where the little ſpirit ſhe had lately exerted yielded to grief and vexation, and left her only to her tears. From every review of her ſituation ſhe could derive, indeed, only new ſorrow. To the diſcovery, which had juſt been forced upon her, of Montoni's unworthineſs, ſhe had now to add, that of the cruel vanity, for the gratification of which her aunt was about to ſacrifice her; of the effrontery and cunning, with which, at the time that ſhe meditated the ſacrifice, ſhe boaſted of her tenderneſs, or inſulted her victim; and of the venomous envy, which, as it did not ſcruple to attack her father's character, could ſcarcely be expected to withhold from her own.

During

During the few days that intervened between this converſation and the departure for Miarenti, Montoni did not once addreſs himſelf to Emily. His looks ſufficiently declared his reſentment; but that he ſhould forbear to renew a mention of the ſubject of it, exceedingly ſurpriſed her, who was no leſs aſtoniſhed, that, during three days, Count Morano neither viſited Montoni, or was named by him. Several conjectures aroſe in her mind. Sometimes ſhe feared that the diſpute between them had been revived, and had ended fatally to the Count. Sometimes ſhe was inclined to hope, that wearineſs, or diſguſt at her firm rejection of his ſuit, had induced him to relinquiſh it; and, at others, ſhe ſuſpected that he had now recourſe to ſtratagem, and forbore his viſits, and prevailed with Montoni to forbear the repetition of his name, in the expectation that gratitude and generoſity would prevail with her to give him the conſent, which he could not hope from love.

Thus paſſed the time in vain conjecture,

and

and alternate hopes and fears, till the day arrived when Montoni was to ſet out for the villa of Miarenti, which, like the preceding ones, neither brought the Count, or the mention of him.

Montoni having determined not to leave Venice till towards evening, that he might avoid the heats, and catch the cool breezes of night, embarked about an hour before ſunſet, with his family, in a barge, for the Brenta. Emily ſat alone near the ſtern of the veſſel, and, as it floated ſlowly on, watched the gay and lofty city leſſening from her view, till its palaces ſeemed to ſink in the diſtant waves, while its loftier towers and domes, illumined by the declining ſun, appeared on the horizon, like thoſe far-ſeen clouds, which, in more northern climes, often linger on the weſtern verge, and catch the laſt light of a ſummer's evening. Soon after, even theſe grew dim, and faded in diſtance from her ſight; but ſhe ſtill ſat gazing on the vaſt ſcene of cloudleſs ſky and mighty waters, and liſtening

in

in pleaſing awe to the deep-ſounding waves, while, as her eyes glanced over the Adriatic, towards the oppoſite ſhores, which were, however, far beyond the reach of ſight, ſhe thought of Greece, and, a thouſand claſſical remembrances ſtealing to her mind, ſhe experienced that penſive luxury which is felt on viewing the ſcenes of ancient ſtory, and on comparing their preſent ſtate of ſilence and ſolitude with that of their former grandeur and animation. The ſcenes of the Iliad illapſed in glowing colours to her fancy—ſcenes, once the haunt of heroes—now lonely, and in ruins; but which ſtill ſhone, in the poet's ſtrain, in all their youthful ſplendour.

As her imagination painted, with melancholy touches, the deſerted plains of Troy, ſuch as they appeared in this after-day, ſhe re-animated the landſcape with the following little ſtory.

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

O'er Ilion's plains, where once the warrior bled,
And once the poet rais'd his deathleſs ſtrain,
O'er Ilion's plains a weary driver led
His ſtately camels: For the ruin'd fane

Wide round the lonely ſcene his glance he threw,
For now the red cloud faded in the weſt,
And twilight o'er the ſilent landſcape drew
Her deep'ning veil; eaſtward his courſe he preſt:

There, on the grey horizon's glimm'ring bound,
Roſe the proud columns of deſerted Troy,
And wand'ring ſhepherds now a ſhelter found
Within thoſe walls, where princes wont to joy.

Beneath a lofty porch the driver paſs'd,
Then, from his camels heav'd the heavy load;
Partook with them the ſimple, cool repaſt,
And in ſhort veſper gave himſelf to God.

From diſtant lands with merchandiſe he came,
His all of wealth his patient ſervants bore;
Oft deep-drawn ſighs his anxious wiſh proclaim
To reach, again, his happy cottage door;

For there, his wife, his little children, dwell;
Their ſmiles ſhall pay the toil of many an hour:
Ev'n now warm tears to expectation ſwell,
As Fancy o'er his mind extends her pow'r.

A death-

A death-like ſtillneſs reign'd, where once the ſong,
The ſong of heroes, wak'd the midnight air,
Save, when a ſolemn murmur roll'd along,
That ſeem'd to ſay—" For future worlds prepare."

For Time's imperious voice was frequent heard
Shaking the marble temple to its fall,
(By hands he long had conquer'd, vainly rear'd)
And diſtant ruins anſwer'd to his call.

While Hamet ſlept, his camels round him lay,
Beneath him, all his ſtore of wealth was pil'd;
And here, his cruſe and empty wallet lay,
And there, the flute that cheer'd him in the wild.

The robber Tartar on his ſlumber ſtole,
For o'er the waſte, at eve, he watch'd his train;
Ah! who his thirſt of plunder ſhall control?
Who calls on him for mercy—calls in vain!

A poiſon'd poignard in his belt he wore,
A creſcent ſword depended at his ſide,
The deathful quiver at his back he bore,
And infants—at his very look had died!

The moon's cold beam athwart the temple fell,
And to his ſleeping prey the Tartar led;
But ſoft!—a ſtartled camel ſhook his bell,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs, and rear'd his drowſy head.

Hamet awoke! the poignard glitter'd high!
Swift from his couch he ſprung, and 'ſcap'd the blow;
When from an unknown hand the arrows fly,
That lay the ruffian, in his vengeance, low.

He groan'd, he died! from forth a column'd gate
A fearful ſhepherd, pale and ſilent, crept,
Who, as he watch'd his folded flock ſtar-late,
Had mark'd the robber ſteal where Hamet ſlept.

He ſear'd his own, and ſav'd a ſtranger's life!
Poor Hamet claſp'd him to his grateful heart;
Then, rous'd his camels for the duſty ſtrife,
And, with the ſhepherd, haſten'd to depart.

And now, Aurora breathes her freſh'ning gale,
And faintly trembles on the eaſtern cloud;
And now, the ſun, from under twilight's veil,
Looks gaily forth, and melts her airy ſhroud.

Wide o'er the level plains, his ſlanting beams
Dart their long lines on Ilion's tower'd ſcite;
The diſtant Helleſpont with morning gleams,
And old Seamander winds his waves in light.

All merry ſound the camel bells, ſo gay,
And merry beats fond Hamet's heart; for he,
Ere the dim evening ſteals upon the day,
His children, wife, and happy home ſhall ſee.

As Emily approached the ſhores of Italy ſhe began to diſcriminate the rich features and varied colouring of the landſcape—the purple hills, groves of orange, pine and cypreſs, ſhading magnificent villas, and towns riſing among vineyards and plantations. The noble Brenta, pouring its broad waves into the ſea, now appeared, and, when ſhe reached its mouth, the barge ſtopped, that the horſes might be faſtened which were to tow it up the ſtream. This done, Emily gave a laſt look to the Adriatic, and to the dim ſail,

> . . . . " that from the ſky-mix'd wave
> " Dawns on the ſight,"

and the barge ſlowly glided between the green and luxuriant ſlopes of the river. The grandeur of the Palladian villas, that adorn theſe ſhores, was conſiderably heightened by the ſetting rays, which threw ſtrong contraſts of light and ſhade upon the porticos and long arcades, and beamed a mellow luſtre upon the orangeries and

the tall groves of pine and cypreſs, that overhung the buildings. The ſcent of oranges, of flowering myrtles, and other odoriferous plants was diffuſed upon the air, and often, from theſe embowered retreats, a ſtrain of muſic ſtole on the calm, and "ſoftened into ſilence."

The ſun now ſunk below the horizon, twilight fell over the landſcape, and Emily, wrapt in muſing ſilence, continued to watch its features gradually vaniſhing into obſcurity. She remembered her many happy evenings, when with St. Aubert ſhe had obſerved the ſhades of twilight ſteal over a ſcene as beautiful as this, from the gardens of La Vallée, and a tear fell to the memory of her father. Her ſpirits were ſoftened into melancholy by the influence of the hour, by the low murmur of the wave paſſing under the veſſel, and the ſtillneſs of the air, that trembled only at intervals with diſtant muſic:—why elſe ſhould ſhe, at theſe moments, have looked on her attachment to Valancourt with preſages ſo

very

very afflicting, ſince ſhe had but lately received letters from him, that had ſoothed for a while all her anxieties? It now ſeemed to her oppreſſed mind, that ſhe had taken leave of him for ever, and that the countries, which ſeparated them, would never more be retraced by her. She looked upon Count Morano with horror, as in ſome degree the cauſe of this; but apart from him, a conviction, if ſuch that may be called, which ariſes from no proof, and which ſhe knew not how to account for, ſeized her mind—that ſhe ſhould never ſee Valancourt again. Though ſhe knew, that neither Morano's ſolicitations, nor Montoni's commands, had lawful power to enforce her obedience, ſhe regarded both with a ſuperſtitious dread, that they would finally prevail.

Loſt in this melancholy reverie, and ſhedding frequent tears, Emily was at length rouſed by Montoni, and ſhe followed him to the cabin, where refreſhments were ſpread, and her aunt was ſeated alone. The

countenance of Madame Montoni was inflamed with reſentment, that appeared to be the conſequence of ſome converſation ſhe had held with her huſband, who regarded her with a kind of ſullen diſdain, and both preſerved, for ſome time, a haughty ſilence. Montoni then ſpoke to Emily of Monſ. Quesnel: "You will not, I hope, perſiſt in diſclaiming your knowledge of the ſubject of my letter to him?"

"I had hoped, ſir, that it was no longer neceſſary for me to diſclaim it," ſaid Emily, "I had hoped, from your ſilence, that you was convinced of your error."

"You have hoped impoſſibilities then," replied Montoni; "I might as reaſonably have expected to find ſincerity and uniformity of conduct in one of your ſex, as you to convict me of error in this affair."

Emily bluſhed, and was ſilent; ſhe now perceived too clearly, that ſhe had hoped an impoſſibility, for, where no miſtake had been committed, no conviction could follow;

low; and it was evident, that Montoni's conduct had not been the consequence of mistake, but of design.

Anxious to escape from conversation, which was both afflicting and humiliating to her, she soon returned to the deck, and resumed her station near the stern, without apprehension of cold, for no vapour rose from the water, and the air was dry and tranquil; here, at least, the benevolence of nature allowed her the quiet which Montoni had denied her elsewhere. It was now past midnight. The stars shed a kind of twilight, that served to shew the dark outline of the shores on either hand, and the grey surface of the river; till the moon rose from behind a high palm grove, and shed her mellow lustre over the scene. The vessel glided smoothly on: amid the stillness of the hour Emily heard, now and then, the solitary voice of the bargemen on the bank, as they spoke to their horses; while, from a remote part of the vessel, with melancholy song,

. . . . . " the ſailor ſooth'd,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave."

Emily, meanwhile, anticipated her reception by Monſ. and Madame Queſnel; conſidered what ſhe ſhould ſay on the ſubject of La Vallée; and then, to withhold her mind from more anxious topics, tried to amuſe herſelf by diſcriminating the faint-drawn features of the landſcape, repoſing in the moon-light. While her fancy thus wandered, ſhe ſaw, at a diſtance, a building peeping between the moon-light trees, and, as the barge approached, heard voices ſpeaking, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed the lofty portico of a villa, overſhadowed by groves of pine and ſycamore, which ſhe recollected to be the ſame, that had formerly been pointed out to her, as belonging to Madame Queſnel's relative.

The barge ſtopped at a flight of marble ſteps, which led up the bank to a lawn. Lights appeared between ſome pillars beyond the portico. Montoni ſent forward his ſervant, and then diſembarked with his family.

family. They found Monſ. and Madame Queſnel, with a few friends, ſeated on ſofas in the portico, enjoying the cool breeze of the night, and eating fruits and ices, while ſome of their ſervants at a little diſtance, on the river's bank, were performing a ſimple ſerenade. Emily was now accuſtomed to the way of living in this warm country, and was not ſurpriſed to find Monſ. and Madame Queſnel in their portico, two hours after midnight.

The uſual ſalutations being over, the company ſeated themſelves in the portico, and refreſhments were brought them from the adjoining hall, where a banquet was ſpread, and the ſervants attended. When the buſtle of this meeting had ſubſided, and Emily had recovered from the little flutter into which it had thrown her ſpirits, ſhe was ſtruck with the ſingular beauty of the hall, ſo perfectly accommodated to the luxuries of the ſeaſon. It was of white marble, and the roof, riſing into an open cupola, was ſupported by columns of the

ſame material. Two oppoſite ſides of the apartment, terminating in open porticos, admitted to the hall a full view of the gardens, and of the river ſcenery; in the centre a fountain continually refreſhed the air, and ſeemed to heighten the fragrance, that breathed from the ſurrounding orangeries, while its daſhing waters gave an agreeable and ſoothing ſound. Etruſcan lamps, ſuſpended from the pillars, diffuſed a brilliant light over the interior part of the hall, leaving the remoter porticos to the ſofter luſtre of the moon.

Monſ. Queſnel talked apart to Montoni of his own affairs, in his uſual ſtrain of ſelf-importance; boaſted of his new acquiſitions, and then affected to pity ſome diſappointments, which Montoni had lately ſuſtained. Meanwhile, the latter, whoſe pride at leaſt enabled him to deſpiſe ſuch vanity as this, and whoſe diſcernment at once detected under this aſſumed pity, the frivolous malignity of Queſnel's mind, liſtened to him in contemptuous ſilence, till

till he named his neice, and then they left the portico, and walked away into the gardens.

Emily, however, ſtill attended to Madame Queſnel, who ſpoke of France (for even the name of her native country was dear to her), and ſhe found ſome pleaſure in looking at a perſon, who had lately been in it. That country, too, was inhabited by Valancourt, and ſhe liſtened to the mention of it, with a faint hope, that he alſo would be named. Madame Queſnel, who, when ſhe was in France, had talked with rapture of Italy, now, that ſhe was in Italy, talked with equal praiſe of France, and endeavoured to excite the wonder and the envy of her auditors by accounts of places, which they had not been happy enough to ſee. In theſe deſcriptions ſhe not only impoſed upon them, but upon herſelf, for ſhe never thought a preſent pleaſure equal to one that was paſſed; and thus the delicious climate, the fragrant orangeries, and all the luxuries which ſurrounded her, ſlept unnoticed,

while her fancy wandered over the diſtant ſcenes of a northern country.

Emily liſtened in vain for the name of Valancourt. Madame Montoni ſpoke in her turn of the delights of Venice, and of the pleaſure ſhe expected from viſiting the fine caſtle of Montoni, on the Apennine; which latter mention, at leaſt, was merely a retaliating boaſt, for Emily well knew, that her aunt had no taſte for ſolitary grandeur, and, particularly, for ſuch as the caſtle of Udolpho promiſed. Thus the party continued to converſe, and, as far as civility would permit, to torture each other by mutual boaſts, while they reclined on ſofas in the portico, and were environed with delights both from nature and art, by which any honeſt minds would have been tempered to benevolence, and happy imaginations would have been ſoothed into enchantment.

The dawn, ſoon after, trembled in the eaſtern horizon, and the light tints of morning, gradually expanding, ſhewed the beautifully

tifully declining forms of the Italian mountains, and the gleaming landſcapes ſtretched at their feet. Then the ſun-beams, ſhooting up from behind the hills, ſpread over the ſcene that fine ſaffron tinge, which ſeems to impart repoſe to all it touches. The landſcape no longer gleamed; all its glowing colours were revealed, except that its remoter features were ſtill ſoftened and united in the midſt of diſtance, whoſe ſweet effect was heightened to Emily by the dark verdure of the pines and cypreſſes, that over-arched the fore-ground of the river.

The market people, paſſing with their boats to Venice, now formed a moving picture on the Brenta. Moſt of theſe had little painted awnings, to ſhelter their owners from the ſun-beams, which, together with the piles of fruits and flowers, diſplayed beneath, and the taſteful ſimplicity of the peaſant girls, who watched the rural treaſures, rendered them gay and ſtriking objects. The ſwift movement of the boats

down the current, the quick glance of oars in the water, and now and then the paſſing chorus of peaſants, who reclined under the ſail of their little bark, or the tones of ſome ruſtic inſtrument, played by a girl, as ſhe ſat near her ſylvan cargo, heightened the animation and feſtivity of the ſcene.

When Montoni and M. Queſnel had joined the ladies, the party left the portico for the gardens, where the charming ſcenery ſoon withdrew Emily's thoughts from painful objects. The majeſtic forms and rich verdure of cypreſſes ſhe had never ſeen ſo perfect before: groves of cedar, lemon and orange, the ſpiry cluſters of the pine and poplar, the luxuriant cheſtnut and oriental plane, threw all their pomp of ſhade over theſe gardens; while bowers of flowering myrtle and other ſpicy ſhrubs mingled their fragrance with that of flowers, whoſe vivid and various colouring glowed with increaſed effect beneath the contraſted umbrage of the groves. The air alſo was continually refreſhed by rivulets, which, with

more

more taſte than faſhion, had been ſuffered to wander among the green receſſes.

Emily often lingered behind the party, to contemplate the diſtant landſcape, that cloſed a viſta, or that gleamed beneath the dark foliage of the foreground;—the ſpiral ſummits of the mountains, touched with a purple tint, broken and ſteep above, but ſhelving gradually to their baſe; the open valley, marked by no formal lines of art; and the tall groves of cypreſs, pine and poplar, ſometimes embelliſhed by a ruined villa, whoſe broken columns appeared between the branches of a pine, that ſeemed to droop over their fall.

From other parts of the gardens, the character of the view was entirely changed, and the fine ſolitary beauty of the landſcape ſhifted for the crowded features and varied colouring of inhabitation.

The ſun was now gaining faſt upon the ſky, and the party quitted the gardens, and retired to repoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" And poor Misfortune feels the laſh of Vice."

THOMSON.

EMILY ſeized the firſt opportunity of converſing alone with Monſieur Queſnel, concerning La Vallée. His anſwers to her enquiries were conciſe, and delivered with the air of a man, who is conſcious of poſſeſſing abſolute power, and impatient of hearing it queſtioned. He declared, that the diſpoſal of the place was a neceſſary meaſure; and that ſhe might conſider herſelf indebted to his prudence for even the ſmall income that remained for her. " But, however," added he, " when this Venetian Count (I have forgot his name) marries you, your preſent diſagreeable ſtate of dependence will ceaſe. As a relation to you I rejoice in the circumſtance, which is ſo fortunate

fortunate for you, and, I may add, ſo unexpected by your friends."

For ſome moments Emily was chilled into ſilence by this ſpeech; and, when ſhe attempted to undeceive him, concerning the purport of the note ſhe had incloſed in Montoni's letter, he appeared to have ſome private reaſon for diſbelieving her aſſertion, and, for a conſiderable time, perſevered in accuſing her of capricious conduct. Being, at length, however, convinced, that ſhe really diſliked Morano, and had poſitively rejected his ſuit, his reſentment was extravagant, and he expreſſed it in terms equally pointed and inhuman; for, ſecretly flattered by the proſpect of a connection with a nobleman, whoſe title he had affected to forget, he was incapable of feeling pity for whatever ſufferings of his niece might ſtand in the way of his ambition.

Emily ſaw at once in his manner all the difficulties that awaited her, and, though no oppreſſion could have power to make her renounce Valancourt for Morano, her forti-

tude

tude now trembled at an encounter with the violent paſſions of her uncle.

She oppoſed his turbulence and indignation only by the mild dignity of a ſuperior mind; but the gentle firmneſs of her conduct ſerved to exaſperate ſtill more his reſentment, ſince it compelled him to feel his own inferiority, and, when he left her, he declared, that, if ſhe perſiſted in her folly, both himſelf and Montoni would abandon her to the contempt of the world.

The calmneſs ſhe had aſſumed in his preſence failed Emily, when alone, and ſhe wept bitterly, and called frequently upon the name of her departed father, whoſe advice to her from his death-bed ſhe then remembered. "Alas," ſaid ſhe, "I do indeed perceive how much more valuable is the ſtrength of fortitude than the grace of ſenſibility, and I will alſo endeavour to fulfil the promiſe I then made; I will not indulge in unavailing lamentation; but will try to endure, with firmneſs, the oppreſſion I cannot elude."

Some-

Somewhat soothed by the consciousness of performing a part of St. Aubert's last request, and of endeavouring to pursue the conduct which he would have approved, she overcame her tears, and, when the company met at dinner, had recovered her usual serenity of countenance.

In the cool of the evening, the ladies took the *fresco* along the bank of the Brenta in Madame Quesnel's carriage. The state of Emily's mind was in melancholy contrast with the gay groups assembled beneath the shades that overhung this enchanting stream. Some were dancing under the trees, and others reclining on the grass taking ices and coffee, and calmly enjoying the effect of a beautiful evening, on a luxuriant landscape. Emily, when she looked at the snow-capt Apennines, ascending in the distance, thought of Montoni's castle, and suffered some terror, lest he should convey her thither, for the purpose of enforcing her obedience; but the thought vanished, when she considered, that she was as much in his

his power at Venice as ſhe could be elſe-where.

It was moon-light before the party returned to the villa, where ſupper was ſpread in the airy hall, which had ſo much enchanted Emily's fancy, on the preceding night. The ladies ſeated themſelves in the portico, till M. Queſnel, Montoni and other gentlemen, ſhould join them at table, and Emily endeavoured to reſign herſelf to the tranquillity of the hour. Preſently, a barge ſtopped at the ſteps that led into the gardens, and, ſoon after ſhe diſtinguiſhed the voices of Montoni and Queſnel, and then that of Morano, who, in the next moment, appeared. His compliments ſhe received in ſilence, and her cold air ſeemed at firſt to diſcompoſe him; but he ſoon recovered his uſual gaiety of manner, though the officious kindneſs of M. and Madame Queſnel Emily perceived diſguſted him. Such a degree of attention ſhe had ſcarcely believed could be ſhewn by M. Queſnel, for ſhe had never before

before ſeen him otherwiſe than in the preſence of his inferiors or equals.

When ſhe could retire to her own apartment, her mind almoſt involuntarily dwelt on the moſt probable means of prevailing with the Count to withdraw his ſuit, and to her liberal mind none appeared more probable, than that of acknowledging to him a prior attachment, and throwing herſelf upon his generoſity for a releaſe. When, however, on the following day, he renewed his addreſſes, ſhe ſhrunk from the adoption of the plan ſhe had formed. There was ſomething ſo repugnant to her juſt pride, in laying open the ſecret of her heart to ſuch a man as Morano, and in ſuing to him for compaſſion, that ſhe impatiently rejected this deſign, and wondered that ſhe could have pauſed upon it for a moment. The rejection of his ſuit ſhe repeated in the moſt deciſive terms ſhe could ſelect, mingling with it a ſevere cenſure of his conduct; but, though the Count appeared mortified by this, he perſevered

in

in the moſt ardent profeſſions of admiration, till he was interrupted and Emily releaſed by the preſence of Madame Queſnel.

During her ſtay at this pleaſant villa, Emily was thus rendered miſerable by the aſſiduities of Morano, together with the cruelly exerted authority of M. Queſnel and Montoni, who, with her aunt, ſeemed now more reſolutely determined upon this marriage than they had even appeared to be at Venice. M. Queſnel, finding that both argument and menace were ineffectual in enforcing an immediate concluſion to it, at length relinquiſhed his endeavours, and truſted to the power of Montoni and to the courſe of events at Venice. Emily, indeed, looked to Venice with hope, for there ſhe would be relieved in ſome meaſure from the perſecution of Morano, who would no longer be an inhabitant of the ſame houſe with herſelf, and from that of Montoni, whoſe engagements would not permit him to be continually at home. But, amidſt the preſſure of her own misfortunes, ſhe did

not

not forget those of poor Theresa, for whom she pleaded with courageous tenderness to Quesnel, who promised, in slight and general terms, that she should not be forgotten.

Montoni, in a long conversation with M. Quesnel, arranged the plan to be pursued respecting Emily, and M. Quesnel proposed to be at Venice, as soon as he should be informed that the nuptials were concluded.

It was new to Emily to part with any person, with whom she was connected, without feelings of regret; the moment, however, in which she took leave of M. and Madame Quesnel, was, perhaps, the only satisfactory one she had known in their presence.

Morano returned in Montoni's barge, and Emily, as she watched her gradual approach to that magic city, saw at her side the only person, who occasioned her to view it with less than perfect delight. They arrived there about midnight, when Emily was released from the presence of the Count, who,

who, with Montoni, went to a Caſino, and ſhe was ſuffered to retire to her own apartment.

On the following day, Montoni, in a ſhort converſation, which he held with Emily, informed her, that he would no longer be *trifled* with, and that, ſince her marriage with the Count would be ſo highly advantageous to her, that folly only could object to it, and folly of ſuch extent as was incapable of conviction, it ſhould be celebrated without further delay, and, if that was neceſſary, without her conſent.

Emily, who had hitherto tried remonſtrance, had now recourſe to ſupplication, for diſtreſs prevented her from foreſeeing that, with a man of Montoni's diſpoſition, ſupplication would be equally uſeleſs. She afterwards enquired by what right he exerted this unlimited authority over her? a queſtion which her better judgment would have withheld her, in a calmer moment, from making, ſince it could avail her nothing, and would afford Montoni another

opportunity

opportunity of triumphing over her defenceleſs condition.

"By what right!" cried Montoni, with a malicious ſmile, "by the right of my will; if you can elude that, I will not enquire by what right you do ſo. I now remind you, for the laſt time, that you are a ſtranger, in a foreign country, and that it is your intereſt to make me your friend; you know the means; if you compel me to become your enemy—I will venture to tell you that the puniſhment ſhall exceed your expectation. You may know *I* am not to be trifled with."

Emily continued, for ſome time after Montoni had left her, in a ſtate of deſpair, or rather of ſtupefaction; a conſciouſneſs of miſery was all that remained in her mind. In this ſituation Madame Montoni found her, at the ſound of whoſe voice Emily looked up, and her aunt, ſomewhat ſoftened by the expreſſion of deſpair, that fixed her countenance, ſpoke in a manner more kind than ſhe had ever yet done. Emily's heart

was

was touched; she shed tears, and, after weeping for some time, recovered sufficient composure to speak on the subject of her distress, and to endeavour to interest Madame Montoni in her behalf. But though the compassion of her aunt had been surprised, her ambition was not to be overcome, and her present object was to be the aunt of a Countess. Emily's efforts, therefore, were as unsuccessful as they had been with Montoni, and she withdrew to her apartment to think and weep alone. How often did she remember the parting scene with Valancourt, and wish, that the Italian had mentioned Montoni's character with less reserve! When her mind, however, had recovered from the first shock of this behaviour, she considered, that it would be impossible for him to compel her alliance with Morano, if she persisted in refusing to repeat any part of the marriage ceremony; and she persevered in her resolution to await Montoni's threatened vengeance rather than give herself for life to a

man,

man, whom ſhe muſt have deſpiſed for his preſent conduct, had ſhe never even loved Valancourt: yet ſhe trembled at the revenge ſhe thus reſolved to brave.

An affair, however, ſoon after occurred, which ſomewhat called off Montoni's attention from Emily. The myſterious viſits of Orſino were renewed with more frequency ſince the return of the former to Venice. There were others, alſo, beſides Orſino, admitted to theſe midnight councils, and among them Cavigni and Verezzi. Montoni became more reſerved and auſtere in his manner than ever; and Emily, if her own intereſts had not made her regardleſs of his, might have perceived, that ſomething extraordinary was working in his mind.

One night, on which a council was not held, Orſino came in great agitation of ſpirits, and diſpatched his confidential ſervant to Montoni, who was at a Caſino, deſiring that he would return home immediately; but charging the ſervant not to

mention his name. Montoni obeyed the ſummons, and, on meeting Orſino, was informed of the circumſtances, that occaſioned his viſit and his viſible alarm, with ſome of which, however, he was already acquainted.

A Venetian nobleman, who had on a late occaſion, provoked the hatred of Orſino, had been way-laid and poniarded by hired aſſaſſins: and, as the murdered perſon was of the firſt connections, the Senate had taken up the affair. One of the aſſaſſins was now apprehended, who had confeſſed, that Orſino was his employer in the atrocious deed; and the latter, informed of his danger, had now come to Montoni to conſult on the meaſures neceſſary to favour his eſcape. He knew, that, at this time, the officers of the police were upon the watch for him, all over the city; to leave it, at preſent, therefore, was impracticable, and Montoni conſented to ſecrete him for a few days till the vigilance of juſtice ſhould relax, and then to aſſiſt him in quitting Venice. He knew the danger he himſelf incurred

curred by permitting Orſino to remain in his houſe; but ſuch was the nature of his obligations to this man, that he did not think it prudent to refuſe him an aſylum.

Such was the perſon whom Montoni admitted to his confidence, and for whom he felt as much friendſhip as was compatible with his character.

While Orſino remained concealed in his houſe, Montoni was unwilling to attract public obſervation by the nuptials of Count Morano; but this obſtacle was, in a few days, overcome by the departure of his criminal viſitor, and he then informed Emily, that her marriage was to be celebrated on the following morning. To her repeated aſſurances, that it ſhould not take place, he replied by a malignant ſmile; and, telling her, that the Count and a prieſt would be at his houſe, early in the morning, he adviſed her no further to dare his reſentment by oppoſition to his will and to her own intereſt. "I am now going out for the evening," ſaid he, "remember, that I ſhall give

your hand to Count Morano in the morning." Emily, having, ever ſince his late threats, expected, that her trials would at length arrive to this criſis, was leſs ſhocked by the declaration, than ſhe otherwiſe would have been, and ſhe endeavoured to ſupport herſelf by a belief, that the marriage could not be valid, ſo long as ſhe refuſed before the prieſt to repeat any part of the ceremony. Yet, as the moment of trial approached, her long-haraſſed ſpirits ſhrunk almoſt equally from the encounter of his vengeance, and from the hand of Count Morano. She was not even perfectly certain of the conſequence of her ſteady refuſal at the altar, and ſhe trembled, more than ever, at the power of Montoni, which ſeemed unlimited as his will, for ſhe ſaw, that he would not ſcruple to trangreſs any law, if, by ſo doing, he could accompliſh his project.

While her mind was thus ſuffering, ſhe was informed that Morano aſked permiſſion to ſee her, and the ſervant had ſcarcely departed

parted with an excuſe, before ſhe repented that ſhe had ſent one. In the next moment, reverting to her former deſign, and determining to try, whether expoſtulation and entreaty would not ſucceed, where a refuſal and a juſt diſdain had failed, ſhe recalled the ſervant, and, ſending a different meſſage, prepared to go down to the Count.

The dignity and aſſumed compoſure with which ſhe met him, and the kind of penſive reſignation, that ſoftened her countenance, were circumſtances not likely to induce him to relinquiſh her, ſerving, as they did, to heighten a paſſion, which had already intoxicated his judgment. He liſtened to all ſhe ſaid with an appearance of complacency and of a wiſh to oblige her; but his reſolution remained invariably the ſame, and he endeavoured to win her admiration by every inſinuating art he ſo well knew how to practiſe. Being, at length, aſſured, that ſhe had nothing to hope from his juſtice, ſhe repeated, in a ſolemn manner, her abſolute rejection of his ſuit, and

quitted him with an aſſurance, that her refuſal would be effectually maintained againſt every circumſtance, that could be imagined for ſubduing it. A juſt pride had reſtrained her tears, in his preſence, but now they flowed from the fulneſs of her heart. She often called upon the name of her late father, and often dwelt with unutterable anguiſh on the idea of Valancourt.

She did not go down to ſupper, but remained alone in her apartment, ſometimes yielding to the influence of grief and terror, and, at others, endeavouring to fortify her mind againſt them, and to prepare herſelf to meet, with compoſed courage, the ſcene of the following morning, when all the ſtratagem of Morano and the violence of Montoni would be united againſt her.

The evening was far advanced, when Madame Montoni came to her chamber with ſome bridal ornaments, which the Count had ſent to Emily. She had, this day, purpoſely avoided her niece; perhaps, becauſe

becauſe her uſual inſenſibility failed her, and ſhe feared to truſt herſelf with a view of Emily's diſtreſs; or poſſibly, though her conſcience was ſeldom audible, it now reproached her with her conduct to her brother's orphan child, whoſe happineſs had been entruſted to her care by a dying father.

Emily could not look at theſe preſents, and made a laſt, though almoſt hopeleſs, effort to intereſt the compaſſion of Madame Montoni, who, if ſhe did feel any degree of pity, or remorſe, ſucceſsfully concealed it, and reproached her niece with folly in being miſerable, concerning a marriage, which ought only to make her happy. "I am ſure," ſaid ſhe, "if I was unmarried, and the Count had propoſed to me, I ſhould have been flattered by the diſtinction: and if I ſhould have been ſo, I am ſure, niece, you, who have no fortune, ought to feel yourſelf highly honoured, and ſhew a proper gratitude and humility towards the

Count, for his condeſcenſion. I am often ſurpriſed, I muſt own, to obſerve how humbly he deports himſelf to you, notwithſtanding the haughty airs you give yourſelf; I wonder he has patience to humour you ſo: if I was he, I know, I ſhould often be ready to reprehend you, and make you know yourſelf a little better. I would not have flattered you, I can tell you, for it is this abſurd flattery that makes you fancy yourſelf of ſo much conſequence, that you think nobody can deſerve you, and I often tell the Count ſo, for I have no patience to hear him pay you ſuch extravagant compliments, which you believe every word of!"

"Your patience, madam, cannot ſuffer more cruelly on ſuch occaſions, than my own," ſaid Emily.

"O! that is all mere affectation," rejoined her aunt. "I know that his flattery delights you, and makes you ſo vain, that you think you may have the whole world

at

at your feet. But you are very much mistaken; I can assure you, niece, you will not meet with many such suitors as the Count: every other person would have turned upon his heel, and left you to repent at your leisure, long ago."

"O that the Count had resembled every other person, then!" said Emily, with a heavy sigh.

"It is happy for you, that he does not," rejoined Madame Montoni; "and what I am now saying is from pure kindness. I am endeavouring to convince you of your good fortune, and to persuade you to submit to necessity with a good grace. It is nothing to me, you know, whether you like this marriage or not, for it must be; what I say, therefore, is from pure kindness. I wish to see you happy, and it is your own fault if you are not so. I would ask you, now, seriously and calmly, what kind of a match you can expect, since a Count cannot content your ambition?"

"I have no ambition whatever, madam," replied Emily, "my only wiſh is to remain in my preſent ſtation."

"O! that is ſpeaking quite from the purpoſe," ſaid her aunt, "I ſee you are ſtill thinking of Monſ. Valancourt. Pray get rid of all thoſe fantaſtic notions about love, and this ridiculous pride, and be ſomething like a reaſonable creature. But, however, this is nothing to the purpoſe—for your marriage with the Count takes place to-morrow, you know, whether you approve it or not. The Count will be trifled with no longer."

Emily made no attempt to reply to this curious ſpeech; ſhe felt it would be mean, and ſhe knew it would be uſeleſs. Madame Montoni laid the Count's preſents upon the table, on which Emily was leaning, and then, deſiring ſhe would be ready early in the morning, bade her good-night. "Good-night, madam," ſaid Emily, with a deep ſigh, as the door cloſed upon her aunt,

aunt, and ſhe was left once more to her own ſad reflections. For ſome time ſhe ſat ſo loſt in thought, as to be wholly unconſcious where ſhe was; at length raiſing her head, and looking round the room, its glooms and profound ſtillneſs awed her. She fixed her eyes on the door, through which her aunt had diſappeared, and liſtened anxiouſly for ſome ſound, that might relieve the deep dejection of her ſpirits; but it was paſt midnight, and all the family, except the ſervant, who ſat up for Montoni, had retired to bed. Her mind, long haraſſed by diſtreſs, now yielded to imaginary terrors; ſhe trembled to look into the obſcurity of her ſpacious chamber, and feared ſhe knew not what; a ſtate of mind, which continued ſo long, that ſhe would have called up Annette, her aunt's woman, had her fears permitted her to riſe from her chair, and to croſs the apartment.

Theſe melancholy illuſions at length began to diſperſe, and ſhe retired to her bed,

not to ſleep, for that was ſcarcely poſſible, but to try, at leaſt, to quiet her diſturbed fancy, and to collect ſtrength of ſpirits ſufficient to bear her through the ſcene of the approaching morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Dark power! with ſhudd'ring, meek ſubmitted thought
Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, left they meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

COLLINS's ODE TO FEAR.

EMILY was recalled from a kind of ſlumber, into which ſhe had, at length, ſunk, by a quick knocking at her chamber: ſhe ſtarted up in terror, Montoni and Count Morano inſtantly came to her mind; but, having liſtened in ſilence for ſome time, and recogniſing the voice of Annette, ſhe ventured to open the door. "What brings you hither ſo early?" ſaid Emily, trembling exceſſively.

"Dear

"Dear ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette, "do not look ſo pale. I am quite frightened to ſee you. Here is a fine buſtle below ſtairs, all the ſervants running to and fro, and none of them faſt enough! Here is a buſtle, indeed, all of a ſudden, and nobody knows for what!"

"Who is below beſides them?" ſaid Emily: "Annette, do not trifle with me."

"Not for the world, ma'amſelle, I would not trifle for the world; but one cannot help making one's remarks, and there is the Signor in ſuch a buſtle, as I never ſaw him before; and he has ſent me to tell you, ma'am, to get ready immediately."

"Good God ſupport me!" cried Emily, almoſt fainting, "Count Morano is below, then!"

"No, ma'amſelle, he is not below, that I know of," replied Annette "only his *Excellenza* ſent me to deſire you would get ready directly to leave Venice, for that the gondolas would be at the ſteps of the canal in a few minutes: but I muſt hurry back

to

to my lady, who is juſt at her wits end, and knows not which way to turn for haſte."

"Explain, Annette, explain the meaning of all this before you go," ſaid Emily, ſo overcome with ſurpriſe and timid hope, that ſhe had ſcarcely breath to ſpeak.

"Nay, ma'amſelle, that is more than I can do. I only know that the Signor is juſt come home in a very ill humour, that he has had us all called out of our beds, and tells us we are all to leave Venice immediately."

"Is Count Morano to go with the Signor?" ſaid Emily, "and whither are we going?"

"I know neither, ma'am, for certain; but I heard Ludovico ſay ſomething about going, after we got to *Terra-firma*, to the Signor's caſtle among ſome mountains, that he talked of."

"The Apennines!" ſaid Emily, eagerly, "O! then I have little to hope!"

"That is the very place, ma'am. But cheer

cheer up, and do not take it ſo much to heart, and think what a little time you have to get ready in, and how impatient the Signor is. Holy St. Mark! I hear the oars on the canal; and now they come nearer, and now they are daſhing at the ſteps below; it is the gondola, ſure enough."

Annette haſtened from the room; and Emily prepared for this unexpected flight, not perceiving that any change in her ſituation could poſſibly be for the worſe. She had ſcarcely thrown her books and clothes into her travelling trunk, when, receiving a ſecond ſummons, ſhe went down to her aunt's dreſſing-room, where ſhe found Montoni impatiently reproving his wife for delay. He went out, ſoon after, to give ſome further orders to his people, and Emily then enquired the occaſion of this haſty journey; but her aunt appeared to be as ignorant as herſelf, and to undertake the journey with more reluctance.

The family at length embarked, but neither

ther Count Morano, or Cavigni, was of the party. Somewhat revived by obſerving this, Emily, when the gondolieri daſhed their oars in the water, and put off from the ſteps of the portico, felt like a criminal, who receives a ſhort reprieve. Her heart beat yet lighter, when they emerged from the canal into the ocean, and lighter ſtill, when they ſkimmed paſt the walls of St. Mark, without having ſtopped to take up Count Morano.

The dawn now began to tint the horizon, and to break upon the ſhores of the Adriatic. Emily did not venture to aſk any queſtions of Montoni, who ſat, for ſome time, in gloomy ſilence, and then rolled himſelf up in his cloak, as if to ſleep, while Madame Montoni did the ſame; but Emily, who could not ſleep, undrew one of the little curtains of the gondola, and looked out upon the ſea. The riſing dawn now enlightened the mountain-tops of Friuli, but their lower ſides, and the diſtant waves, that rolled at their feet, were ſtill in deep ſhadow.

Emily,

At length, the travellers began to aſcend among the Apennines. The immenſe pine-foreſts, which, at that period, overhung theſe mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the cliffs aſpiring above, except, that, now and then, an opening through the dark woods allowed the eye a momentary glimpſe of the country below. The gloom of theſe ſhades, their ſolitary ſilence, except when the breeze ſwept over their ſummits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains, that came partially to the eye, each aſſiſted to raiſe the ſolemnity of Emily's feelings into awe; ſhe ſaw only images of gloomy grandeur, or of dreadful ſublimity, around her; other images, equally gloomy and equally terrible, gleamed on her imagination. She was going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a perſon, from whoſe arbitrary diſpoſition ſhe had already ſuffered ſo much, to marry, perhaps, a man who poſſeſſed neither her affection, or eſteem; or to endure, beyond the

the hope of ſuccour, whatever puniſhment revenge, and that Italian revenge, might dictate.—The more ſhe conſidered what might be the motive of the journey, the more ſhe became convinced, that it was for the purpoſe of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with the ſecrecy which her reſolute reſiſtance had made neceſſary to the honour, if not to the ſafety, of Montoni. From the deep ſolitudes, into which ſhe was immerging, and from the gloomy caſtle, of which ſhe had heard ſome myſterious hints, her ſick heart recoiled in deſpair, and ſhe experienced, that, though her mind was already occupied by peculiar diſtreſs, it was ſtill alive to the influence of new and local circumſtance; why elſe did ſhe ſhudder at the image of this deſolate caſtle?

As the travellers ſtill aſcended among the pine-foreſts, ſteep roſe over ſteep, the mountains ſeemed to multiply, as they went, and what was the ſummit of one eminence proved to be only the baſe of another. At length they reached a little plain, where the

the drivers ſtopped to reſt the mules, whence a ſcene of ſuch extent and magnificence opened below, as drew even from Madame Montoni a note of admiration. Emily loſt, for a moment, her ſorrows, in the immenſity of nature. Beyond the amphitheatre of mountains, that ſtretched below, whoſe tops appeared as numerous almoſt as the waves of the ſea, and whoſe feet were concealed by the foreſts—extended the *Campagna* of Italy, where cities and rivers, and woods, and all the glow of cultivation were mingled in gay confuſion. The Adriatic bounded the horizon, into which the Po and the Brenta, after winding through the whole extent of the landſcape, poured their fruitful waves. Emily gazed long on the ſplendours of the world ſhe was quitting, of which the whole magnificence ſeemed thus given to her ſight only to increaſe her regret on leaving it; for her, Valancourt alone was in that world; to him alone her heart turned, and for him alone fell her bitter tears.

From

From this ſublime ſcene the travellers continued to aſcend among the pines, till they entered a narrow paſs of the mountains, which ſhut out every feature of the diſtant country, and, in its ſtead, exhibited only tremendous crags, impending over the road, where no veſtige of humanity, or even of vegetation, appeared, except here and there the trunk and ſcathed branches of an oak, that hung nearly headlong from the rock, into which its ſtrong roots had faſtened. This paſs, which led into the heart of the Apennine, at length opened to day, and a ſcene of mountains, ſtretched in long perſpective, as wild as any the travellers had yet paſſed. Still vaſt pine-foreſts hung upon their baſe, and crowned the ridgy precipice, that roſe perpendicularly from the vale, while, above, the rolling miſts caught the ſun-beams, and touched their cliffs with all the magical colouring of light and ſhade. The ſcene ſeemed perpetually changing, and its features to aſſume new forms, as the winding road brought them to the

eye

eye in different attitudes; while the ſhifting vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties, and now illuminating them with ſplendid tints, aſſiſted the illuſions of the ſight.

Though the deep vallies between theſe mountains were, for the moſt part, clothed with pines, ſometimes an abrupt opening preſented a perſpective of only barren rocks, with a cataract flaſhing from their ſummit among broken cliffs, till its waters, reaching the bottom, foamed along with louder fury; and ſometimes paſtoral ſcenes exhibited their "green delights" in the narrow vales, ſmiling amid ſurrounding horror. There herds and flocks of goats and ſheep, browſing under the ſhade of hanging woods, and the ſhepherd's little cabin, reared on the margin of a clear ſtream, preſented a ſweet picture of repoſe.

Wild and romantic as were theſe ſcenes, their character had far leſs of the ſublime, than had thoſe of the Alps, which guard

guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but ſeldom felt thoſe emotions of indeſcribable awe, which ſhe had ſo continually experienced in her paſſage over the Alps.

Towards the cloſe of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whoſe ſhaggy ſteeps appeared to be inacceſſible, almoſt ſurrounded it. To the eaſt, a viſta opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkeſt horrors; and the long perſpective of retiring ſummits, riſing over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a ſtronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet ſeen. The ſun had juſt ſunk below the top of the mountains ſhe was deſcending, whoſe long ſhadow ſtretched athwart the valley, but his ſloping rays, ſhooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the ſummits of the foreſt, that hung upon the oppoſite ſteeps, and ſtreamed in full ſplendour upon the towers and battlements of a caſtle, that ſpread its extenſive ramparts

along the brow of a precipice above. The ſplendour of theſe illumined objects was heightened by the contraſted ſhade, which involved the valley below.

"There," ſaid Montoni, ſpeaking for the firſt time in ſeveral hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the caſtle, which ſhe underſtood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the ſetting ſun, the gothic greatneſs of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey ſtone, rendered it a gloomy and ſublime object. As ſhe gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which ſpread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were ſtill tipped with ſplendour. From thoſe, too, the rays ſoon faded, and the whole edifice was inveſted with the ſolemn duſkineſs of evening. Silent, lonely, and ſublime, it ſeemed to ſtand the ſovereign of the ſcene, and to frown defiance on all, who

dared

dared to invade its ſolitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obſcurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its cluſtering towers were alone ſeen, riſing over the tops of the woods, beneath whoſe thick ſhade the carriages ſoon after began to aſcend.

The extent and darkneſs of theſe tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and ſhe almoſt expected to ſee banditti ſtart up from under the trees. At length, the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and, ſoon after, reached the caſtle-gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was ſtruck upon to give notice of their arrival, increaſed the fearful emotions, that had aſſailed Emily. While they waited till the ſervant within ſhould come to open the gates, ſhe anxiouſly ſurveyed the edifice: but the gloom, that overſpread it, allowed her to diſtinguiſh little more than a part of its outline, with the maſſy walls of the ramparts, and to know, that it was vaſt, ancient and dreary. From the

parts ſhe ſaw, ſhe judged of the heavy ſtrength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic ſize, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, inſtead of banners, now waved long graſs and wild plants, that had taken root among the mouldering ſtones, and which ſeemed to ſigh, as the breeze rolled paſt, over the deſolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled alſo, below which appeared the pointed arch of an huge portcullis, ſurmounting the gates: from theſe, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whoſe ſhattered outline, appearing on a gleam, that lingered in the weſt, told of the ravages of war.—Beyond theſe all was loſt in the obſcurity of evening.

While Emily gazed with awe upon the ſcene, footſteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an

an ancient ſervant of the caſtle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart ſunk, and ſhe ſeemed, as if ſhe was going into her priſon; the gloomy court, into which ſhe paſſed, ſerved to confirm the idea, and her imagination, ever awake to circumſtance, ſuggeſted even more terrors, than her reaſon could juſtify.

Another gate delivered them into the ſecond court, graſs-grown, and more wild than the firſt, where, as ſhe ſurveyed through the twilight its deſolation—its lofty walls, overtopt with briony, moſs, and night-ſhade, and the embattled towers that roſe above—long ſuffering and murder came to her thoughts. One of thoſe inſtantaneous and unaccountable convictions, which ſometimes conquer even ſtrong minds, impreſſed her with its horror. The ſentiment was not diminiſhed, when ſhe entered an extenſive gothic hall, obſcured by the gloom

of evening, which a light glimmering at a diſtance through a long perſpective of arches, only rendered more ſtriking. As a ſervant brought the lamp nearer, partial gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a ſtrong contraſt with their ſhadows, that ſtretched along the pavement and the walls.

The ſudden journey of Montoni had prevented his people from making any other preparations for his reception, than could be had in the ſhort interval, ſince the arrival of the ſervant, who had been ſent forward from Venice; and this, in ſome meaſure, may account for the air of extreme deſolation, that every where appeared.

The ſervant, who came to light Montoni, bowed in ſilence, and the muſcles of his countenance relaxed with no ſymptom of joy.—

Montoni noticed the ſalutation by a ſlight motion of his hand, and paſſed on, while his lady, following, and looking round with a degree of ſurpriſe and diſcontent, which

ſhe

ſhe ſeemed fearful of expreſſing, and Emily, ſurveying the extent and grandeur of the hall in timid wonder, approached a marble ſtaircaſe. The arches here opened to a lofty vault, from the centre of which hung a tripod lamp, which a ſervant was haſtily lighting; and the rich fret-work of the roof, a corridor, leading into ſeveral upper apartments, and a painted window, ſtretching nearly from the pavement to the ceiling of the hall, became gradually viſible.

Having croſſed the foot of the ſtaircaſe, and paſſed through an anti-room, they entered a ſpacious apartment, whoſe walls, wainſcoted with black larch-wood, the growth of the neighbouring mountains, were ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from darkneſs itſelf. "Bring more light," ſaid Montoni, as he entered. The ſervant, ſetting down his lamp, was withdrawing to obey him, when Madame Montoni, obſerving, that the evening air of this mountainous region was cold, and that ſhe ſhould like a

fire, Montoni ordered that wood might be brought.

While he paced the room with thoughtful ſteps, and Madame Montoni ſat ſilently on a couch at the upper end of it, waiting till the ſervant returned, Emily was obſerving the ſingular ſolemnity and deſolation of the apartment, viewed, as it now was, by the glimmer of the ſingle lamp, placed near a large Venetian mirror, that duſkily reflected the ſcene, with the tall figure of Montoni paſſing ſlowly along, his arms folded, and his countenance ſhaded by the plume that waved in his hat.

From the contemplation of this ſcene, Emily's mind proceeded to the apprehenſion of what ſhe might ſuffer in it, till the remembrance of Valancourt, far, far diſtant! came to her heart, and ſoftened it into ſorrow. A heavy ſigh eſcaped her: but, trying to conceal her tears, ſhe walked away to one of the high windows, that opened upon the ramparts, below which, ſpread

ſpread the woods ſhe had paſſed in her approach to the caſtle. But the night ſhade ſat deeply on the mountains beyond, and their indented outline alone could be faintly traced on the horizon, where a red ſtreak yet glimmered in the weſt. The valley between was ſunk in darkneſs.

The ſcene within, upon which Emily turned on the opening of the door, was ſcarcely leſs gloomy. The old ſervant, who had received them at the gates, now entered, bending under a load of pine-branches, while two of Montoni's Venetian ſervants followed with lights.

"Your *Excellenza* is welcome to the caſtle," ſaid the old man, as he raiſed himſelf from the hearth, where he had laid the wood: "it has been a lonely place a long while; but you will excuſe it, Signor, knowing we had but ſhort notice. It is near two years, come next feaſt of St. Mark, ſince your *Excellenza* was within theſe walls."

"You have a good memory, old Carlo,"

ſaid Montoni; "it is thereabout: and how haſt thou contrived to live ſo long?"

"A-well-a-day, ſir, with much ado; the cold winds that blow through the caſtle in winter, are almoſt too much for me; and I thought ſometimes of aſking your *Excellenza* to let me leave the mountains, and go down into the lowlands. But I don't know how it is—I am loth to quit theſe old walls I have lived in ſo long."

"Well, how have you gone on in the caſtle, ſince I left it?" ſaid Montoni.

"Why much as uſual, Signor, only it wants a good deal of repairing. There is the north tower—ſome of the battlements have tumbled down, and had liked one day to have knocked my poor wife (God reſt her ſoul!) on the head. Your *Excellenza* muſt know——"

"Well, but the repairs," interrupted Montoni.

"Aye, the repairs," ſaid Carlo: "a part of the roof of the great hall has fallen in, and

and all the winds from the mountains rushed through it last winter, and whistled through the whole castle so, that there was no keeping one's self warm, be where one would. There my wife and I used to sit shivering over a great fire in one corner of the little hall, ready to die with cold, and——"

"But there are no more repairs wanted," said Montoni, impatiently.

"O Lord! your *Excellenza*, yes—the wall of the rampart has tumbled down in three places; then, the stairs, that lead to the west gallery, have been a long time so bad, that it is dangerous to go up them; and the passage leading to the great oak chamber, that overhangs the north rampart—one night last winter, I ventured to go there by myself, and your *Excellenza*——"

"Well, well, enough of this," said Montoni, with quickness: "I will talk more with thee to-morrow."

The fire was now lighted; Carlo swept the hearth, placed chairs, wiped the dust

from a large marble table that ſtood near it, and then left the room.

Montoni and his family drew round the fire. Madame Montoni made ſeveral attempts at converſation, but his ſullen anſwers repulſed her, while Emily ſat endeavouring to acquire courage enough to ſpeak to him. At length, in a tremulous voice, ſhe ſaid, "May I aſk, ſir, the motive of this ſudden journey?"—After a long pauſe, ſhe recovered ſufficient courage to repeat the queſtion.

"It does not ſuit me to anſwer enquiries," ſaid Montoni, "nor does it become you to make them; time may unfold them all: but I deſire I may be no further haraſſed, and I recommend it to you to retire to your chamber, and to endeavour to adopt a more rational conduct than that of yielding to fancies, and to a ſenſibility, which, to call it by the gentleſt name, is only a weakneſs."

Emily roſe to withdraw. "Good-night, madame," ſaid ſhe to her aunt, with an

aſſumed

assumed composure, that could not disguise her emotion.

"Good-night, my dear," said Madame Montoni, in a tone of kindness, which her niece had never before heard from her; and the unexpected endearment brought tears to Emily's eyes. She curtsied to Montoni, and was retiring: "But you do not know the way to your chamber," said her aunt. Montoni called the servant, who waited in the anti-room, and bade him send Madame Montoni's woman, with whom, in a few minutes, Emily withdrew.

"Do you know which is my room?" said she to Annette, as they crossed the hall.

"Yes, I believe I do, ma'amselle; but this is such a strange rambling place! I have been lost in it already: they call it the double chamber, over the south rampart, and I went up this great staircase to it. My lady's room is at the other end of the castle."

Emily ascended the marble staircase, and

and came to the corridor, as they paſſed through which Annette reſumed her chat—"What a wild lonely place this is, ma'am! I ſhall be quite frightened to live in it. How often, and often have I wiſhed myſelf in France again! I little thought, when I came with my lady to ſee the world, that I ſhould ever be ſhut up in ſuch a place as this, or I would never have left my own country! This way, ma'amſelle, down this turning. I can almoſt believe in giants again, and ſuch like, for this is juſt like one of their caſtles; and, ſome night or other, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall ſee fairies too, hopping about in that great old hall, that looks more like a church, with its huge pillars, than any thing elſe."

"Yes," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, and glad to eſcape from more ſerious thought, "if we come to the corridor, about midnight, and look down into the hall, we ſhall certainly ſee it illuminated with a thouſand lamps, and the fairies tripping in gay circles to the ſound of delicious muſic; for it is

in

in ſuch places as this, you know, that they come to hold their revels. But I am afraid, Annette, you will not be able to pay the neceſſary penance for ſuch a ſight: and, if once they hear your voice, the whole ſcene will vaniſh in an inſtant."

"O! if you will bear me company, ma'amſelle, I will come to the corridor, this very night, and I promiſe you I will hold my tongue; it ſhall not be my fault if the ſhow vaniſhes.—But do you think they will come?"

"I cannot promiſe that with certainty, but I will venture to ſay, it will not be your fault if the enchantment ſhould vaniſh."

"Well, ma'amſelle, that is ſaying more than I expected of you: but I am not ſo much afraid of fairies as of ghoſts, and they ſay there are a plentiful many of them about the caſtle: now I ſhould be frightened to death, if I ſhould chance to ſee any of them. But huſh! ma'amſelle, walk ſoftly! I have thought, ſeveral times, ſomething paſſed by me."

"Ridi-

"Ridiculous!" said Emily, "you must not indulge such fancies."

"O, ma'am! they are not fancies, for aught I know; Benedetto says these dismal galleries and halls are fit for nothing but ghosts to live in; and I verily believe, if I *live* long in them, I shall turn to one myself!"

"I hope," said Emily, "you will not suffer Signor Montoni to hear of these weak fears; they would highly displease him."

"What, you know then, ma'amselle, all about it!" rejoined Annette. "No, no, I do know better than to do so; though, if the Signor can sleep sound, nobody else in the castle has any right to lie awake, I am sure." Emily did not appear to notice this remark.

"Down this passage, ma'amselle; this leads to a back staircase. O! if I see any thing, I shall be frightened out of my wits!"

"That will scarcely be possible," said Emily, smiling, as she followed the winding

ing of the paſſage, which opened into another gallery: and then Annette, perceiving that ſhe had miſſed her way, while ſhe had been ſo eloquently haranguing on ghoſts and fairies, wandered about through other paſſages and galleries, till, at length, frightened by their intricacies and deſolation, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance: but they were beyond the hearing of the ſervants, who were on the other ſide of the caſtle, and Emily now opened the door of a chamber on the left.

"O! do not go in there, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "you will only loſe yourſelf further."

"Bring the light forward," ſaid Emily, "we may poſſibly find our way through theſe rooms."

Annette ſtood at the door, in an attitude of heſitation, with the light held up to ſhew the chamber, but the feeble rays ſpread through not half of it. "Why do you heſitate?" ſaid Emily, "let me ſee whither this room leads."

Annette

Annette advanced reluctantly. It opened into a ſuit of ſpacious and ancient apartments, ſome of which were hung with tapeſtry, and others wainſcoted with cedar and black larch-wood. What furniture there was, ſeemed to be almoſt as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with duſt, and dropping to pieces with the damps, and with age.

"How cold theſe rooms are, ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette; "nobody has lived in them for many, many years, they ſay. Do let us go."

"They may open upon the great ſtaircaſe, perhaps," ſaid Emily, paſſing on till ſhe came to a chamber, hung with pictures, and took the light to examine that of a ſoldier on horſeback in a field of battle.—He was darting his ſpear upon a man, who lay under the feet of the horſe, and who held up one hand in a ſupplicating attitude. The ſoldier, whoſe beaver was up, regarded him with a look of vengeance, and the

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her, and ſhe ſtopped before it, w
remove the veil, and examine wh
thus carefully be concealed, but
wanting courage. "Holy Virg
can this mean?" exclaimed
"This is ſurely the picture they to
at Venice."

"What picture?" ſaid Emily.
a picture—a picture," replied An
ſitatingly—"but I never could r
exactly what it was about, either.

"Remove the veil, Annette."

"What! I, ma'amſelle!—I!
the world!" Emily, turning ro
Annette's countenance grow pale.
pray, what have you heard of this
to terrify you ſo, my good girl?"

"

"Nothing, ma'amſelle: I have heard nothing, only let us find our way out."

"Certainly: but I wiſh firſt to examine the picture; take the light, Annette, while I liſt the veil." Annette took the light, and immediately walked away with it, diſregarding Emily's calls to ſtay, who, not chooſing to be left alone in the dark chamber, at length followed her. "What is the reaſon of this, Annette?" ſaid Emily, when ſhe overtook her; "what have you heard concerning that picture, which makes you ſo unwilling to ſtay when I bid you?"

"I don't know what is the reaſon, ma'amſelle," replied Annette, "nor any thing about the picture, only I have heard there is ſomething very dreadful belonging to it—and that it has been covered up in black *ever ſince*—and that nobody has looked at it for a great many years—and it ſomehow has to do with the owner of this caſtle before Signor Montoni came to the poſſeſſion of it—and——"

"Well, Annette," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, "I per-

"I perceive it is as you ſay—that you know nothing about the picture."

"No, nothing, indeed, ma'amſelle, for they made me promiſe never to tell:—— but——"

"Well," rejoined Emily, who obſerved that ſhe was ſtruggling between her inclination to reveal a ſecret, and her apprehenſion for the conſequence, "I will enquire no further—"

"No, pray, ma'am, do not."

"Leſt you ſhould tell all," interrupted Emily.

Annette bluſhed, and Emily ſmiled, and they paſſed on to the extremity of this ſuite of apartments, and found themſelves, after ſome farther perplexity, once more at the top of the marble ſtaircaſe, where Annette left Emily, while ſhe went to call one of the ſervants of the caſtle to ſhew them to the chamber, for which they had been ſeeking.

While ſhe was abſent, Emily's thoughts returned to the picture; an unwillingneſs

to

to tamper with the integrity of a ſervant, had checked her enquiries on this ſubject, as well as concerning ſome alarming hints, which Annette had dropped reſpecting Montoni; though her curioſity was entirely awakened, and ſhe had perceived, that her queſtions might eaſily be anſwered. She was, now, however, inclined to go back to the apartment and examine the picture; but the lonelineſs of the hour and of the place, with the melancholy ſilence that reigned around her, conſpired with a certain degree of awe, excited by the myſtery attending this picture, to prevent her. She determined, however, when day-light ſhould have re-animated her ſpirits, to go thither and remove the veil. As ſhe leaned from the corridor, over the ſtaircaſe, and her eyes wandered round, ſhe again obſerved, with wonder, the vaſt ſtrength of the walls, now ſomewhat decayed, and the pillars of ſolid marble, that roſe from the hall, and ſupported the roof.

A ſervant now appeared with Annette, and

and conducted Emily to her chamber, which was in a remote part of the caſtle, and at the very end of the corridor, from whence the ſuite of apartments opened, through which they had been wandering. The lonely aſpect of her room made Emily unwilling that Annette ſhould leave her immediately, and the dampneſs of it chilled her with more than fear. She begged Caterina, the ſervant of the caſtle, to bring ſome wood and light a fire.

" Aye, lady, it's many a year ſince a fire was lighted here," ſaid Caterina.

" You need not tell us that, good woman," ſaid Annette; " every room in the caſtle feels like a well. I wonder how you contrive to live here; for my part, I wiſh myſelf at Venice again." Emily waved her hand for Caterina to fetch the wood.

" I wonder, ma'am, why they call this the double chamber?" ſaid Annette, while Emily ſurveyed it in ſilence, and ſaw that it was lofty and ſpacious, like the others ſhe had ſeen, and, like many of them, too, had

had its walls lined with dark larch-wood. The bed and other furniture was very ancient, and had an air of gloomy grandeur, like all that ſhe had ſeen in the caſtle. One of the high caſements, which ſhe opened, overlooked a rampart, but the view beyond was hid in darkneſs.

In the preſence of Annette, Emily tried to ſupport her ſpirits, and to reſtrain the tears, which, every now and then, came to her eyes. She wiſhed much to enquire when Count Morano was expected at the caſtle, but an unwillingneſs to aſk unneceſſary queſtions, and to mention family concerns to a ſervant, withheld her. Meanwhile, Annette's thoughts were engaged upon another ſubject: ſhe dearly loved the marvellous, and had heard of a circumſtance, connected with the caſtle, that highly gratified this taſte. Having been enjoined not to mention it, her inclination to tell it was ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was every inſtant on the point of ſpeaking what ſhe had heard. Such a ſtrange circumſtance, too,

too, and to be obliged to conceal it, was a ſevere puniſhment; but ſhe knew, that Montoni might impoſe one much ſeverer, and ſhe feared to incur it by offending him.

Caterina now brought the wood, and its bright blaze diſpelled, for a while, the gloom of the chamber. She told Annette, that her lady had enquired for her, and Emily was once again left to her own ſad reflections. Her heart was not yet hardened againſt the ſtern manners of Montoni, and ſhe was nearly as much ſhocked now, as ſhe had been when ſhe firſt witneſſed them. The tenderneſs and affection, to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, till ſhe loſt her parents, had made her particularly ſenſible to any degree of unkindneſs, and ſuch a reverſe as this no apprehenſion had prepared her to ſupport.

To call off her attention from ſubjects, that preſſed heavily upon her ſpirits, ſhe roſe and again examined her room and its furniture. As ſhe walked round it, ſhe

paſſed a door, that was not quite ſhut, and, perceiving, that it was not the one, through which ſhe entered, ſhe brought the light forward to diſcover whither it led. She opened it, and, going forward, had nearly fallen down a ſteep, narrow ſtaircaſe, that wound from it, between two ſtone walls. She wiſhed to know to what it led, and was the more anxious, ſince it communicated ſo immediately with her apartment; but, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits, ſhe wanted courage to venture into the darkneſs alone. Cloſing the door, therefore, ſhe endeavoured to faſten it, but, upon further examination, perceived that it had no bolts on the chamber ſide, though it had two on the other. By placing a heavy chair againſt it, ſhe in ſome meaſure remedied the defect; yet ſhe was ſtill alarmed at the thought of ſleeping in this remote room alone, with a door opening ſhe knew not whither, and which could not be perfectly faſtened on the inſide. Sometimes ſhe wiſhed to entreat of Madame Montoni, that Annette might have

leave

leave to remain with her all night, but was deterred by an apprehenſion of betraying what would be thought childiſh fears, and by an unwillingneſs to increaſe the apt terrors of Annette.

Her gloomy reflections were, ſoon after, interrupted by a footſtep in the corridor, and ſhe was glad to ſee Annette enter with ſome ſupper, ſent by Madame Montoni. Having a table near the fire, ſhe made the good girl ſit down and ſup with her; and, when their little repaſt was over, Annette, encouraged by her kindneſs, and ſtirring the wood into a blaze, drew her chair upon the hearth, nearer to Emily, and ſaid,—"Did you ever hear, ma'amſelle, of the ſtrange accident, that made the Signor lord of this caſtle?"

"What wonderful ſtory have you now to tell?" ſaid Emily, concealing the curioſity, occaſioned by the myſterious hints ſhe had formerly heard on that ſubject.

"I have heard all about it, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, looking round the chamber and drawing cloſer to Emily; "Benedetto

told it me as we travelled together: ſays he, 'Annette, you don't know about this caſtle here, that we are going to?' No, ſays I, Mr. Benedetto, pray what do you know? But, ma'amſelle, you can keep a ſecret, or I would not tell it you for the world; for I promiſed never to tell, and they ſay, that the Signor does not like to have it talked of."

"If you promiſed to keep this ſecret," ſaid Emily, "you do right not to mention it."

Annette pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, "O, but to you, ma'amſelle, to you I may tell it ſafely, I know."

Emily ſmiled, "I certainly ſhall keep it as faithfully as yourſelf, Annette."

Annette replied very gravely, that would do, and proceeded—"This caſtle, you muſt know, ma'amſelle, is very old, and very ſtrong, and has ſtood out many ſieges as they ſay. Now it was not Signor Montoni's always, nor his father's; no; but, by ſome law

law or other, it was to come to the Signor, if the lady died unmarried."

"What lady?" ſaid Emily.

"I am not come to that yet," replied Annette, "it is the lady I am going to tell you about, ma'amſelle: but, as I was ſaying, this lady lived in the caſtle, and had every thing very grand about her, as you may ſuppoſe, ma'amſelle. The Signor uſed often to come to ſee her, and was in love with her, and offered to marry her; for, though he was ſomehow related, that did not ſignify. But ſhe was in love with ſome-body elſe, and would not have him, which made him very angry as they ſay, and you know, ma'amſelle, what an ill-looking gentleman he is, when he is angry. Perhaps ſhe ſaw him in a paſſion, and therefore would not have him. But, as I was ſaying, ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long while, and—Holy Virgin! what noiſe is that? did not you hear a ſound, ma'amſelle?"

"It was only the wind," ſaid Emily,

"but do come to the end of your ſtory."

"As I was ſaying—O, where was I?—as I was ſaying—ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy a long while, and uſed to walk about upon the terrace, there, under the windows, by herſelf, and cry ſo! it would have done your heart good to hear her. That is—I don't mean good, but it would have made you cry too, as they tell me."

"Well, but, Annette, do tell me the ſubſtance of your tale."

"All in good time, ma'am; all this I heard before at Venice, but what is to come I never heard till to-day. This happened a great many years ago, when Signor Montoni was quite a young man. The lady—they called her Signora Laurentini, was very handſome, but ſhe uſed to be in great paſſions, too, ſometimes, as well as the Signor. Finding he could not make her liſten to him—what does he do, but leave the caſtle, and never comes near it for a long time! but it was all one to her; ſhe was

was juſt as unhappy whether he was here or not, till one evening,—Holy St. Peter! ma'amſelle," cried Annette, "look at that lamp, ſee how blue it burns!" She looked fearfully round the chamber. "Ridiculous girl!" ſaid Emily, "why will you indulge thoſe fancies? Pray let me hear the end of your ſtory, I am weary."

Annette ſtill kept her eyes on the lamp, and proceeded in a lower voice. "It was one evening, they ſay, at the latter end of the year, it might be about the middle of September, I ſuppoſe, or the beginning of October; nay, for that matter, it might be November, for that, too, is the latter end of the year, but that I cannot ſay for certain, becauſe they did not tell me for certain themſelves. However, it was at the latter end of the year, this grand lady walked out of the caſtle into the woods below, as ſhe had often done before, all alone, only her maid was with her. The wind blew cold, and ſtrewed the leaves about, and whiſtled diſmally among thoſe

great old cheſtnut-trees, that we paſſed, ma'amſelle, as we came to the caſtle—for Benedetto ſhewed me the trees as he was talking—the wind blew cold, and her woman would have perſuaded her to return: but all would not do, for ſhe was fond of walking in the woods, at evening time, and, if the leaves were falling about her, ſo much the better.

"Well, they ſaw her go down among the woods, but night came, and ſhe did not return; ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came, and no lady! Well, the ſervants thought, to be ſure, ſome accident had befallen her, and they went out to ſeek her. They ſearched all night long, but could not find her, or any trace of her; and, from that day to this, ma'amſelle, ſhe has never been heard of."

"Is this true, Annette?" ſaid Emily, in much ſurpriſe.

"True, ma'am!" ſaid Annette, with a look of horror, "yes, it is true, indeed. But they do ſay," ſhe added, lowering her voice,

voice, "they do ſay, that the Signora has been ſeen, ſeveral times ſince, walking in the woods and about the caſtle in the night: ſeveral of the old ſervants, who remained here ſome time after, declare they ſaw her; and, ſince then, ſhe has been ſeen by ſome of the vaſſals, who have happened to be in the caſtle, at night. Carlo, the old ſteward, could tell ſuch things, they ſay, if he would!"

"How contradictory is this, Annette!" ſaid Emily, "you ſay nothing has been ſince known of her, and yet ſhe has been ſeen!"

"But all this was told me for a great ſecret," rejoined Annette, without noticing the remark, "and I am ſure, ma'am, you would not hurt either me or Benedetto, ſo much as to go and tell it again." Emily remained ſilent, and Annette repeated her laſt ſentence.

"You have nothing to fear from my indiſcretion," replied Emily, "and let me adviſe you, my good Annette, be diſcreet

yourſelf, and never mention what you have juſt told me to any other perſon. Signor Montoni, as you ſay, may be angry if he hears of it. But what enquiries were made concerning the lady?"

"O! a great deal, indeed, ma'amſelle, for the Signor laid claim to the caſtle directly, as being the next heir, and they ſaid, that is the judges, or the ſenators, or ſomebody of that ſort, ſaid, he could not take poſſeſſion of it till ſo many years were gone by, and then, if after all the lady could not be found, why ſhe would be as good as dead, and the caſtle would be his own; and ſo it is his own. But the ſtory went round, and many ſtrange reports were ſpread, ſo very ſtrange, ma'amſelle, that I ſhall not tell them."

"That is ſtranger ſtill, Annette," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, and rouſing herſelf from her reverie. "But, when Signora Laurentini was afterwards ſeen in the caſtle, did nobody ſpeak to her?"

"Speak—ſpeak to her!" cried Annette,

nette, with a look of terror; "no, to be ſure."

"And why not?" rejoined Emily, willing to hear further.

"Holy Mother! ſpeak to a ſpirit!"

"But what reaſon had they to conclude it was a ſpirit, unleſs they had approached, and ſpoken to it?"

"O ma'amſelle, I cannot tell. How can you aſk ſuch ſhocking queſtions? But nobody ever ſaw it come in, or go out of the caſtle; and it was in one place now, and then the next minute in quite another part of the caſtle; and then it never ſpoke, and, if it was alive, what ſhould it do in the caſtle if it never ſpoke? Several parts of the caſtle have never been gone into ſince, they ſay, for that very reaſon."

"What, becauſe it never ſpoke?" ſaid Emily, trying to laugh away the fears, that began to ſteal upon her.——"No, ma'amſelle, no;" replied Annette, rather angrily; "but becauſe ſomething has been ſeen there. They ſay too, there is an old cha-

pel adjoining the weſt ſide of the caſtle, where, any time at midnight, you may hear ſuch groans!—it makes one ſhudder to think of them;—and ſtrange ſights have been ſeen there——"

"Pr'ythee, Annette, no more of theſe ſilly tales," ſaid Emily.

"Silly tales, ma'amſelle! O, but I will tell you one ſtory about this, if you pleaſe, that Caterina told me. It was one cold winter's night that Caterina (ſhe often came to the caſtle then, ſhe ſays, to keep old Carlo and his wife company, and ſo he recommended her afterwards to the Signor, and ſhe has lived here ever ſince)—Caterina was ſitting with them in the little hall; ſays Carlo, 'I wiſh we had ſome of thoſe figs to roaſt, that lie in the ſtore-cloſet, but it is a long way off, and I am loth to fetch them; do, Caterina,' ſays he, 'for you are young and nimble, do bring us ſome, the fire is in a nice trim for roaſting them; they lie,' ſays he, 'in ſuch a corner of the ſtore-room, at the end of the north gallery; here,

here, take the lamp,' ſays he, 'and mind, as you go up the great ſtaircaſe, that the wind, through the roof, does not blow it out.' So, with that, Caterina took the lamp—Huſh! ma'amſelle, I ſurely heard a noiſe!"

Emily, whom Annette had now infected with her own terrors, liſtened attentively; but every thing was ſtill, and Annette proceeded:

"Caterina went to the north gallery, that is, the wide gallery we paſſed, ma'am, before we came to the corridor, here. As ſhe went with the lamp in her hand, thinking of nothing at all——There, again!" cried Annette, ſuddenly—"I heard it again!—it was not fancy, ma'amſelle!"

"Huſh!" ſaid Emily, trembling. They liſtened, and, continuing to ſit quite ſtill, Emily heard a low knocking againſt the wall. It came repeatedly. Annette then ſcreamed loudly, and the chamber door ſlowly opened.—It was Caterina, come to tell

tell Annette, that her lady wanted her. Emily, though she now perceived who it was, could not immediately overcome her terror; while Annette, half laughing, half crying, scolded Caterina heartily for thus alarming them; and was also terrified lest what she had told had been overheard.—Emily, whose mind was deeply impressed by the chief circumstance of Annette's relation, was unwilling to be left alone, in the present state of her spirits; but, to avoid offending Madame Montoni, and betraying her own weakness, she struggled to overcome the illusions of fear, and dismissed Annette for the night.

When she was alone, her thoughts recurred to the strange history of Signora Laurentini, and then to her own strange situation, in the wild and solitary mountains of a foreign country, in the castle, and the power of a man, to whom, only a few preceding months, she was an entire stranger; who had already exercised an usurped authority

thority over her, and whoſe character ſhe now regarded, with a degree of terror, apparently juſtified by the fears of others. She knew, that he had invention equal to the conception and talents to the execution of any project, and ſhe greatly feared he had a heart too void of feeling to oppoſe the perpetration of whatever his intereſt might ſuggeſt. She had long obſerved the unhappineſs of Madame Montoni, and had often been witneſs to the ſtern and contemptuous behaviour ſhe received from her huſband. To theſe circumſtances, which conſpired to give her juſt cauſe for alarm, were now added thoſe thouſand nameleſs terrors, which exiſt only in active imaginations, and which ſet reaſon and examination equally at defiance.

Emily remembered all that Valancourt had told her, on the eve of her departure from Languedoc, reſpecting Montoni, and all that he had ſaid to diſſuade her from venturing on the journey. His fears had often ſince appeared to her prophetic—

now

now they ſeemed confirmed. Her heart, as it gave her back the image of Valancourt, mourned in vain regret, but reaſon ſoon came with a conſolation, which, though feeble at firſt, acquired vigour from reflection. She conſidered, that, whatever might be her ſufferings, ſhe had withheld from involving him in misfortune, and that, whatever her future ſorrows could be, ſhe was, at leaſt, free from ſelf-reproach.

Her melancholy was aſſiſted by the hollow ſighings of the wind along the corridor and round the caſtle. The cheerful blaze of the wood had long been extinguiſhed, and ſhe ſat with her eyes fixed on the dying embers, till a loud guſt, that ſwept through the corridor, and ſhook the doors and caſements, alarmed her, for its violence had moved the chair ſhe had placed as a faſtening, and the door leading to the private ſtair caſe ſtood half open. Her curioſity and her fears were again awakened. She took the lamp to the top of the ſteps, and ſtood heſitating whether to go down; but

again

again the profound ſtillneſs and the gloom of the place awed her, and, determining to enquire further, when day-light might aſſiſt the ſearch, ſhe cloſed the door, and placed againſt it a ſtronger guard.

She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, inſtead of diſpelling her fear, aſſiſted it; for, by its uncertain rays, ſhe almoſt fancied ſhe ſaw ſhapes flit paſt her curtains, and glide into the remote obſcurity of her chamber.—The caſtle clock ſtruck one before ſhe cloſed her eyes to ſleep.

CHAP. VI.

"I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me!"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DAY-LIGHT diſpelled from Emily's mind the glooms of ſuperſtition, but not thoſe of apprehenſion. The Count Morano was the firſt image, that occurred to her waking thoughts, and then came a train of anticipated evils, which ſhe could neither conquer or avoid. She roſe, and, to relieve her mind from the buſy ideas, that tormented it, compelled herſelf to notice external objects. From her caſement ſhe looked out upon the wild grandeur of the ſcene, cloſed nearly on all ſides by alpine ſteeps, whoſe tops peeping over each other, faded from the eye in miſty hues, while the promontories

promontories below were dark with woods, that ſwept down to their baſe, and ſtretched along the narrow vallies. The rich pomp of theſe woods was particularly delightful to Emily; and ſhe viewed with aſtoniſhment the fortifications of the caſtle ſpreading along a vaſt extent of rock, and now partly in decay, the grandeur of the ramparts below, and the towers and battlements and various features of the fabric above. From theſe her ſight wandered over the cliffs and woods into the valley, along which foamed a broad and rapid ſtream, ſeen falling among the crags of an oppoſite mountain, now flaſhing in the ſun-beams, and now ſhadowed by over-arching pines, till it was entirely concealed by their thick foliage. Again it burſt from beneath this darkneſs in one broad ſheet of foam, and fell thundering into the vale. Nearer, towards the weſt, opened the mountain-viſta, which Emily had viewed with ſuch ſublime emotion, on her approach to the caſtle: a thin duſky vapour, that roſe from the

thought of ſleeping again in a chamber, thus liable to intruſion, ſo remote, too, as it was from the family, and ſhe determined to mention the circumſtance to Madame Montoni, and to requeſt a change.

After ſome perplexity ſhe found her way into the great hall, and to the room, which ſhe had left, on the preceding night, where breakfaſt was ſpread, and her aunt was alone, for Montoni had been walking over the environs of the caſtle, examining the condition of its fortifications, and talking for ſome time with Carlo. Emily obſerved, that her aunt had been weeping, and her heart ſoftened towards her, with an affection, that ſhewed itſelf in her manner, rather than in words, while ſhe carefully avoided the appearance of having noticed, that ſhe was unhappy. She ſeized the opportunity of Montoni's abſence to mention the circumſtance of the door, to requeſt that ſhe might be allowed another apartment, and to enquire again, concerning the occaſion of their ſudden journey. On the firſt ſubject

ject her aunt referred her to Montoni, positively refuſing to interfere in the affair; on the laſt, ſhe profeſſed utter ignorance.

Emily, then, with a wiſh of making her aunt more reconciled to her ſituation, praiſed the grandeur of the caſtle and the ſurrounding ſcenery, and endeavoured to ſoften every unpleaſing circumſtance attending it. But, though misfortune had ſomewhat conquered the aſperity of Madame Montoni's temper, and, by increaſing her cares for herſelf, had taught her to feel in ſome degree for others, the capricious love of rule, which nature had planted and habit had nouriſhed in her heart, was not ſubdued. She could not now deny herſelf the gratification of tyrannizing over the innocent and helpleſs Emily, by attempting to ridicule the taſte ſhe could not feel.

Her ſatirical diſcourſe was, however, interrupted by the entrance of Montoni, and her countenance immediately aſſumed a mingled expreſſion of fear and reſentment, while he ſeated himſelf at the breakfaſt-table,

table, as if unconſcious of there being any perſon but himſelf in the room.

Emily, as ſhe obſerved him in ſilence, ſaw that his countenance was darker and ſterner than uſual. " O could I know," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, " what paſſes in that mind; could I know the thoughts, that are known there, I ſhould no longer be condemned to this torturing ſuſpenſe!" Their breakfaſt paſſed in ſilence, till Emily ventured to requeſt, that another apartment might be allotted to her, and related the circumſtance which made her wiſh it.

" I have no time to attend to theſe idle whims," ſaid Montoni, " that chamber was prepared for you, and you muſt reſt contented with it. It is not probable, that any perſon would take the trouble of going to that remote ſtaircaſe, for the purpoſe of faſtening a door. If it was not faſtened, when you entered the chamber, the wind, perhaps, ſhook the door and made the bolts ſlide. But I know not why I ſhould undertake to account for ſo trifling an occurrence."

This

This explanation was by no means ſatiſfactory to Emily, who had obſerved, that the bolts were ruſted, and conſequently could not be thus eaſily moved; but ſhe forebore to ſay ſo, and repeated her requeſt.

"If you will not releaſe yourſelf from the ſlavery of theſe fears," ſaid Montoni, ſternly, "at leaſt forbear to torment others by the mention of them. Conquer ſuch whims, and endeavour to ſtrengthen your mind. No exiſtence is more contemptible than that which is embittered by fear." As he ſaid this, his eye glanced upon Madame Montoni, who coloured highly, but was ſtill ſilent. Emily, wounded and diſappointed, thought her fears were, in this inſtance, too reaſonable to deſerve ridicule; but, perceiving, that, however they might oppreſs her, ſhe muſt endure them, ſhe tried to withdraw her attention from the ſubject.

Carlo ſoon after entered with ſome fruit: "Your *Excellenza* is tired after your long ramble," ſaid he, as he ſet the fruit upon the table; "but you have more to ſee after

breakfaſt. There is a place in the vaulted paſſage leading to——"

Montoni frowned upon him, and waved his hand for him to leave the room. Carlo ſtopped, looked down, and then added, as he advanced to the breakfaſt-table, and took up the baſket of fruit, "I made bold, your *Excellenza*, to bring ſome cherries, here, for my honoured lady and my young miſtreſs. Will your ladyſhip taſte them, madam?" ſaid Carlo, preſenting the baſket, "they are very fine ones, though I gathered them myſelf, and from an old tree, that catches all the ſouth ſun; they are as big as plums, your ladyſhip."

"Very well, old Carlo," ſaid Madame Montoni; "I am obliged to you."

"And the young Signora, too, ſhe may like ſome of them," rejoined Carlo, turning with the baſket to Emily, "it will do me good to ſee her eat ſome."

"Thank you, Carlo," ſaid Emily, taking ſome cherries, and ſmiling kindly.

"Come, come," ſaid Montoni, impatiently,

tiently, " enough of this. Leave the room, but be in waiting. I ſhall want you preſently."

Carlo obeyed, and Montoni, ſoon after, went out to examine further into the ſtate of the caſtle; while Emily remained with her aunt, patiently enduring her ill humour, and endeavouring, with much ſweetneſs, to ſooth her affliction, inſtead of reſenting its effect.

When Madame Montoni retired to her dreſſing-room, Emily endeavoured to amuſe herſelf by a view of the caſtle. Through a folding-door, ſhe paſſed from the great hall to the ramparts, which extended along the brow of the precipice, round three ſides of the edifice; the fourth was guarded by the high walls of the courts, and by the gate-way, through which ſhe had paſſed, on the preceding evening. The grandeur of the broad ramparts, and the changing ſcenery they overlooked, excited her high admiration; for the extent of the terraces allowed

the features of the country to be ſeen in ſuch various points of view, that they appeared to form new landſcapes. She often pauſed to examine the gothic magnificence of Udolpho, its proud irregularity, its lofty towers and battlements, its high-arched caſements, and its ſlender watch-tower, perched upon the corners of turrets. Then ſhe would lean on the wall of the terrace, and, ſhuddering, meaſure with her eye the precipice below, till the dark ſummits of the woods arreſted it. Wherever ſhe turned, appeared mountain-tops, foreſts of pine and narrow glens, opening among the Apennines, and retiring from the ſight into inacceſſible regions.

While ſhe thus leaned, Montoni, followed by two men, appeared, aſcending a winding path, cut in the rock below. He ſtopped upon a cliff, and, pointing to the ramparts, turned to his followers, and talked with much eagerneſs of geſticulation.—Emily perceived, that one of theſe men was

Carlo;

Carlo; the other was in the dreſs of a peaſant, and he alone ſeemed to be receiving the directions of Montoni.

She withdrew from the walls, and purſued her walk, till ſhe heard at a diſtance the ſound of carriage wheels, and then the loud bell of the portal, when it inſtantly occurred to her, that Count Morano was arrived. As ſhe haſtily paſſed the folding doors from the terrace, towards her own apartment, ſeveral perſons entered the hall by an oppoſite door. She ſaw them at the extremity of the arcades, and immediately retreated; but the agitation of her ſpirits, and the extent and duſkineſs of the hall, had prevented her from diſtinguiſhing the perſons of the ſtrangers. Her fears, however, had but one object, and they called up that object to her fancy;—ſhe believed that ſhe had ſeen Count Morano.

When ſhe thought that they had paſſed the hall, ſhe ventured again to the door, and proceeded, unobſerved, to her room, where ſhe remained, agitated with apprehenſions,

and liſtening to every diſtant ſound. At length, hearing voices on the rampart, ſhe haſtened to her window, and obſerved Montoni, with Signor Cavigni, walking below, converſing earneſtly, and often ſtopping and turning towards each other, at which times their diſcourſe ſeemed to be uncommonly intereſting.

Of the ſeveral perſons who had appeared in the hall, here was Cavigni alone: but Emily's alarm was ſoon after heightened by the ſteps of ſome one in the corridor, who, ſhe apprehended, brought a meſſage from the Count. In the next moment, Annette appeared.

"Ah! ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, "here is the Signor Cavigni arrived! I am ſure I rejoiced to ſee a chriſtian perſon in this place; and then he is ſo good-natured too, he always takes ſo much notice of me!—And here is alſo Signor Verezzi, and who do you think beſides, ma'amſelle?"

"I cannot gueſs, Annette; tell me quickly."

"Nay,

" Nay, ma'am, do gueſs once."

" Well, then," ſaid Emily, with aſſumed compoſure, " it is—Count Morano, I ſuppoſe."

" Holy Virgin!" cried Annette, " are you ill, ma'amſelle? you are going to faint! let me get ſome water."

Emily ſunk into a chair; " Stay, Annette," ſaid ſhe, feebly, " do not leave me —I ſhall ſoon be better; open the caſement.—The Count, you ſay—he is come then?"

" Who, I!—the Count! No, ma'amſelle, I did not ſay ſo." " He is *not* come then?" ſaid Emily, eagerly. " No, ma'amſelle."

" You are ſure of it?"

" Lord bleſs me!" ſaid Annette, " you recover very ſuddenly, ma'am! why, I thought you was dying, juſt now."

" But the Count—you are ſure, is not come?"

" O yes, quite ſure of that, ma'amſelle. Why, I was looking out through the grate

in the north turret, when the carriages drove into the court-yard, and I never expected to see such a goodly sight in this dismal old castle! but here are masters and servants, too, enough to make the place ring again. O! I was ready to leap through the rusty old bars, for joy!—O! who would ever have thought of seeing a christian face in this huge dreary house? I could have kissed the very horses that brought them."

"Well, Annette, well, I am better now."

"Yes, ma'amselle, I see you are. O! all the servants will lead merry lives here, now; we shall have singing and dancing in the little hall, for the Signor cannot hear us there—and droll stories—Ludovico's come, ma'am; yes, there is Ludovico come with them! You remember Ludovico, ma'am—a tall, handsome, young man—Signor Cavigny's lacquey—who always wears his cloak with such a grace, thrown round his left arm, and his hat set on so smartly, all on one side, and—"

"No,"

"No," ſaid Emily, who was wearied by her loquacity.

"What, ma'amſelle, don't you remember Ludovico—who rowed the Cavaliero's gondola, at the laſt regatta, and won the prize? And who uſed to ſing ſuch ſweet verſes about Orlandos and about the Black-a-moors, too; and Charly—Charly—magne, yes, that was the name, all under my lattice, in the weſt portico, on the moonlight nights at Venice? O! I have liſtened to him!—"

"I fear, to thy peril, my good Annette," ſaid Emily; "for it ſeems his verſes have ſtolen thy heart. But let me adviſe you; if it is ſo, keep the ſecret; never let him know it."

"Ah—ma'amſelle!—how can one keep ſuch a ſecret as that?"

"Well, Annette, I am now ſo much better, that you may leave me."

"O, but, ma'amſelle, I forgot to aſk—how did you ſleep in this dreary old chamber laſt night?"—"As well as uſual."—"Did

you hear no noiſes?"—"None."—"Nor ſee any thing?—"Nothing."—"Well, that is ſurpriſing!"—"Not in the leaſt: and now tell me, why you aſk theſe queſtions."

"O, ma'amſelle! I would not tell you for the world, nor all I have heard about this chamber, either; it would frighten you ſo."

"If that is all, you have frightened me already, and may therefore tell me what you know, without hurting your conſcience."

"O Lord! they ſay the room is haunted, and has been ſo theſe many years."

"It is by a ghoſt, then, who can draw bolts," ſaid Emily, endeavouring to laugh away her apprehenſions; "for I left that door open, laſt night, and found it faſtened this morning."

Annette turned pale, and ſaid not a word.

"Do you know whether any of the ſervants faſtened this door in the morning, before I roſe?"

"No

" No, ma'am, that I will be bound they did not; but I don't know: ſhall I go and aſk, ma'amſelle?" ſaid Annette, moving haſtily towards the corridor.

" Stay, Annette, I have other queſtions to aſk; tell me what you have heard concerning this room, and whither that ſtaircaſe leads."

" I will go and aſk it all directly, ma'am; beſides, I am ſure my lady wants me. I cannot ſtay now, indeed, ma'am."

She hurried from the room, without waiting Emily's reply, whoſe heart, lightened by the certainty, that Morano was not arrived, allowed her to ſmile at the ſuperſtitious terror, which had ſeized on Annette; for, though ſhe ſometimes felt its influence herſelf, ſhe could ſmile at it, when apparent in other perſons.

Montoni having refuſed Emily another chamber, ſhe determined to bear with patience the evil ſhe could not remove, and, in order to make the room as comfortable

as poſſible, unpacked her books, her ſweet delight in happier days, and her ſoothing reſource in the hours of moderate ſorrow: but there were hours when even theſe failed of their effect; when the genius, the taſte, the enthuſiaſm of the ſublimeſt writers were felt no longer.

Her little library being arranged on a high cheſt, part of the furniture of the room, ſhe took out her drawing utenſils, and was tranquil enough to be pleaſed with the thought of ſketching the ſublime ſcenes, beheld from her windows; but ſhe ſuddenly checked this pleaſure, remembering how often ſhe had ſoothed herſelf by the intention of obtaining amuſement of this kind, and had been prevented by ſome new circumſtance of misfortune.

"How can I ſuffer myſelf to be deluded by hope," ſaid ſhe, "and, becauſe Count Morano is not yet arrived, feel a momentary happineſs? Alas, what is it to me, whether he is here to-day, or to-morrow,

if

if he comes at all?—and that he will come —it were weakneſs to doubt."

To withdraw her thoughts, however, from the ſubject of her misfortunes, ſhe attempted to read, but her attention wandered from the page, and, at length, ſhe threw aſide the book, and determined to explore the adjoining chambers of the caſtle. Her imagination was pleaſed with the view of ancient grandeur, and an emotion of melancholy awe awakened all its powers, as ſhe walked through rooms, obſcure and deſolate, where no footſteps had paſſed probably for many years, and remembered the ſtrange hiſtory of the former poſſeſſor of the edifice. This brought to her recollection the veiled picture, which had attracted her curioſity, on the preceding night, and ſhe reſolved to examine it. As ſhe paſſed through the chambers, that led to this, ſhe found herſelf ſomewhat agitated; its connection with the late lady of the caſtle, and the converſation of Annette, together with the

the circumſtance of the veil, throwing a myſtery over the object, that excited a faint degree of terror. But a terror of this nature, as it occupies and expands the mind, and elevates it to high expectation, is purely ſublime, and leads us, by a kind of faſcination, to ſeek even the object, from which we appear to ſhrink.

Emily paſſed on with faltering ſteps, and having pauſed a moment at the door, before ſhe attempted to open it, ſhe then haſtily entered the chamber, and went towards the picture, which appeared to be encloſed in a frame of uncommon ſize, that hung in a dark part of the room. She pauſed again, and then, with a timid hand, lifted the veil; but inſtantly let it fall—perceiving that what it had concealed was no picture, and, before ſhe could leave the chamber, ſhe dropped ſenſeleſs on the floor.

When ſhe recovered her recollection, the remembrance of what ſhe had ſeen had nearly deprived her of it a ſecond time.

She

She had ſcarcely ſtrength to remove from the room, and regain her own; and, when arrived there, wanted courage to remain alone. Horror occupied her mind, and excluded, for a time, all ſenſe of paſt, and dread of future misfortune: ſhe ſeated herſelf near the caſement, becauſe from thence ſhe heard voices, though diſtant, on the terrace, and might ſee people paſs, and theſe, trifling as they were, were reviving circumſtances. When her ſpirits had recovered their tone, ſhe conſidered whether ſhe ſhould mention what ſhe had ſeen to Madame Montoni, and various and important motives urged her to do ſo, among which the leaſt was the hope of the relief, which an overburdened mind finds in ſpeaking of the ſubject of its intereſt. But ſhe was aware of the terrible conſequences, which ſuch a communication might lead to; and, dreading the indiſcretion of her aunt, at length, endeavoured to arm herſelf with reſolution to obſerve a profound ſilence, on the ſubject. Montoni and Verezzi ſoon after

after paſſed under the caſement, ſpeaking cheerfully, and their voices revived her. Preſently the Signors Bertolini and Cavigni joined the party on the terrace, and Emily, ſuppoſing that Madame Montoni was then alone, went to ſeek her; for the ſolitude of her chamber, and its proximity to that where ſhe had received ſo ſevere a ſhock, again affected her ſpirits.

She found her aunt in her dreſſing-room, preparing for dinner. Emily's pale and affrighted countenance alarmed even Madame Montoni; but ſhe had ſufficient ſtrength of mind to be ſilent on the ſubject, that ſtill made her ſhudder, and which was ready to burſt from her lips. In her aunt's apartment ſhe remained, till they both deſcended to dinner. There ſhe met the gentlemen lately arrived, who had a kind of buſy ſerioufneſs in their looks, which was ſomewhat unuſual with them, while their thoughts ſeemed too much occupied by ſome deep intereſt, to ſuffer them to beſtow much attention either on Emily, or

Madame

Madame Montoni. They ſpoke little, and Montoni leſs. Emily, as ſhe now looked on him, ſhuddered. The horror of the chamber ruſhed on her mind. Several times the colour faded from her cheeks, and ſhe feared, that illneſs would betray her emotions, and compel her to leave the room; but the ſtrength of her reſolution remedied the weakneſs of her frame; ſhe obliged herſelf to converſe, and even tried to look cheerful.

Montoni evidently laboured under ſome vexation, ſuch as would probably have agitated a weaker mind, or a more ſuſceptible heart, but which appeared, from the ſternneſs of his countenance, only to bend up his faculties to energy and fortitude.

It was a comfortleſs and ſilent meal. The gloom of the caſtle ſeemed to have ſpread its contagion even over the gay countenance of Cavigni, and with this gloom was mingled a fierceneſs, ſuch as ſhe had ſeldom ſeen him indicate. Count Morano was not named, and what converſation there was, turned

turned chiefly upon the wars, which at that time agitated the Italian ſtates, the ſtrength of the Venetian armies, and the characters of their generals.

After dinner, when the ſervants had withdrawn, Emily learned, that the cavalier, who had drawn upon himſelf the vengeance of Orſino, had ſince died of his wounds, and that ſtrict ſearch was ſtill making for his murderer. The intelligence ſeemed to diſturb Montoni, who muſed, and then enquired, where Orſino had concealed himſelf. His gueſts, who all, except Cavigni, were ignorant, that Montoni had himſelf aſſiſted him to eſcape from Venice, replied, that he had fled in the night with ſuch precipitation and ſecrecy, that his moſt intimate companions knew not whither. Montoni blamed himſelf for having aſked the queſtion, for a ſecond thought convinced him, that a man of Orſino's ſuſpicious temper was not likely to truſt any of the perſons preſent with the knowledge of his aſylum. He conſidered himſelf, however,

ever, as entitled to his utmoſt confidence, and did not doubt, that he ſhould ſoon hear of him.

Emily retired with Madame Montoni, ſoon after the cloth was withdrawn, and left the cavaliers to their ſecret councils, but not before the ſignificant frowns of Montoni had warned his wife to depart, who paſſed from the hall to the ramparts, and walked, for ſome time, in ſilence, which Emily did not interrupt, for her mind was alſo occupied by intereſts of its own. It required all her reſolution, to forbear communicating to Madame Montoni the terrible ſubject, which ſtill thrilled her every nerve with horror; and ſometimes ſhe was on the point of doing ſo, merely to obtain the relief of a moment; but ſhe knew how wholly ſhe was in the power of Montoni, and, conſidering, that the indiſcretion of her aunt might prove fatal to them both, ſhe compelled herſelf to endure a preſent and an inferior evil, rather than to tempt a future and a heavier one. A ſtrange kind

of

of preſentiment frequently, on this day, occurred to her;—it ſeemed as if her fate reſted here, and was by ſome inviſible means connected with this caſtle.

"Let me not accelerate it," ſaid ſhe to herſelf: "for whatever I may be reſerved, let me, at leaſt, avoid ſelf-reproach."

As ſhe looked on the maſſy walls of the edifice, her melancholy ſpirits repreſented it to be her priſon; and ſhe ſtarted as at a new ſuggeſtion, when ſhe conſidered how far diſtant ſhe was from her native country, from her little peaceful home, and from her only friend—how remote was her hope of happineſs, how feeble the expectation of again ſeeing him! Yet the idea of Valancourt, and her confidence in his faithful love, had hitherto been her only ſolace, and ſhe ſtruggled hard to retain them. A few tears of agony ſtarted to her eyes, which ſhe turned aſide to conceal.

While ſhe afterwards leaned on the wall of the rampart, ſome peaſants, at a little diſtance, were ſeen examining a breach, before which

which lay a heap of ſtones, as if to repair it, and a ruſty old cannon, that appeared to have fallen from its ſtation above. Madame Montoni ſtopped to ſpeak to the men, and enquired what they were going to do. "To repair the fortifications, your ladyſhip," ſaid one of them; a labour which ſhe was ſomewhat ſurpriſed that Montoni ſhould think neceſſary, particularly ſince he had never ſpoken of the caſtle, as of a place, at which he meant to reſide for any conſiderable time; but ſhe paſſed on towards a lofty arch, that led from the ſouth to the eaſt rampart, and which adjoined the caſtle, on one ſide, while, on the other, it ſupported a ſmall watch-tower, that entirely commanded the deep valley below. As ſhe approached this arch, ſhe ſaw, beyond it, winding along the woody deſcent of a diſtant mountain, a long troop of horſe and foot, whom ſhe knew to be ſoldiers only by the glitter of their pikes and other arms, for the diſtance did not allow her to diſcover the colour of their liveries.

As

As ſhe gazed, the vanguard iſſued from the woods into the valley, but the train ſtill continued to pour over the remote ſummit of the mountain, in endleſs ſucceſſion; while, in the front, the military uniform became diſtinguiſhable, and the commanders, riding firſt, and ſeeming, by their geſtures, to direct the march of thoſe that followed, at length, approached very near to the caſtle.

Such a ſpectacle, in theſe ſolitary regions, both ſurpriſed and alarmed Madame Montoni, and ſhe haſtened towards ſome peaſants, who were employed in raiſing baſtions before the ſouth rampart, where the rock was leſs abrupt than elſewhere. Theſe men could give no ſatisfactory anſwers to her enquiries, but, being rouſed by them, gazed in ſtupid aſtoniſhment upon the long cavalcade. Madame Montoni, then thinking it neceſſary to communicate farther the object of her alarm, ſent Emily to ſay, that ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak to Montoni; an errand her niece did not approve, for ſhe dreaded

dreaded his frowns, which ſhe knew this meſſage would provoke; but ſhe obeyed in ſilence.

As ſhe drew near the apartment, in which he ſat with his gueſts, ſhe heard them in earneſt and loud diſpute, and ſhe pauſed a moment, trembling at the diſpleaſure, which her ſudden interruption would occaſion. In the next, their voices ſunk altogether; ſhe then ventured to open the door, and, while Montoni turned haſtily and looked at her, without ſpeaking, ſhe delivered her meſſage.

"Tell Madame Montoni I am engaged," ſaid he.

Emily then thought it proper to mention the ſubject of her alarm. Montoni and his companions roſe inſtantly and went to the windows, but, theſe not affording them a view of the troops, they at length proceeded to the ramparts, where Cavigni conjectured it to be a legion of *Condottieri*, on their march towards Modena.

One part of the cavalcade now extended along

along the valley, and another wound among the mountains towards the north, while ſome troops ſtill lingered on the woody precipices, where the firſt had appeared, ſo that the great length of the proceſſion ſeemed to include an whole army. While Montoni and his family watched its progreſs, they heard the ſound of trumpets and the claſh of cymbals in the vale, and then others, anſwering from the heights. Emily liſtened with emotion to the ſhrill blaſt, that woke the echoes of the mountains, and Montoni explained the ſignals, with which he appeared to be well acquainted, and which meant nothing hoſtile. The uniforms of the troops, and the kind of arms they bore, confirmed to him the conjecture of Cavigni, and he had the ſatisfaction to ſee them paſs by, without even ſtopping to gaze upon his caſtle. He did not, however, leave the rampart, till the baſes of the mountains had ſhut them from his view, and the laſt murmur of the trumpet floated away on the wind. Cavigni and Verezzi

were

were inſpirited by this ſpectacle, which ſeemed to have rouſed all the fire of their temper; Montoni turned into the caſtle in thoughtful ſilence.

Emily's mind had not yet ſufficiently recovered from its late ſhock, to endure the lonelineſs of her chamber, and ſhe remained upon the ramparts; for Madame Montoni had not invited her to her dreſſing-room, whither ſhe had gone evidently in low ſpirits, and Emily, from her late experience, had loſt all wiſh to explore the gloomy and myſterious receſſes of the caſtle. The ramparts, therefore, were almoſt her only retreat, and here ſhe lingered, till the grey haze of evening was again ſpread over the ſcene.

The cavaliers ſupped by themſelves, and Madame Montoni remained in her apartment, whither Emily went, before ſhe retired to her own. She found her aunt weeping, and in much agitation. The tenderneſs of Emily was naturally ſo ſoothing, that it ſeldom failed to give comfort to the

drooping heart: but Madame Montoni's was torn, and the ſofteſt accents of Emily's voice were loſt upon it. With her uſual delicacy, ſhe did not appear to obſerve her aunt's diſtreſs, but it gave an involuntary gentleneſs to her manners, and an air of ſolicitude to her countenance, which Madame Montoni was vexed to perceive, who ſeemed to feel the pity of her niece to be an inſult to her pride, and diſmiſſed her as ſoon as ſhe properly could. Emily did not venture to mention again the reluctance ſhe felt to her gloomy chamber, but ſhe requeſted that Annette might be permitted to remain with her till ſhe retired to reſt; and the requeſt was ſomewhat reluctantly granted. Annette, however, was now with the ſervants, and Emily withdrew alone.

With light and haſty ſteps ſhe paſſed through the long galleries, while the feeble glimmer of the lamp ſhe carried only ſhewed the gloom around her, and the paſſing air threatened to extinguiſh it. The lonely ſilence, that reigned in this part of the caſtle,

awed

awed her; now and then, indeed, ſhe heard a faint peal of laughter riſe from a remote part of the edifice, where the ſervants were aſſembled, but it was ſoon loſt, and a kind of breathleſs ſtillneſs remained. As ſhe paſſed the ſuite of rooms which ſhe had viſited in the morning, her eyes glanced fearfully on the door, and ſhe almoſt fancied ſhe heard murmuring ſounds within, but ſhe pauſed not a moment to enquire.

Having reached her own apartment, where no blazing wood on the hearth diſſipated the gloom, ſhe ſat down with a book, to enliven her attention, till Annette ſhould come, and a fire could be kindled. She continued to read till her light was nearly expired, but Annette did not appear, and the ſolitude and obſcurity of her chamber again affected her ſpirits, the more, becauſe of its nearneſs to the ſcene of horror, that ſhe had witneſſed in the morning. Gloomy and fantaſtic images came to her mind. She looked fearfully towards the door of

the ſtaircaſe, and then, examining whether it was ſtill faſtened, found that it was ſo. Unable to conquer the uneaſineſs ſhe felt at the proſpect of ſleeping again in this remote and inſecure apartment, which ſome perſon ſeemed to have entered during the preceding night, her impatience to ſee Annette, whom ſhe had bidden to enquire concerning this circumſtance, became extremely painful. She wiſhed alſo to queſtion her, as to the object, which had excited ſo much horror in her own mind, and which Annette on the preceding evening had appeared to be in part acquainted with, though her words were very remote from the truth, and it appeared plainly to Emily, that the girl had been purpoſely miſled by a falſe report: above all ſhe was ſurpriſed, that the door of the chamber, which contained it, ſhould be left unguarded. Such an inſtance of negligence almoſt ſurpaſſed belief. But her light was now expiring; the faint flaſhes it threw upon the walls called

up

up all the terrors of fancy, and ſhe roſe to find her way to the habitable part of the caſtle, before it was quite extinguiſhed.

As ſhe opened the chamber door, ſhe heard remote voices, and, ſoon after, ſaw a light iſſue upon the further end of the corridor, which Annette and another ſervant approached. "I am glad you are come," ſaid Emily: "what has detained you ſo long? Pray light me a fire immediately."

"My lady wanted me, ma'amſelle," replied Annette in ſome confuſion; "I will go and get the wood."

"No," ſaid Caterina, "that is my buſineſs," and left the room inſtantly, while Annette would have followed; but, being called back, ſhe began to talk very loud, and laugh, and ſeemed afraid to truſt a pauſe of ſilence.

Caterina ſoon returned with the wood, and then, when the cheerful blaze once more animated the room, and this ſervant had withdrawn, Emily aſked Annette, whe-

ther ſhe had made the enquiry ſhe bade her. "Yes, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "but not a ſoul knows any thing about the matter: and old Carlo—I watched him well, for they ſay he knows ſtrange things—old Carlo looked ſo as I don't know how to tell, and he aſked me again and again, if I was ſure the door was ever unfaſtened. Lord, ſays I—am I ſure I am alive? And as for me, ma'am, I am all aſtounded, as one may ſay, and would no more ſleep in this chamber, than I would on the great cannon at the end of the eaſt rampart."

"And what objection have you to that cannon, more than to any of the reſt?" ſaid Emily ſmiling: "the beſt would be rather a hard bed."

"Yes, ma'amſelle, any of them would be hard enough for that matter; but they do ſay, that ſomething has been ſeen in the dead of night, ſtanding beſide the great cannon, as if to guard it."

"Well! my good Annette, the people who tell ſuch ſtories, are happy in having

you

you for an auditor, for I perceive you believe them all."

"Dear ma'amſelle! I will ſhew you the very cannon; you can ſee it from theſe windows!"

"Well," ſaid Emily, "but that does not prove, that an apparition guards it."

"What! not if I ſhew you the very cannon! Dear ma'am, you will believe nothing."

"Nothing probably upon this ſubject, but what I ſee," ſaid Emily.——"Well, ma'am, but you ſhall ſee it, if you will only ſtep this way to the caſement."—Emily could not forbear laughing, and Annette looked ſurpriſed. Perceiving her extreme aptitude to credit the marvellous, Emily forbore to mention the ſubject ſhe had intended, leſt it ſhould overcome her with ideal terrors, and ſhe began to ſpeak on a lively topic—the regattas of Venice.

"Aye, ma'amſelle, thoſe rowing matches," ſaid Annette, "and the fine moon-light nights, are all that are worth ſeeing in Ve-

nice. To be ſure that moon is brighter than any I ever ſaw, and then to hear ſuch ſweet muſic, too, as Ludovico has often and often ſung under the lattice by the weſt portico! Ma'amſelle, it was Ludovico, that told me about that picture, which you wanted ſo to look at laſt night, and—"

"What picture?" ſaid Emily, wiſhing Annette to explain herſelf.

"O! that terrible picture with the black veil over it."

"You never ſaw it, then?" ſaid Emily.

"Who, I!—No, ma'amſelle, I never did. But this morning," continued Annette, lowering her voice, and looking round the room, "this morning, as it was broad daylight, do you know, ma'am, I took a ſtrange fancy to ſee it, as I had heard ſuch odd hints about it, and I got as far as the door, and ſhould have opened it, if it had not been locked!"

Emily, endeavouring to conceal the emotion this circumſtance occaſioned, enquired at what hour ſhe went to the chamber,

ber, and found, that it was ſoon after herſelf had been there. She alſo aſked further queſtions, and the anſwers convinced her, that Annette, and probably her informer, were ignorant of the terrible truth, though in Annette's account ſomething very like the truth, now and then, mingled with the falſehood. Emily now began to fear, that her viſit to the chamber had been obſerved, ſince the door had been cloſed, ſo immediately after her departure; and dreaded leſt this ſhould draw upon her the vengeance of Montoni. Her anxiety, alſo, was excited to know whence, and for what purpoſe, the deluſive report, which had been impoſed upon Annette, had originated, ſince Montoni could only have wiſhed for ſilence and ſecrecy; but ſhe felt, that the ſubject was too terrible for this lonely hour, and ſhe compelled herſelf to leave it, to converſe with Annette, whoſe chat, ſimple as it was, ſhe preferred to the ſtillneſs of total ſolitude.

Thus they ſat, till near midnight, but

not without many hints from Annette, that ſhe wiſhed to go. The embers were now nearly burnt out; and Emily heard, at a diſtance, the thundering ſound of the hall doors, as they were ſhut for the night. She, therefore, prepared for reſt, but was ſtill unwilling that Annette ſhould leave her. At this inſtant, the great bell of the portal ſounded. They liſtened in fearful expectation, when after a long pauſe of ſilence, it ſounded again. Soon after, they heard the noiſe of carriage wheels in the court-yard. Emily ſunk almoſt lifeleſs in her chair; "It is the Count," ſaid ſhe.

"What, at this time of night, ma'am!" ſaid Annette: "no, my dear lady. But, for that matter, it is a ſtrange time of night for any body to come!"

"Nay, pr'ythee, good Annette, ſtay not talking," ſaid Emily in a voice of agony—"Go, pr'ythee go, and ſee who it is."

Annette left the room, and carried with her the light, leaving Emily in darkneſs, which a few moments before would have terrified

terrified her in this room, but was now ſcarcely obſerved by her. She liſtened and waited, in breathleſs expectation, and heard diſtant noiſes, but Annette did not return. Her patience, at length, exhauſted, ſhe tried to find her way to the corridor, but it was long before ſhe could touch the door of the chamber, and, when ſhe had opened it, the total darkneſs without made her fear to proceed. Voices were now heard, and Emily even thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed thoſe of Count Morano, and Montoni. Soon after, ſhe heard ſteps approaching, and then a ray of light ſtreamed through the darkneſs, and Annette appeared, whom Emily went to meet.

"Yes, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, "you was right, it is the Count, ſure enough."

"It is he!" exclaimed Emily, lifting her eyes towards heaven, and ſupporting herſelf by Annette's arm.

"Good Lord! my dear lady, don't be in ſuch a *fluſter*, and look ſo pale, we ſhall ſoon hear more."

"We ſhall, indeed!" ſaid Emily, moving as faſt as ſhe was able towards her apartment. "I am not well; give me air." Annette opened a caſement, and brought water. The faintneſs ſoon left Emily, but ſhe deſired Annette would not go till ſhe heard from Montoni.

"Dear ma'amſelle! he ſurely will not diſturb you at this time of night; why he muſt think you are aſleep."

"Stay with me till I am ſo, then," ſaid Emily, who felt temporary relief from this ſuggeſtion, which appeared probable enough, though her fears had prevented its occurring to her. Annette, with ſecret reluctance, conſented to ſtay, and Emily was now compoſed enough to aſk her ſome queſtions; among others, whether ſhe had ſeen the Count.

"Yes, ma'am, I ſaw him alight, for I went from hence to the grate in the north turret, that overlooks the inner court-yard, you know. There I ſaw the Count's carriage, and the Count in it, waiting at the great

great door—for the porter was juſt gone to bed—with ſeveral men on horſeback, all by the light of the torches they carried."—Emily was compelled to ſmile. "When the door was opened, the Count ſaid ſomething, that I could not make out, and then got out, and another gentleman with him. I thought, to be ſure, the Signor was gone to bed, and I haſtened away to my lady's dreſſing-room, to ſee what I could hear. But in the way I met Ludovico, and he told me that the Signor was up, counſelling with his maſter and the other Signors, in the room at the end of the north gallery; and Ludovico held up his finger, and laid it on his lips, as much as to ſay—There is more going on, than you think of, Annette, but you muſt hold your tongue. And ſo I did hold my tongue, ma'amſelle, and came away to tell you directly."

Emily enquired who the Cavalier was, that accompanied the Count, and how Montoni received them; but Annette could not inform her.

"Ludo-

" Ludovico," ſhe added, " had juſt been to call Signor Montoni's valet, that he might tell him they were arrived, when I met him."

Emily ſat muſing for ſome time, and then her anxiety was ſo much increaſed, that ſhe deſired Annette would go to the ſervants' hall, where it was poſſible ſhe might hear ſomething of the Count's intention, reſpecting his ſtay at the caſtle.

" Yes, ma'am," ſaid Annette with readineſs; " but how am I to find the way, if I leave the lamp with you?"

Emily ſaid ſhe would light her, and they immediately quitted the chamber. When they had reached the top of the great ſtaircaſe, Emily recollected, that ſhe might be ſeen by the Count, and, to avoid the great hall, Annette conducted her through ſome private paſſages to a back ſtaircaſe, which led directly to that of the ſervants.

As ſhe returned towards her chamber, Emily began to fear, that ſhe might again loſe herſelf in the intricacies of the caſtle, and again be ſhocked by ſome myſterious

ſpectacle;

ſpectacle; and, though ſhe was already perplexed by the numerous turnings, ſhe feared to open one of the many doors that offered. While ſhe ſtepped thoughtfully along, ſhe fancied that ſhe heard a low moaning at no great diſtance, and, having pauſed a moment, ſhe heard it again and diſtinctly. Several doors appeared on the right hand of the paſſage. She advanced, and liſtened. When ſhe came to the ſecond, ſhe heard a voice, apparently in complaint, within, to which ſhe continued to liſten, afraid to open the door, and unwilling to leave it. Convulſive ſobs followed, and then the piercing accents of an agonizing ſpirit burſt forth. Emily ſtood appalled, and looked through the gloom, that ſurrounded her, in fearful expectation. The lamentations continued. Pity now began to ſubdue terror; it was poſſible ſhe might adminiſter comfort to the ſufferer, at leaſt, by expreſſing ſympathy, and ſhe laid her hand on the door. While ſhe heſitated, ſhe thought ſhe knew this voice, diſguiſed as it was by tones of grief.

Having,

Having, therefore, ſet down the lamp in the paſſage, ſhe gently opened the door, within which all was dark, except that from an inner apartment a partial light appeared; and ſhe ſtepped ſoftly on. Before ſhe reached it, the appearance of Madame Montoni, leaning on her dreſſing-table, weeping, and with a handkerchief held to her eyes, ſtruck her, and ſhe pauſed.

Some perſon was ſeated in a chair by the fire, but who it was ſhe could not diſtinguiſh. He ſpoke, now and then, in a low voice, that did not allow Emily to hear what was uttered; but ſhe thought, that Madame Montoni, at thoſe times, wept the more, who was too much occupied by her own diſtreſs, to obſerve Emily, while the latter, though anxious to know what occaſioned this, and who was the perſon admitted at ſo late an hour to her aunt's dreſſing-room, forbore to add to her ſufferings by ſurpriſing her, or to take advantage of her ſituation, by liſtening to a private diſcourſe. She, therefore, ſtepped ſoftly back, and, after

ſome

ſome further difficulty, found the way to her own chamber, where nearer intereſts, at length, excluded the ſurpriſe and concern ſhe had felt, reſpecting Madame Montoni.

Annette, however, returned without ſatisfactory intelligence, for the ſervants, among whom ſhe had been, were either entirely ignorant, or affected to be ſo, concerning the Count's intended ſtay at the caſtle. They could talk only of the ſteep and broken road they had juſt paſſed, and of the numerous dangers they had eſcaped, and expreſs wonder how their lord could chooſe to encounter all theſe, in the darkneſs of night; for they ſcarcely allowed, that the torches had ſerved for any other purpoſe but that of ſhewing the drearineſs of the mountains. Annette, finding ſhe could gain no information, left them, making noiſy petitions, for more wood on the fire and more ſupper on the table.

"And now, ma'amſelle," added ſhe, "I am ſo ſleepy!—I am ſure, if you was ſo ſleepy,

ſleepy, you would not deſire me to ſit up with you."

Emily, indeed, began to think it was cruel to wiſh it; ſhe had alſo waited ſo long, without receiving a ſummons from Montoni, that it appeared he did not mean to diſturb her at this late hour, and ſhe determined to diſmiſs Annette. But, when ſhe again looked round her gloomy chamber, and recollected certain circumſtances, fear ſeized her ſpirits, and ſhe heſitated.

"And yet it were cruel of me to aſk you to ſtay, till I am aſleep, Annette," ſaid ſhe, "for I fear it will be very long before I forget myſelf in ſleep."

"I dare ſay it will be very long, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette.

"But, before you go," rejoined Emily, "let me aſk you—Had Signor Montoni left Count Morano, when you quitted the hall?"

"O no, ma'am, they were alone together."

"Have

" Have you been in my aunt's dreſſing-room, ſince you left me?"

" No, ma'amſelle, I called at the door as I paſſed, but it was faſtened; ſo I thought my lady was gone to bed."

" Who, then, was with your lady juſt now?" ſaid Emily, forgetting, in ſurpriſe, her uſual prudence.

" Nobody, I believe, ma'am," replied Annette; " nobody has been with her, I believe, ſince I left you."

Emily took no further notice of the ſubject, and, after ſome ſtruggle with imaginary fears, her good-nature prevailed over them ſo far, that ſhe diſmiſſed Annette for the night. She then ſat, muſing upon her own circumſtances and thoſe of Madame Montoni, till her eye reſted on the miniature picture, which ſhe had found, after her father's death, among the papers he had enjoined her to deſtroy. It was open upon the table, before her, among ſome looſe drawings, having, with them, been taken out of a little box by Emily, ſome hours before.

before. The ſight of it called up many intereſting reflections, but the melancholy ſweetneſs of the countenance ſoothed the emotions, which theſe had occaſioned. It was the ſame ſtyle of countenance as that of her late father, and, while ſhe gazed on it with fondneſs on this account, ſhe even fancied a reſemblance in the features. But this tranquillity was ſuddenly interrupted, when ſhe recollected the words in the manuſcript, that had been found with this picture, and which had formerly occaſioned her ſo much doubt and horror. At length, ſhe rouſed herſelf from the deep reverie, into which this remembrance had thrown her; but, when ſhe roſe to undreſs, the ſilence and ſolitude, to which ſhe was left, at this midnight hour, for not even a diſtant ſound was now heard, conſpired with the impreſſion the ſubject ſhe had been conſidering had given to her mind, to appal her. Annette's hints, too, concerning this chamber, ſimple as they were, had not failed to affect her, ſince they followed a circumſtance

cumſtance of peculiar horror, which ſhe herſelf had witneſſed, and ſince the ſcene of this was a chamber nearly adjoining her own.

The door of the ſtaircaſe was, perhaps, a ſubject of more reaſonable alarm, and ſhe now began to apprehend, ſuch was the aptitude of her fears, that this ſtaircaſe had ſome private communication with the apartment, which ſhe ſhuddered even to remember. Determined not to undreſs, ſhe lay down to ſleep in her clothes, with her late father's dog, the faithful *Manchon*, at the foot of the bed, whom ſhe conſidered as a kind of guard.

Thus circumſtanced, ſhe tried to baniſh reflection, but her buſy fancy would ſtill hover over the ſubjects of her intereſt, and ſhe heard the clock of the caſtle ſtrike two, before ſhe cloſed her eyes.

From the diſturbed ſlumber, into which ſhe then ſunk, ſhe was ſoon awakened by a noiſe, which ſeemed to ariſe within her chamber; but the ſilence, that prevailed, as ſhe fearfully

fearfully liſtened, inclined her to believe, that ſhe had been alarmed by ſuch ſounds as ſometimes occur in dreams, and ſhe laid her head again upon the pillow.

A return of the noiſe again diſturbed her; it ſeemed to come from that part of the room, which communicated with the private ſtaircaſe, and ſhe inſtantly remembered the odd circumſtance of the door having been faſtened, during the preceding night, by ſome unknown hand. Her late alarming ſuſpicion, concerning its communication, alſo occurred to her. Her heart became faint with terror. Half raiſing herſelf from the bed, and gently drawing aſide the curtain, ſhe looked towards the door of the ſtaircaſe, but the lamp, that burnt on the hearth, ſpread ſo feeble a light through the apartment, that the remote parts of it were loſt in ſhadow. The noiſe, however, which, ſhe was convinced, came from the door, continued. It ſeemed like that made by the undrawing of ruſty bolts, and often ceaſed, and was then renewed more gently, as if

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the hand, that occaſioned it, was reſtrained by a fear of diſcovery. While Emily kept her eyes fixed on the ſpot, ſhe ſaw the door move, and then ſlowly open, and perceived ſomething enter the room, but the extreme duſkineſs prevented her diſtinguiſhing what it was. Almoſt fainting with terror, ſhe had yet ſufficient command over herſelf, to check the ſhriek, that was eſcaping from her lips, and letting the curtain drop from her hand, continued to obſerve in ſilence the motions of the myſterious form ſhe ſaw. It ſeemed to glide along the remote obſcurity of the apartment, then pauſed, and, as it approached the hearth, ſhe perceived, in the ſtronger light, what appeared to be a human figure. Certain remembrances now ſtruck upon her heart, and almoſt ſubdued the feeble remains of her ſpirits; ſhe continued, however, to watch the figure, which remained for ſome time motionleſs, but then, advancing ſlowly towards the bed, ſtood ſilently at the feet, where the curtains, being a little open, allowed her ſtill to ſee it: terror, however,

however, had now deprived her of the power of diſcrimination, as well as of that of utterance.

Having continued there a moment, the form retreated towards the hearth, when it took the lamp, held it up, ſurveyed the chamber, for a few moments, and then again advanced towards the bed. The light at that inſtant awakening the dog, that had ſlept at Emily's feet, he barked loudly, and, jumping to the floor, flew at the ſtranger, who ſtruck the animal ſmartly with a ſheathed ſword, and, ſpringing towards the bed, Emily diſcovered—Count Morano!

She gazed at him for a moment in ſpeechleſs affright, while he, throwing himſelf on his knee at the bed-ſide, beſought her to fear nothing, and, having thrown down his ſword, would have taken her hand, when the faculties, that terror had ſuſpended, ſuddenly returned, and ſhe ſprung from the bed, in the dreſs, which ſurely a kind of prophetic apprehenſion had prevented her, on this night, from throwing aſide.

Morano

Morano roſe, followed her to the door, through which he had entered, and caught her hand, as ſhe reached the top of the ſtair-caſe, but not before ſhe had diſcovered, by the gleam of a lamp, another man half-way down the ſteps. She now ſcreamed in deſpair, and, believing herſelf given up by Montoni, ſaw, indeed, no poſſibility of eſcape.

The Count, who ſtill held her hand, led her back into the chamber.

"Why all this terror?" ſaid he, in a tremulous voice. "Hear me, Emily: I come not to alarm you; no, by Heaven! I love you too well—too well for my own peace."

Emily looked at him for a moment, in fearful doubt.

"Then leave me, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "leave me inſtantly."

"Hear me, Emily," reſumed Morano—"Hear me! I love, and am in deſpair—yes—in deſpair. How can I gaze upon you, and know, that it is, perhaps, for the laſt time, without ſuffering all the phrenſy of

 deſpair?

deſpair? But it ſhall not be ſo; you ſhall be mine, in ſpite of Montoni and all his villany."

"In ſpite of Montoni!" cried Emily eagerly: "what is it I hear?"

"You hear, that Montoni is a villain," exclaimed Morano with vehemence—"a villain who would have ſold you to my love!—Who—"

"And is he leſs, who would have bought me?" ſaid Emily, fixing on the Count an eye of calm contempt. "Leave the room, ſir, inſtantly," ſhe continued in a voice, trembling between joy and fear, "or I will alarm the family, and you may receive that from Signor Montoni's vengeance, which I have vainly ſupplicated from his pity." But Emily knew, that ſhe was beyond the hearing of thoſe, who might protect her.

"You can never hope any thing from his pity," ſaid Morano; "he has uſed me infamouſly, and my vengeance ſhall purſue him. And for you, Emily, for you, he has new plans more profitable than the laſt, no doubt."

doubt." The gleam of hope, which the Count's former ſpeech had revived, was now nearly extinguiſhed by the latter; and while Emily's countenance betrayed the emotions of her mind, he endeavoured to take advantage of the diſcovery.

"I loſe time," ſaid he: "I came not to exclaim againſt Montoni; I came to ſolicit, to plead—to Emily; to tell her all I ſuffer, to entreat her to ſave me from deſpair, and herſelf from deſtruction. Emily! the ſchemes of Montoni are inſearchable, but, I warn you, they are terrible; he has no principle, when intereſt, or ambition, leads. Can I love you, and abandon you to his power? Fly, then, fly from this gloomy priſon, with a lover, who adores you! I have bribed a ſervant of the caſtle to open the gates, and, before to-morrow's dawn, you ſhall be far on the way to Venice."

Emily, overcome by the ſudden ſhock ſhe had received, at the moment, too, when ſhe had begun to hope for better days, now thought ſhe ſaw deſtruction ſurround her on

every ſide. Unable to reply, and almoſt to think, ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, pale and breathleſs. That Montoni had formerly ſold her to Morano, was very probable; that he had now withdrawn his conſent to the marriage, was evident from the Count's preſent conduct; and it was nearly certain, that a ſcheme of ſtronger intereſt only could have induced the ſelfiſh Montoni to forego a plan, which he had hitherto ſo ſtrenuouſly purſued. Theſe reflections made her tremble at the hints, which Morano had juſt given, which ſhe no longer heſitated to believe; and, while ſhe ſhrunk from the new ſcenes of miſery and oppreſſion, that might await her in the caſtle of Udolpho, ſhe was compelled to obſerve, that almoſt her only means of eſcaping them was by ſubmitting herſelf to the protection of this man, with whom evils more certain and not leſs terrible appeared—evils upon which ſhe could not endure to pauſe for an inſtant.

Her ſilence, though it was that of agony, encou

encouraged the hopes of Morano, who watched her countenance with impatience, took again the reſiſting hand ſhe had withdrawn, and, as he preſſed it to his heart, again conjured her to determine immediately. "Every moment we loſe, will make our departure more dangerous," ſaid he: "theſe few moments loſt may enable Montoni to overtake us."

"I beſeech you, ſir, be ſilent," ſaid Emily faintly: "I am indeed very wretched, and wretched I muſt remain. Leave me—I command you, leave me to my fate."

"Never!" cried the Count vehemently: "let me periſh firſt! But forgive my violence! the thought of loſing you is madneſs. You cannot be ignorant of Montoni's character, you may be ignorant of his ſchemes —nay, you muſt be ſo, or you would not heſitate between my love and his power."

"Nor do I heſitate," ſaid Emily.

"Let us go then," ſaid Morano, eagerly

kiſſing her hand, and riſing, "my carriage waits, below the caſtle walls."

"You miſtake me, ſir," ſaid Emily. "Allow me to thank you for the intereſt you expreſs in my welfare, and to decide by my own choice. I ſhall remain under the protection of Signor Montoni."

"Under his protection!" exclaimed Morano, proudly, "his *protection!* Emily, why will you ſuffer yourſelf to be thus deluded? I have already told you what you have to expect from his *protection.*"

"And pardon me, ſir, if, in this inſtance, I doubt mere aſſertion, and, to be convinced, require ſomething approaching to proof."

"I have now neither the time, or the means of adducing proof," replied the Count.

"Nor have I, ſir, the inclination to liſten to it, if you had."

"But you trifle with my patience and my diſtreſs," continued Morano. "Is a marriage with a man, who adores you, ſo

very

very terrible in your eyes, that you would prefer to it all the misery, to which Montoni may condemn you in this remote prison? Some wretch must have stolen those affections, which ought to be mine, or you could not thus obstinately persist in refusing an offer, that would place you beyond the reach of oppression." Morano walked about the room, with quick steps, and a disturbed air.

"This discourse, Count Morano, sufficiently proves, that my affections ought not to be your's," said Emily, mildly, "and this conduct, that I should not be placed beyond the reach of oppression, so long as I remained in your power. If you wish me to believe otherwise, cease to oppress me any longer by your presence. If you refuse this, you will compel me to expose you to the resentment of Signor Montoni."

"Yes, let him come," cried Morano furiously, "and brave *my* resentment! Let him dare to face once more the man he has so courageously injured; danger shall teach

him morality, and vengeance juſtice—let him come, and receive my ſword in his heart!"

The vehemence, with which this was uttered, gave Emily new cauſe of alarm, who aroſe from her chair, but her trembling frame refuſed to ſupport her, and ſhe reſumed her ſeat;—the words died on her lips, and when ſhe looked wiſtfully towards the door of the corridor, which was locked, ſhe conſidered it was impoſſible for her to leave the apartment, before Morano would be appriſed of, and able to counteract, her intention.

Without obſerving her agitation, he continued to pace the room in the utmoſt perturbation of ſpirits. His darkened countenance expreſſed all the rage of jealouſy and revenge; and a perſon, who had ſeen his features under the ſmile of ineffable tenderneſs, which he ſo lately aſſumed, would now ſcarcely have believed them to be the ſame.

"Count Morano," ſaid Emily, at length recovering her voice, "calm, I entreat you, theſe

theſe tranſports, and liſten to reaſon, if you will not to pity. You have equally miſ-placed your love, and your hatred. I never could have returned the affection with which you honour me, and certainly have never encouraged it; neither has Signor Montoni injured you, for you muſt have known, that he had no right to diſpoſe of my hand, had he even poſſeſſed the power to do ſo. Leave, then, leave the caſtle, while you may with ſafety. Spare yourſelf the dreadful conſe-quences of an unjuſt revenge, and the re-morſe of having prolonged to me theſe mo-ments of ſufferings."

"Is it for mine, or for Montoni's ſafety, that you are thus alarmed?" ſaid Morano, coldly, and turning towards her with a look of acrimony.

"For both," replied Emily, in a trem-bling voice.

"Unjuſt revenge!" cried the Count, re-ſuming the abrupt tones of paſſion. "Who, that looks upon that face, can imagine a puniſhment adequate to the injury he would

have done me? Yes, I will leave the caſtle; but it ſhall not be alone. I have trifled too long. Since my prayers and my ſufferings cannot prevail, force ſhall. I have people in waiting, who ſhall convey you to my carriage. Your voice will bring no ſuccour; it cannot be heard from this remote part of the caſtle; ſubmit, therefore, in ſilence to go with me."

This was an unneceſſary injunction, at preſent; for Emily was too certain, that her call would avail her nothing; and terror had ſo entirely diſordered her thoughts, that ſhe knew not how to plead to Morano, but ſat mute and trembling, in her chair, till he advanced to lift her from it, when ſhe ſuddenly raiſed herſelf, and, with a repulſive geſture, and a countenance of forced ſerenity, ſaid, "Count Morano! I am now in your power; but you will obſerve, that this is not the conduct which can win the eſteem you appear ſo ſolicitous to obtain, and that you are preparing for yourſelf a load of remorſe, in the miſeries of a friendleſs orphan, which

can

can never leave you. Do you believe your heart to be, indeed, ſo hardened, that you can look without emotion on the ſuffering, to which you would condemn me?"—

Emily was interrupted by the growling of the dog, who now came again from the bed, and Morano looked towards the door of the ſtaircaſe, where no perſon appearing, he called aloud, "Ceſario!"

"Emily," ſaid the Count, "why will you reduce me to adopt this conduct? How much more willingly would I perſuade, than compel you to become my wife! but, by Heaven! I will not leave you to be ſold by Montoni. Yet a thought glances acroſs my mind, that brings madneſs with it. I know not how to name it. It is prepoſterous—it cannot be.—Yet you tremble—you grow pale! It is! it is ſo;—you—you—love Montoni!" cried Morano, graſping Emily's wriſt, and ſtamping his foot on the floor.

An involuntary air of ſurpriſe appeared on her countenance. "If you have indeed believed ſo," ſaid ſhe, "believe ſo ſtill."

"That look, thoſe words confirm it," exclaimed Morano, furiouſly. "No, no, no, Montoni had a richer prize in view, than gold. But he ſhall not live to triumph over me!—This very inſtant—"

He was interrupted by the loud barking of the dog.

"Stay, Count Morano," ſaid Emily, terrified by his words, and by the fury expreſſed in his eyes, "I will ſave you from this error.—Of all men, Signor Montoni is not your rival; though, if I find all other means of ſaving myſelf vain, I will try whether my voice may not arouſe his ſervants to my ſuccour."

"Aſſertion," replied Morano, "at ſuch a moment, is not to be depended upon. How could I ſuffer myſelf to doubt, even for an inſtant, that he could ſee you, and not love?—But my firſt care ſhall be to convey you from the caſtle. Ceſario! ho,—Ceſario!"

A man now appeared at the door of the ſtaircaſe, and other ſteps were heard aſcending.

ing. Emily uttered a loud ſhriek, as Morano hurried her acroſs the chamber, and, at the ſame moment, ſhe heard a noiſe at the door, that opened upon the corridor. The Count pauſed an inſtant, as if his mind was ſuſpended between love and the deſire of vengeance; and, in that inſtant, the door gave way, and Montoni, followed by the old ſteward and ſeveral other perſons, burſt into the room.

"Draw!" cried Montoni to the Count, who did not pauſe for a ſecond bidding, but, giving Emily into the hands of the people, that appeared from the ſtaircaſe, turned fiercely round. "This in thine heart, villain!" ſaid he, as he made a thruſt at Montoni with his ſword, who parried the blow, and aimed another, while ſome of the perſons, who had followed him into the room, endeavoured to part the combatants, and others reſcued Emily from the hands of Morano's ſervants.

"Was it for this, Count Morano," ſaid Montoni,

Montoni, in a cool ſarcaſtic tone of voice, "that I received you under my roof, and permitted you, though my declared enemy, to remain under it for the night? Was it, that you might repay my hoſpitality with the treachery of a fiend, and rob me of my niece?"

"Who talks of treachery?" ſaid Morano, in a tone of unreſtrained vehemence. "Let him that does, ſhew an unbluſhing face of innocence. Montoni, you are a villain! If there is treachery in this affair, look to yourſelf as the author of it. *If*—do I ſay? *I*—whom you have wronged with unexampled baſeneſs, whom you have injured almoſt beyond redreſs! But why do I uſe words!—Come on, coward, and receive juſtice at my hands!"

"Coward!" cried Montoni, burſting from the people who held him, and ruſhing on the Count; when they both retreated into the corridor, where the fight continued ſo deſperately, that none of the ſpectators dared approach

proach them, Montoni ſwearing, that the firſt, who interfered, ſhould fall by his ſword.

Jealouſy and revenge lent all their fury to Morano, while the ſuperior ſkill and the temperance of Montoni enabled him to wound his adverſary, whom his ſervants now attempted to ſeize, but he would not be reſtrained, and, regardleſs of his wound, continued to fight. He ſeemed to be inſenſible both of pain and loſs of blood, and alive only to the energy of his paſſions. Montoni, on the contrary, perſevered in the combat, with a fierce, yet wary, valour; he received the point of Morano's ſword on his arm, but, almoſt in the ſame inſtant, ſeverely wounded and diſarmed him. The Count then fell back into the arms of his ſervant, while Montoni held his ſword over him, and bade him aſk his life. Morano, ſinking under the anguiſh of his wound, had ſcarcely replied by a geſture, and by a few words, feebly articulated, that he would not—when he fainted; and Montoni was

then

then going to have plunged the ſword into his breaſt, as he lay ſenſeleſs, but his arm was arreſted by Cavigni. To the interruption he yielded without much difficulty, but his complexion changed almoſt to blackneſs, as he looked upon his fallen adverſary, and ordered, that he ſhould be carried inſtantly from the caſtle.

In the mean time, Emily, who had been withheld from leaving the chamber during the affray, now came forward into the corridor, and pleaded a cauſe of common humanity, with the feelings of the warmeſt benevolence, when ſhe entreated Montoni to allow Morano the aſſiſtance in the caſtle, which his ſituation required. But Montoni, who had ſeldom liſtened to pity, now ſeemed rapacious of vengeance, and, with a monſter's cruelty, again ordered his defeated enemy to be taken from the caſtle, in his preſent ſtate, though there were only the woods, or a ſolitary neighbouring cottage to ſhelter him from the night.

The Count's ſervants having declared, that

that they would not move him till he revived, Montoni's ſtood inactive, Cavigni remonſtrating, and Emily, ſuperior to Montoni's menaces, giving water to Morano, and directing the attendants to bind up his wound. At length, Montoni had leiſure to feel pain from his own hurt, and he withdrew to examine it.

The Count, meanwhile, having ſlowly recovered, the firſt object he ſaw, on raiſing his eyes, was Emily, bending over him with a countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of ſolicitude. He ſurveyed her with a look of anguiſh.

"I have deſerved this," ſaid he, "but not from Montoni. It is from you, Emily, that I have deſerved puniſhment, yet I receive only pity!" He pauſed, for he had ſpoken with difficulty. After a moment, he proceeded. "I muſt reſign you, but not to Montoni. Forgive me the ſufferings I have already occaſioned you! But for *that* villain—his infamy ſhall not go unpuniſhed. Carry me from this place," ſaid

ſaid he to his ſervants. "I am in no condition to travel: you muſt, therefore, take me to the neareſt cottage, for I will not paſs the night under his roof, although I may expire on the way from it."

Ceſario propoſed to go out, and enquire for a cottage, that might receive his maſter before he attempted to remove him: but Morano was impatient to be gone; the anguiſh of his mind ſeemed to be even greater than that of his wound, and he rejected, with diſdain, the offer of Cavigni to entreat Montoni, that he might be ſuffered to paſs the night in the caſtle. Ceſario was now going to call up the carriage to the great gate, but the Count forbade him. "I cannot bear the motion of a carriage," ſaid he: "call ſome others of my people, that they may aſſiſt in bearing me in their arms."

At length, however, Morano ſubmitted to reaſon, and conſented, that Ceſario ſhould firſt prepare ſome cottage to receive him. Emily, now that he had recovered his ſenſes, was about to withdraw from the corridor,

ridor, when a meſſage from Montoni commanded her to do ſo, and alſo that the Count, if he was not already gone, ſhould quit the caſtle immediately. Indignation flaſhed from Morano's eyes, and fluſhed his cheeks.

"Tell Montoni," ſaid he, "that I ſhall go when it ſuits my own convenience; that I quit the caſtle, he dares to call his, as I would the neſt of a ſerpent, and that this is not the laſt he ſhall hear from me. Tell him, I will not leave *another* murder on his conſcience, if I can help it."

"Count Morano! do you know what you ſay?" ſaid Cavigni.

"Yes, Signor, I know well what I ſay, and he will underſtand well what I mean. His conſcience will aſſiſt his underſtanding, on this occaſion."

"Count Morano," ſaid Verezzi, who had hitherto ſilently obſerved him, "dare again to inſult my friend, and I will plunge this ſword in your body."

"It would be an action worthy the friend

of

of a villain!" ſaid Morano, as the ſtrong impulſe of his indignation enabled him to raiſe himſelf from the arms of his ſervants; but the energy was momentary, and he ſunk back, exhauſted by the effort. Montoni's people, meanwhile, held Verezzi, who ſeemed inclined, even in this inſtant, to execute his threat; and Cavigni, who was not ſo depraved as to abet the cowardly malignity of Verezzi, endeavoured to withdraw him from the corridor; and Emily, whom a compaſſionate intereſt had thus long detained, was now quitting it in new terror, when the ſupplicating voice of Morano arreſted her, and, by a feeble geſture, he beckoned her to draw nearer. She advanced with timid ſteps, but the fainting languor of his countenance again awakened her pity, and overcame her terror.

"I am going from hence for ever," ſaid he: "perhaps, I ſhall never ſee you again. I would carry with me your forgiveneſs, Emily; nay more—I would alſo carry your good wiſhes."

"You

" You have my forgiveneſs, then," ſaid Emily, " and my ſincere wiſhes for your recovery."

" And only for my recovery ?" ſaid Morano, with a ſigh. " For your general welfare," added Emily.

" Perhaps I ought to be contented with this," he reſumed; " I certainly have not deſerved more; but I would aſk you, Emily, ſometimes to think of me, and, forgetting my offence, to remember only the paſſion which occaſioned it. I would aſk, alas! impoſſibilities: I would aſk you to love me! At this moment, when I am about to part with you, and that, perhaps, for ever, I am ſcarcely myſelf. Emily—may you never know the torture of a paſſion like mine! What do I ſay? O, that, for me, you might be ſenſible of ſuch a paſſion!"

Emily looked impatient to be gone. " I entreat you, Count, to conſult your own ſafety," ſaid ſhe, " and linger here no longer. I tremble for the conſequences of Signor Verezzi's paſſion, and of Montoni's reſentment, ſhould he learn that you are ſtill here."

Morano's

comprehend you, sir," said she: "You certainly do not mean to imply, that the design of the Count to visit the double chamber was founded upon any approbation of mine."

"To that I reply nothing," said Montoni; "but it must certainly be a more than common interest, that made you plead so warmly in his cause, and that could detain you thus long in his presence, contrary to my express order—in the presence of a man, whom you have hitherto, on all occasions, most scrupulously shunned!"

"I fear, sir, it was more than common interest, that detained me," said Emily calmly; "for of late I have been inclined to think, that of compassion is an uncommon one. But how could I, could *you*, sir, witness count Morano's deplorable condition, and not wish to relieve it?"

"You add hypocrisy to caprice," said Montoni, frowning, "and an attempt at satire, to both; but, before you undertake to regulate the morals of other persons, you

you ſhould learn and practiſe the virtues, which are indiſpenſible to a woman—ſincerity, uniformity of conduct, and obedience."

Emily, who had always endeavoured to regulate her conduct by the niceſt laws, and whoſe mind was finely ſenſible, not only of what is juſt in morals, but of whatever is beautiful in the female character, was ſhocked by theſe words; yet, in the next moment, her heart ſwelled with the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved praiſe, inſtead of cenſure, and ſhe was proudly ſilent. Montoni, acquainted with the delicacy of her mind, knew how keenly ſhe would feel his rebuke; but he was a ſtranger to the luxury of conſcious worth, and, therefore, did not foreſee the energy of that ſentiment, which now repelled his ſatire. Turning to a ſervant who had lately entered the room, he aſked whether Morano had quitted the caſtle. The man anſwered, that his ſervants were then removing him, on a couch, to a neighbouring cottage. Montoni ſeemed

ſomewhat appeaſed, on hearing this; and, when Ludovico appeared, a few moments after, and ſaid, that Morano was gone, he told Emily ſhe might retire to her apartment.

She withdrew willingly from his preſence; but the thought of paſſing the remainder of the night in a chamber, which the door from the ſtaircaſe made liable to the intruſion of any perſon, now alarmed her more than ever, and ſhe determined to call at Madame Montoni's room, and requeſt, that Annette might be permitted to be with her.

On reaching the great gallery, ſhe heard voices ſeemingly in diſpute, and, her ſpirits now apt to take alarm, ſhe pauſed, but ſoon diſtinguiſhed ſome words of Cavigni and Verezzi, and went towards them, in the hope of conciliating their difference. They were alone. Verezzi's face was ſtill fluſhed with rage; and, as the firſt object of it was now removed from him, he appeared willing to transfer his reſentment to Cavigni,

Cavigni, who ſeemed to be expoſtulating, rather than diſputing, with him.

Verezzi was proteſting, that he would inſtantly inform Montoni of the inſult, which Morano had thrown out againſt him, and above all, that, wherein he had accuſed him of murder.

"There is no anſwering," ſaid Cavigni, "for the words of a man in a paſſion; little ſerious regard ought to be paid to them. If you perſiſt in your reſolution, the conſequences may be fatal to both. We have now more ſerious intereſts to purſue, than thoſe of a petty revenge."

Emily joined her entreaties to Cavigni's arguments, and they, at length, prevailed ſo far, as that Verezzi conſented to retire, without ſeeing Montoni.

On calling at her aunt's apartment, ſhe found it faſtened. In a few minutes, however, it was opened by Madame Montoni herſelf.

It may be remembered, that it was by a door leading into the bed-room from a

back paſſage, that Emily had ſecretly entered a few hours preceding. She now conjectured, by the calmneſs of Madame Montoni's air, that ſhe was not appriſed of the accident, which had befallen her huſband, and was beginning to inform her of it, in the tendereſt manner ſhe could, when her aunt interrupted her, by ſaying, ſhe was acquainted with the whole affair.

Emily knew indeed, that ſhe had little reaſon to love Montoni, but could ſcarcely have believed her capable of ſuch perfect apathy, as ſhe now diſcovered towards him; having obtained permiſſion, however, for Annette to ſleep in her chamber, ſhe went thither immediately.

A track of blood appeared along the corridor, leading to it; and on the ſpot where the Count and Montoni had fought, the whole floor was ſtained. Emily ſhuddered, and leaned on Annette, as ſhe paſſed. When ſhe reached her apartment, ſhe inſtantly determined, ſince the door of the ſtaircaſe had been left open, and that Annette

nette was now with her, to explore whither it led,—a circumſtance now materially connected with her own ſafety. Annette accordingly, half curious and half afraid, propoſed to deſcend the ſtairs; but, on approaching the door, they perceived, that it was already faſtened without, and their care was then directed to the ſecuring it on the inſide alſo, by placing againſt it as much of the heavy furniture of the room, as they could lift. Emily then retired to bed, and Annette continued on a chair by the hearth, where ſome feeble embers remained.

CHAP. VII.

"Of aery tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands and ſhores and deſert wilderneſſes."

MILTON.

IT is now neceſſary to mention ſome circumſtances, which could not be related amidſt the events of Emily's haſty departure from Venice, or together with thoſe which ſo rapidly ſucceeded to her arrival in the caſtle.

On the morning of her journey, Count Morano had gone at the appointed hour to the manſion of Montoni, to demand his bride. When he reached it, he was ſomewhat ſurpriſed by the ſilence and ſolitary air of the portico where Montoni's lacqueys uſually loitered; but ſurpriſe was ſoon changed to aſtoniſhment, and aſtoniſhment to the rage of diſappointment, when the door was opened by an old woman, who told his ſervants, that her maſter and his family

family had left Venice, early in the morning, for *Terra-firma*. Scarcely believing what his ſervants told, he left his gondola, and ruſhed into the hall to enquire further. The old woman, who was the only perſon left in care of the manſion, perſiſted in her ſtory, which the ſilent and deſerted apartments ſoon convinced him was no fiction. He then ſeized her with a menacing air, as if he meant to wreak all his vengeance upon her, at the ſame time aſking her twenty queſtions in a breath, and all theſe with a geſticulation ſo furious, that ſhe was deprived of the power of anſwering them; then ſuddenly letting her go, he ſtamped about the hall, like a madman, curſing Montoni and his own folly.

When the good woman was at liberty, and had ſomewhat recovered from her fright, ſhe told him all ſhe knew of the affair, which was, indeed, very little, but enough to enable Morano to diſcover, that Montoni was gone to his caſtle on the Apennine. Thither he followed, as ſoon as his ſervants could

complete the neceſſary preparation for the journey, accompanied by a friend, and attended by a number of his people, determined to obtain Emily, or a full revenge on Montoni. When his mind had recovered from the firſt effervescence of rage, and his thoughts became leſs obſcured, his conſcience hinted to him certain circumſtances, which, in ſome meaſure, explained the conduct of Montoni: but how the latter could have been led to ſuſpect an intention, which, he had believed, was known only to himſelf, he could not even gueſs. On this occaſion, however, he had been partly betrayed by that ſympathetic intelligence, which may be ſaid to exiſt between bad minds, and which teaches one man to judge what another will do in the ſame circumſtances. Thus it was with Montoni, who had now received indiſputable proof of a truth, which he had ſome time ſuſpected—that Morano's circumſtances, inſtead of being affluent, as he had been bidden to believe, were greatly involved. Montoni had been intereſted in

his,

his ſuit by motives entirely ſelfiſh, thoſe of avarice and pride; the laſt of which would have been gratified by an alliance with a Venetian nobleman, the former by Emily's eſtate in Gaſcony, which he had ſtipulated, as the price of his favour, ſhould be delivered up to him from the day of her marriage. In the mean time, he had been led to ſuſpect the conſequence of the Count's boundleſs extravagance; but it was not till the evening, preceding the intended nuptials, that he obtained certain information of his diſtreſſed circumſtances. He did not heſitate then to infer, that Morano deſigned to defraud him of Emily's eſtate; and in this ſuppoſition he was confirmed, and with apparent reaſon, by the ſubſequent conduct of the Count, who after having appointed to meet him on that night, for the purpoſe of ſigning the inſtrument, which was to ſecure to him his reward, failed in his engagement. Such a circumſtance, indeed, in a man of Morano's gay and thoughtleſs character, and at a time when his mind was engaged by

the buſtle of preparation for his nuptials, might have been attributed to a cauſe leſs deciſive than deſign: but Montoni did not heſitate an inſtant to interpret it his own way, and, after vainly waiting the Count's arrival, for ſeveral hours, he gave orders for his people to be in readineſs to ſet off at a moment's notice. By haſtening to Udolpho he intended to remove Emily from the reach of Morano, as well as to break off the affair, without ſubmitting himſelf to uſeleſs altercation: and, if the Count meant what he called honourably, he would doubtleſs follow Emily, and ſign the writings in queſtion. If this was done, ſo little conſideration had Montoni for her welfare, that he would not have ſcrupled to ſacrifice her to a man of ruined fortune, ſince by that means he could enrich himſelf; and he forbore to mention to her the motive of his ſudden journey, leſt the hope it might revive ſhould render her more intractable, when ſubmiſſion would be required.

With theſe conſiderations, he had left Venice;

nice; and, with others totally different, Morano had, ſoon after, purſued his ſteps acroſs the rugged Apennines. When his arrival was announced at the caſtle, Montoni did not believe, that he would have preſumed to ſhew himſelf, unleſs he had meant to fulfil his engagement, and he, therefore, readily admitted him; but the enraged countenance and expreſſions of Morano, as he entered the apartment, inſtantly undeceived him; and, when Montoni had explained, in part, the motives of his abrupt departure from Venice, the Count ſtill perſiſted in demanding Emily, and reproaching Montoni, without even naming the former ſtipulation.

Montoni, at length, weary of the diſpute, deferred the ſettling of it till the morrow, and Morano retired with ſome hope, ſuggeſted by Montoni's apparent indeciſion. When, however, in the ſilence of his own apartment, he began to conſider the paſt converſation, the character of Montoni, and ſome former inſtances of his duplicity, the hope, which he had admitted, vaniſhed, and

he determined not to neglect the preſent poſſibility of obtaining Emily by other means. To his confidential valet he told his deſign of carrying away Emily; and ſent him back to Montoni's ſervants to find out one among them, who might enable him to execute it. The choice of this perſon he entruſted to the fellow's own diſcernment, and not imprudently; for he diſcovered a man, whom Montoni had, on ſome former occaſion, treated harſhly, and who was now ready to betray him. This man conducted Ceſario round the caſtle, through a private paſſage, to the ſtaircaſe that led to Emily's chamber; then ſhewed him a ſhort way out of the building, and afterwards procured him the keys, that would ſecure his retreat. The man was well rewarded for his trouble: how the Count was rewarded for his treachery, has already appeared.

Meanwhile, old Carlo had overheard two of Morano's ſervants, who had been ordered to be in waiting with the carriage beyond the caſtle walls, expreſſing their ſurpriſe at their maſter's

maſter's ſudden, and ſecret departure, for the valet had entruſted them with no more of Morano's deſigns, than it was neceſſary for them to execute. They however indulged themſelves in ſurmiſes, and in expreſſing them to each other, and from theſe Carlo had drawn a juſt concluſion. But before he ventured to diſcloſe his apprehenſions to Montoni, he endeavoured to obtain further confirmation of them, and, for this purpoſe, placed himſelf, with one of his fellow-ſervants, at the door of Emily's apartment, that opened upon the corridor. He did not watch long in vain, though the growling of the dog had once nearly betrayed him. When he was convinced, that Morano was in the room, and had liſtened long enough to his converſation, to underſtand his ſcheme, he immediately alarmed Montoni, and thus reſcued Emily from the deſigns of the Count.

Montoni, on the following morning, appeared as uſual, except that he wore his wounded arm in a ſling; he went out upon the ramparts; overlooked the men employed

in

in repairing them; gave orders for additional workmen, and then came into the caſtle to give audience to ſeveral perſons, who were juſt arrived, and who were ſhewn into a private apartment, where he communicated with them, for near an hour. Carlo was then ſummoned, and ordered to conduct the ſtrangers to a part of the caſtle, which, in former times, had been occupied by the upper ſervants of the family, and to provide them with every neceſſary refreſhment.—When he had done this, he was bidden to return to his maſter.

Meanwhile, the Count remained in a cottage in the ſkirts of the woods below, ſuffering under bodily and mental pain, and meditating deep revenge againſt Montoni. His ſervant, whom he had diſpatched for a ſurgeon to the neareſt town, which was, however, at a conſiderable diſtance, did not return till the following day, when, his wounds being examined and dreſſed, the practitioner refuſed to deliver any poſitive opinion, concerning the degree of danger attending them;

them; but, giving his patient a compoſing draught, and ordering him to be kept quiet, remained at the cottage to watch the event.

Emily, for the remainder of the late eventful night, had been ſuffered to ſleep undiſturbed; and when her mind recovered from the confuſion of ſlumber, and ſhe remembered, that ſhe was now releaſed from the addreſſes of Count Morano, her ſpirits were ſuddenly relieved from a part of the terrible anxiety, that had long oppreſſed them: that which remained, aroſe chiefly from a recollection of Morano's aſſertions, concerning the ſchemes of Montoni. He had ſaid, that the plans of the latter, concerning Emily, were inſearchable, yet that he knew them to be terrible. At the time he uttered this, ſhe almoſt believed it to be deſigned for the purpoſe of prevailing with her to throw herſelf into his protection, and ſhe ſtill thought it might be chiefly ſo accounted for; but his aſſertions had left an impreſſion on her mind, which a conſideration

tion of the character and former conduct of Montoni did not contribute to efface. She, however, checked her propenſity to anticipate evil; and, determined to enjoy this reſpite from actual misfortune, tried to diſmiſs thought, took her inſtruments for drawing, and placed herſelf at a window, to ſelect into a landſcape ſome features of the ſcenery without.

As ſhe was thus employed, ſhe ſaw, walking on the rampart below, the men, who had ſo lately arrived at the caſtle. The ſight of ſtrangers ſurpriſed her, but ſtill more of ſtrangers ſuch as theſe. There was a ſingularity in their dreſs, and a certain fierceneſs in their air, that fixed all her attention. She withdrew from the caſement, while they paſſed, but ſoon returned to obſerve them further. Their figures ſeemed ſo well ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſurrounding objects, that, as they ſtood ſurveying the caſtle, ſhe ſketched them for banditti, amid the mountain-view of her picture; when

when ſhe had finiſhed which, ſhe was ſurpriſed to obſerve the ſpirit of her group. But ſhe had copied from nature.

Carlo, when he had placed refreſhment before theſe men in the apartment aſſigned to them, returned, as he was ordered, to Montoni, who was anxious to diſcover by what ſervant the keys of the caſtle had been delivered to Morano, on the preceding night. But this man, though he was too faithful to his maſter quietly to ſee him injured, would not betray a fellow-ſervant even to juſtice; he, therefore, pretended to be ignorant who it was, that had conſpired with Count Morano, and related, as before, that he had only overheard ſome of the ſtrangers deſcribing the plot.

Montoni's ſuſpicions naturally fell upon the porter, whom he ordered now to attend. Carlo heſitated, and then with ſlow ſteps went to ſeek him.

Barnardine, the porter, denied the accuſation with a countenance ſo ſteady and undaunted, that Montoni could ſcarcely believe

lieve him guilty, though he knew not how to think him innocent. At length, the man was dismissed from his presence, and, though the real offender, escaped detection.

Montoni then went to his wife's apartment, whither Emily followed soon after, but, finding them in high dispute, was instantly leaving the room, when her aunt called her back, and desired her to stay.—"You shall be a witness," said she, "of my opposition. Now, sir, repeat the command, I have so often refused to obey."

Montoni turned, with a stern countenance, to Emily, and bade her quit the apartment, while his wife persisted in desiring that she would stay. Emily was eager to escape from this scene of contention, and anxious, also, to serve her aunt; but she despaired of conciliating Montoni, in whose eyes the rising tempest of his soul flashed terribly.

"Leave the room," said he, in a voice of thunder. Emily obeyed, and, walking down to the rampart, which the strangers had now left, continued to meditate on the

unhappy

unhappy marriage of her father's ſiſter, and on her own deſolate ſituation, occaſioned by the ridiculous imprudence of her, whom ſhe had always wiſhed to reſpect and love. Madame Montoni's conduct had, indeed, rendered it impoſſible for Emily to do either; but her gentle heart was touched by her diſtreſs, and, in the pity thus awakened, ſhe forgot the injurious treatment ſhe had received from her.

As ſhe ſauntered on the rampart, Annette appeared at the hall door, looked cautiouſly round, and then advanced to meet her.

"Dear ma'amſelle, I have been looking for you all over the caſtle," ſaid ſhe. "If you will ſtep this way, I will ſhew you a picture."

"A picture!" exclaimed Emily, and ſhuddered.

"Yes, ma'am, a picture of the late lady of this place. Old Carlo juſt now told me it was her, and I thought you would be curious to ſee it. As to my lady, you know, ma'amſelle, one cannot talk about ſuch things to her."

"And

" And ſo," ſaid Emily ſmilingly, " as you muſt talk of them to ſomebody—"

" Why, yes, ma'amſelle; what can one do in ſuch a place as this, if one muſt not talk? if I was in a dungeon, if they would let me talk—it would be ſome comfort; nay, I would talk, if it was only to the walls. But come, ma'amſelle, we loſe time—let me ſhew you to the picture."

" Is it veiled?" ſaid Emily, pauſing.

" Dear ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette, fixing her eyes on Emily's face, " what makes you look ſo pale?—are you ill?"

" No, Annette, I am well enough, but I have no deſire to ſee this picture; return into the hall."

" What! ma'am, not to ſee the lady of this caſtle?" ſaid the girl—" the lady, who diſappeared ſo ſtrangely? Well! now, I would have run to the furtheſt mountain we can ſee, yonder, to have got a ſight of ſuch a picture; and, to ſpeak my mind, that ſtrange ſtory is all that makes me care about this old caſtle, though it makes me thrill all over, as it were, whenever I think of it."

" Yes,

"Yes, Annette, you love the wonderful; but do you know, that, unleſs you guard againſt this inclination, it will lead you into all the miſery of ſuperſtition!"

Annette might have ſmiled in her turn, at this ſage obſervation of Emily, who could tremble with ideal terrors, as much as herſelf, and liſten almoſt as eagerly to the recital of a myſterious ſtory. Annette urged her requeſt.

"Are you ſure it is a picture?" ſaid Emily, "Have you ſeen it?—Is it veiled?"

"Holy Maria! ma'amſelle, yes, no, yes. I am ſure it is a picture—I have ſeen it, and it is not veiled?"

The tone and look of ſurpriſe, with which this was uttered, recalled Emily's prudence; who concealed her emotion under a ſmile, and bade Annette lead her to the picture. It was in an obſcure chamber, adjoining that part of the caſtle, allotted to the ſervants. Several other portraits hung on the walls, covered, like this, with duſt and cobweb.

"That

"That is it, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, in a low voice, and pointing. Emily advanced, and ſurveyed the picture. It repreſented a lady in the flower of youth and beauty; her features were handſome and noble, full of ſtrong expreſſion, but had little of the captivating ſweetneſs, that Emily had looked for, and ſtill leſs of the penſive mildneſs ſhe loved. It was a countenance, which ſpoke the language of paſſion, rather than that of ſentiment; a haughty impatience of misfortune—not the placid melancholy of a ſpirit injured, yet reſigned.

"How many years have paſſed, ſince this lady diſappeared, Annette?" ſaid Emily.

"Twenty years, ma'amſelle, or thereabout, as they tell me; I know it is a long while ago." Emily continued to gaze upon the portrait.

"I think," reſumed Annette, "the Signor would do well to hang it in a better place, than this old chamber. Now, in my mind, he ought to place the picture of a lady, who gave

gave him all theſe riches, in the handſomeſt room in the caſtle. But he may have good reaſons for what he does: and ſome people do ſay, that he has loſt his riches, as well as his gratitude. But huſh, ma'am, not a word!" added Annette, laying her finger on her lips. Emily was too much abſorbed in thought, to hear what ſhe ſaid.

"'Tis a handſome lady, I am ſure," continued Annette: "the Signor need not be aſhamed to put her in the great apartment, where the veiled picture hangs." Emily turned round. "But for that matter, ſhe would be as little ſeen there, as here, for the door is always locked, I find."

"Let us leave the chamber," ſaid Emily: "and let me caution you again, Annette; be guarded in your converſation, and never tell, that you know any thing of that picture."

"Holy mother!" exclaimed Annette, "it is no ſecret; why all the ſervants have ſeen it already!"

Emily ſtarted. "How is this?" ſaid ſhe—"Have ſeen it! When?—how?"

"Dear, ma'amſelle, there is nothing ſurpriſing in that; we had all a little more *curioufneſs* that you had."

"I thought you told me, the door was kept locked?" ſaid Emily.

"If that was the caſe, ma'amſelle," replied Annette, looking about her, "how could we get here?"

"O, you mean *this* picture," ſaid Emily, with returning calmneſs. "Well, Annette, here is nothing more to engage my attention; we will go."

Emily, as ſhe paſſed to her own apartment, ſaw Montoni go down to the hall, and ſhe turned into her aunt's dreſſing-room, whom ſhe found weeping and alone, grief and reſentment ſtruggling on her countenance. Pride had hitherto reſtrained complaint. Judging of Emily's diſpoſition from her own, and from a conſciouſneſs of what her treatment of her deſerved, ſhe had believed, that her griefs would be cauſe of triumph to her niece, rather than of ſympathy; that ſhe would deſpiſe, not pity her.

her. But ſhe knew not the tenderneſs and benevolence of Emily's heart, that had always taught her to forget her own injuries in the misfortunes of her enemy. The ſufferings of others, whoever they might be, called forth her ready compaſſion, which diſſipated at once every obſcuring cloud to goodneſs, that paſſion or prejudice might have raiſed in her mind.

Madame Montoni's ſufferings, at length, roſe above her pride, and, when Emily had before entered the room, ſhe would have told them all, had not her huſband prevented her; now that ſhe was no longer reſtrained by his preſence, ſhe poured forth all her complaints to her niece.

"O Emily!" ſhe exclaimed, "I am the moſt wretched of women—I am indeed cruelly treated! Who, with my proſpects of happineſs, could have foreſeen ſuch a wretched fate as this?—who could have thought, when I married ſuch a man as the Signor, that I ſhould ever have to bewail my lot? But there is no judging what is for the

beſt—there is no knowing what is for our good! The moſt flattering proſpects often change—the beſt judgments may be deceived—who could have foreſeen, when I married the Signor, that I ſhould ever repent my *generoſity?*"

Emily thought ſhe might have foreſeen it, but this was not a thought of triumph. She placed herſelf in a chair near her aunt, took her hand, and with one of thoſe looks of ſoft compaſſion, which might characterize the countenance of a guardian angel, ſpoke to her in the tendereſt accents. But theſe did not ſoothe Madame Montoni, whom impatience to talk made unwilling to liſten. She wanted to complain, not to be conſoled; and it was by exclamations of complaint only that Emily learned the particular circumſtances of her affliction.

"Ungrateful man!" ſaid Madame Montoni, "he has deceived me in every reſpect; and now he has taken me from my country and friends, to ſhut me up in this old caſtle; and, here, he thinks he can compel me to

do

do whatever he deſigns! But he ſhall find himſelf miſtaken, he ſhall find that no threats can alter——But who would have believed! who would have ſuppoſed, that a man of his family and apparent wealth had abſolutely no fortune?—no, ſcarcely a ſequin of his own! I did all for the beſt; I thought he was a man of conſequence, of great property, or I am ſure I would never have married him,—ungrateful, artful man!" She pauſed to take breath.

"Dear madam, be compoſed," ſaid Emily: "the Signor may not be ſo rich as you had reaſon to expect, but ſurely he cannot be very poor, ſince this caſtle and the manſion at Venice are his. May I aſk what are the circumſtances, that particularly affect you?"

"What are the circumſtances!" exclaimed Madame Montoni with reſentment: "why is it not ſufficient, that he had long ago ruined his own fortune by play, and that he has ſince loſt what I brought him—and that now he would compel me

to ſign away my ſettlement (it was well I had the chief of my property ſettled on myſelf!) that he may loſe this alſo, or throw it away in wild ſchemes, which nobody can underſtand but himſelf? And, and——is not all this ſufficient?"

"It is, indeed," ſaid Emily, "but you muſt recollect, dear madam, that I knew nothing of all this."

"Well, and is it not ſufficient," rejoined her aunt, "that he is alſo abſolutely ruined, that he is ſunk deeply in debt, and that neither this caſtle, or the manſion at Venice, is his own, if all his debts, honourable and diſhonourable, were paid!"

"I am ſhocked by what you tell me, madam," ſaid Emily.

"And is it not enough," interrupted Madame Montoni, "that he has treated me with neglect, with cruelty, becauſe I refuſed to relinquiſh my ſettlements, and, inſtead of being frightened by his menaces, reſolutely defied him, and upbraided him with his ſhameful conduct? but I bore all meekly,

meekly,—you know, niece, I never uttered a word of complaint, till now; no! That ſuch a diſpoſition as mine ſhould be ſo impoſed upon! That I, whoſe only faults are too much kindneſs, too much generoſity, ſhould be chained for life to ſuch a vile, deceitful, cruel monſter!"

Want of breath compelled Madame Montoni to ſtop. If any thing could have made Emily ſmile in theſe moments, it would have been this ſpeech of her aunt, delivered in a voice very little below a ſcream, and with a vehemence of geſticulation and of countenance, that turned the whole into burleſque. Emily ſaw, that her misfortunes did not admit of real conſolation, and contemning the common-place terms of ſuperficial comfort, ſhe was ſilent; while Madame Montoni, jealous of her own conſequence, miſtook this for the ſilence of indifference, or of contempt, and reproached her with want of duty and feeling.

"O! I ſuſpected what all this boaſted

ſenſibility would prove to be!" rejoined ſhe; "I thought it would not teach you to feel either duty, or affection, for your relations, who have treated you like their own daughter!"

"Pardon me, madam," ſaid Emily, mildly, "it is not natural to me to boaſt, and if it was, I am ſure I would not boaſt of ſenſibility—a quality, perhaps, more to be feared, then deſired."

"Well, well, niece, I will not diſpute with you. But, as I ſaid, Montoni threatens me with violence, if I any longer refuſe to ſign away my ſettlements, and this was the ſubject of our conteſt, when you came into the room before. Now, I am determined no power on earth ſhall make me do this. Neither will I bear all this tamely. He ſhall hear his true character from me; I will tell him all he deſerves, in ſpite of his threats and cruel treatment."

Emily ſeized a pauſe of Madame Montoni's voice, to ſpeak. "Dear madam," ſaid ſhe, "but will not this ſerve to irri-

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tate the Signor unneceſſarily? will it not provoke the harſh treatment you dread?"

"I do not care," replied Madam Montoni, "it does not ſignify: I will not ſubmit to ſuch uſage. You would have me give up my ſettlements, too, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, madam, I do not exactly mean that."

"What is it you do mean then?"

"You ſpoke of reproaching the Signor," —ſaid Emily, with heſitation. "Why, does he not deſerve reproaches?" ſaid her aunt.

"Certainly he does; but will it be prudent in you, madam, to make them?"

"Prudent!" replied Madame Montoni. "Is this a time to talk of prudence, when one is threatened with all ſorts of violence?"

"It is to avoid that violence, that prudence is neceſſary," ſaid Emily.

"Of prudence!" continued Madame Montoni, without attending to her, "of prudence towards a man, who does not ſcruple to break all the common ties of humanity in his conduct to me! And is it

for me to conſider prudence in my behaviour towards him! I am not ſo mean."

"It is for your own ſake, not for the Signor's, madam," ſaid Emily modeſtly, "that you ſhould conſult prudence. Your reproaches, however juſt, cannot puniſh him, but they may provoke him to further violence againſt you."

"What! would you have me ſubmit, then, to whatever he commands—would you have me kneel down at his feet, and thank him for his cruelties? Would you have me give up my ſettlements?"

"How much you miſtake me, madam!" ſaid Emily, "I am unequal to adviſe you on a point ſo important as the laſt: but you will pardon me for ſaying, that, if you conſult your own peace, you will try to conciliate Signor Montoni, rather than to irritate him by reproaches."

"Conciliate indeed! I tell you, niece, it is utterly impoſſible; I diſdain to attempt it."

Emily was ſhocked to obſerve the perverted

verted understanding and obstinate temper of Madame Montoni; but, not less grieved for her sufferings, she looked round for some alleviating circumstance to offer her. "Your situation is, perhaps, not so desperate, dear madam," said Emily, "as you may imagine. The Signor may represent his affairs to be worse than they are, for the purpose of pleading a stronger necessity for his possession of your settlement. Besides, so long as you keep this, you may look forward to it as a resource, at least, that will afford you a competence, should the Signor's future conduct compel you to sue for separation."

Madame Montoni impatiently interrupted her. "Unfeeling, cruel girl!" said she, "and so you would persuade me, that I have no reason to complain; that the Signor is in very flourishing circumstances, that my future prospects promise nothing but comfort, and that my griefs are as fanciful and romantic as your own! Is it the way to console me, to endeavour to per-

ſuade me out of my ſenſes and my feelings, becauſe you happen to have no feelings yourſelf? I thought I was opening my heart to a perſon, who could ſympathize in my diſtreſs, but I find, that your people of ſenſibility can feel for nobody but themſelves! you may retire to your chamber."

Emily, without replying, immediately left the room, with a mingled emotion of pity and contempt, and haſtened to her own, where ſhe yielded to the mournful reflections, which a knowledge of her aunt's ſituation had occaſioned. The converſation of the Italian with Valancourt, in France, again occurred to her. His hints, reſpecting the broken fortunes of Montoni, were now completely juſtified: thoſe, alſo, concerning his character, appeared not leſs ſo, though the particular circumſtances, connected with his fame, to which the ſtranger had alluded, yet remained to be explained. Notwithſtanding, that her own obſervations and the words of Count Morano had convinced her, that Montoni's ſituation was

not

not what it formerly appeared to be, the intelligence ſhe had juſt received from her aunt on this point, ſtruck her with all the force of aſtoniſhment, which was not weakened, when ſhe conſidered the preſent ſtyle of Montoni's living, the number of ſervants he maintained, and the new expences he was incurring, by repairing and fortifying his caſtle. Her anxiety for her aunt and for herſelf increaſed with reflection. Several aſſertions of Morano, which, on the preceding night, ſhe had believed were prompted either by intereſt, or by reſentment, now returned to her mind with the ſtrength of truth. She could not doubt, that Montoni had formerly agreed to give her to the Count, for a pecuniary reward; —his character, and his diſtreſſed circumſtances juſtified the belief; theſe, alſo, ſeemed to confirm Morano's aſſertion, that he now deſigned to diſpoſe of her, more advantageouſly for himſelf, to a richer ſuitor.

Amidſt the reproaches, which Morano had thrown out againſt Montoni, he had

ſaid—he would not quit the caſtle *he dared to call his*, nor willingly leave *another* murder on his conſcience—hints, which might have no other origin than the paſſion of the moment: but Emily was now inclined to account for them more ſeriouſly, and ſhe ſhuddered to think, that ſhe was in the hands of a man, to whom it was even poſſible they could apply. At length, conſidering, that reflection could neither releaſe her from her melancholy ſituation, or enable her to bear it with greater fortitude, ſhe tried to divert her anxiety, and took down from her little library a volume of her favourite Arioſto; but his wild imagery and rich invention could not long enchant her attention; his ſpells did not reach her heart, and over her ſleeping fancy they played, without awakening it.

She now put aſide the book, and took her lute, for it was ſeldom that her ſufferings refuſed to yield to the magic of ſweet ſounds; when they did ſo, ſhe was oppreſſed by ſorrow, that came from exceſs of tender-

neſs

neſs and regret; and there were times, when muſic had increaſed ſuch ſorrow to a degree, that was ſcarcely endurable; when, if it had not ſuddenly ceaſed, ſhe might have loſt her reaſon. Such was the time, when ſhe mourned for her father, and heard the midnight ſtrains, that floated by her window near the convent in Languedoc, on the night that followed his death.

She continued to play, till Annette brought dinner into her chamber, at which Emily was ſurpriſed, and enquired whoſe order ſhe obeyed. "My lady's, ma'amſelle," replied Annette: "the Signor ordered her dinner to be carried to her own apartment, and ſo ſhe has ſent you your's. There have been ſad doings between them, worſe than ever, I think."

Emily, not appearing to notice what ſhe ſaid, ſat down to the little table, that was ſpread for her. But Annette was not to be ſilenced thus eaſily. While ſhe waited, ſhe told of the arrival of the men, whom

Emily

Emily had obſerved on the ramparts, and expreſſed much ſurpriſe at their ſtrange appearance, as well as at the manner, in which they had been attended by Montoni's order. "Do they dine with the Signor, then?" ſaid Emily.

"No, ma'amſelle, they dined long ago, in an apartment at the north end of the caſtle, but I know not when they are to go, for the Signor told old Carlo to ſee them provided with every thing neceſſary. They have been walking all about the caſtle, and aſking queſtions of the workmen on the ramparts. I never ſaw ſuch ſtrange looking men in my life; I am frightened whenever I ſee them."

Emily enquired, if ſhe had heard of Count Morano, and whether he was likely to recover: but Annette only knew, that he was lodged in a cottage in the wood below, and that every body ſaid he muſt die. Emily's countenance diſcovered her emotion.

"Dear ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "to

ſee how young ladies will diſguiſe themſelves, when they are in love! I thought you hated the Count, or I am ſure I would not have told you; and I am ſure you have cauſe enough to hate him."

"I hope I hate nobody," replied Emily, trying to ſmile; "but certainly I do not love Count Morano. I ſhould be ſhocked to hear of any perſon dying by violent means."

"Yes, ma'amſelle, but it is his own fault."

Emily looked diſpleaſed; and Annette, miſtaking the cauſe of her diſpleaſure, immediately began to excuſe the Count, in her way. "To be ſure, it was very ungenteel behaviour," ſaid ſhe, "to break into a lady's room, and then, when he found his diſcourſing was not agreeable to her, to refuſe to go; and then, when the gentleman of the caſtle comes to deſire him to walk about his buſineſs—to turn round, and draw his ſword, and ſwear he'll run him through the body! To be ſure it was very ungenteel behaviour, but then he was diſguiſed in love, and ſo did not know what he was about."

"Enough

"Enough of this," ſaid Emily, who now ſmiled without an effort; and Annette returned to a mention of the diſagreement between Montoni and her lady. "It is nothing new," ſaid ſhe: "we ſaw and heard enough of this at Venice, though I never told you of it, ma'amſelle."

"Well, Annette, it was very prudent of you not to mention it then: be as prudent now; the ſubject is an unpleaſant one."

"Ah dear, ma'amſelle!—to ſee now how conſiderate you can be about ſome folks, who care ſo little about you! I cannot bear to ſee you ſo deceived, and I muſt tell you. But it is all for your own good, and not to ſpite my lady, though, to ſpeak truth, I have little reaſon to love her; but—"

"You are not ſpeaking thus of my aunt, I hope, Annette?" ſaid Emily, gravely.

"Yes, ma'amſelle, but I am though; and if you knew as much as I do, you would not look ſo angry. I have often, and often, heard the Signor and her talking over your marriage with the Count, and ſhe always adviſed

adviſed him never to give up to your fooliſh whims, as ſhe was pleaſed to call them, but to be reſolute, and compel you to be obedient, whether you would, or not. And I am ſure, my heart has ached a thouſand times, and I have thought, when ſhe was ſo unhappy herſelf, ſhe might have felt a little for other people, and—"

"I thank you for your pity, Annette," ſaid Emily, interrupting her: "but my aunt was unhappy then, and that diſturbed her temper perhaps, or I think—I am ſure—— You may take away, Annette, I have done."

"Dear, ma'amſelle, you have eat nothing at all! Do try, and take a little bit more. Diſturbed her temper truly! why, her temper is always diſturbed, I think. And at Thoulouſe I have heard my lady talking of you and Monſ. Valancourt to Madame Merveille and Madame Vaiſon, often and often, in a very ill-natured way, as I thought, telling them what a deal of trouble ſhe had to keep you in order, and what a fatigue and diſtreſs it was to her, and that ſhe believed

lieved you would run away with Monſ. Valancourt, if ſhe was not to watch you cloſely; and that you connived at his coming about the houſe at night, and—"

"Good God!" exclaimed Emily, bluſhing deeply, "it is ſurely impoſſible my aunt could thus have repreſented me!"

"Indeed, ma'am, I ſay nothing more than the truth, and not all of that. But I thought, myſelf, ſhe might have found ſomething better to diſcourſe about, than the faults of her own niece, even if you had been in fault, ma'amſelle! but I did not believe a word of what ſhe ſaid. But my lady does not care what ſhe ſays againſt any body, for that matter."

"However that may be, Annette," interrupted Emily, recovering her compoſure, "it does not become you to ſpeak of the faults of my aunt to me. I know you have meant well, but—ſay no more.—I have quite dined."

Annette bluſhed, looked down, and then began ſlowly to clear the table.

"Is

"Is this, then, the reward of my ingenuouſneſs?" ſaid Emily, when ſhe was alone; "the treatment I am to receive from a relation—an aunt—who ought to have been the guardian, not the ſlanderer of my reputation,—who, as a woman, ought to have reſpected the delicacy of female honour, and, as a relation, ſhould have protected mine! But, to utter falſehoods on ſo nice a ſubject—to repay the openneſs, and, I may ſay with honeſt pride, the propriety of my conduct, with ſlanders—required a depravity of heart, ſuch as I could ſcarcely have believed exiſted, ſuch as I weep to find in a relation. O! what a contraſt does her character preſent to that of my beloved father; while envy and low cunning form the chief traits of her's, his was diſtinguiſhed by benevolence and philoſophic wiſdom! But now, let me only remember, if poſſible, that ſhe is unfortunate."

Emily threw her veil over her, and went down to walk upon the ramparts, the only walk, indeed, which was open to her, though

though ſhe often wiſhed, that ſhe might be permitted to ramble among the woods below, and ſtill more, that ſhe might ſometimes explore the ſublime ſcenes of the ſurrounding country. But as Montoni would not ſuffer her to paſs the gates of the caſtle, ſhe tried to be contented with the romantic views ſhe beheld from the walls. The peaſants, who had been employed on the fortifications, had left their work, and the ramparts were ſilent and ſolitary. Their lonely appearance, together with the gloom of a lowering ſky, aſſiſted the muſings of her mind, and threw over it a kind of melancholy tranquillity, ſuch as ſhe often loved to indulge. She turned to obſerve a fine effect of the ſun, as his rays, ſuddenly ſtreaming from behind a heavy cloud, lighted up the weſt towers of the caſtle, while the reſt of the edifice was in deep ſhade, except, that, through a lofty gothic arch, adjoining the tower, which led to another terrace, the beams darted in full ſplendour, and ſhewed the three ſtrangers ſhe had obſerved in the morning.

morning. Perceiving them, ſhe ſtarted, and a momentary fear came over her, as ſhe looked up the long rampart, and ſaw no other perſons. While ſhe heſitated, they approached. The gate at the end of the terrace, whither they were advancing, ſhe knew, was always locked, and ſhe could not depart by the oppoſite extremity, without meeting them; but before ſhe paſſed them, ſhe haſtily drew a thin veil over her face, which did, indeed, but ill conceal her beauty. They looked earneſtly at her, and ſpoke to each other in bad Italian, of which ſhe caught only a few words; but the fierceneſs of their countenances, now that ſhe was near enough to diſcriminate them, ſtruck her yet more than the wild ſingularity of their air and dreſs had formerly done. It was the countenance and figure of him, who walked between the other two, that chiefly ſeized her attention, which expreſſed a ſullen haughtineſs and a kind of dark watchful villany, and gave a thrill of horror to her heart. All this was ſo legibly written on his features

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as to be ſeen by a ſingle glance, for ſhe paſſed the group ſwiftly, and her timid eyes ſcarcely reſted on them a moment. Having reached the terrace, ſhe ſtopped, and perceived the ſtrangers ſtanding in the ſhadow of one of the turrets, gazing after her, and ſeemingly by their action, in earneſt converſation. She immediately left the rampart, and retired to her apartment.

In the evening, Montoni ſat late, carouſing with his gueſts in the cedar chamber. His recent triumph over Count Morano, or, perhaps, ſome other circumſtance, contributed to elevate his ſpirits to an unuſual height. He filled the goblet often, and gave a looſe to merriment and talk. The gaiety of Cavigni, on the contrary, was ſomewhat clouded by anxiety. He kept a watchful eye upon Verezzi, whom, with the utmoſt difficulty, he had hitherto reſtrained from exaſperating Montoni further againſt Morano, by a mention of his late taunting words.

One of the company exultingly recurred

to

to the event of the preceding evening. Verezzi's eyes ſparkled. The mention of Morano led to that of Emily, of whom they were all profuſe in the praiſe, except Montoni, who ſat ſilent, and then interrupted the ſubject.

When the ſervants had withdrawn, Montoni and his friends entered into cloſe converſation, which was ſometimes checked by the irraſcible temper of Verezzi, but in which Montoni diſplayed his conſcious ſuperiority, by that deciſive look and manner, which always accompanied the vigour of his thought, and to which moſt of his companions ſubmitted, as to a power, that they had no right to queſtion, though of each other's ſelf-importance they were jealouſly ſcrupulous. Amidſt this converſation, one of them imprudently introduced again the name of Morano; and Verezzi, now more heated by wine, diſregarded the expreſſive looks of Cavigni, and gave ſome dark hints of what had paſſed on the preceding night. Theſe, however, Montoni did not appear

to

to underſtand, for he continued ſilent in his chair, without diſcovering any emotion, while, the choler of Verezzi increaſing with the apparent inſenſibility of Montoni, he at length told the ſuggeſtion of Morano, that this caſtle did not lawfully belong to him, and that he would not willingly leave another murder on his conſcience.

" Am I to be inſulted at my own table, and by my own friends?" ſaid Montoni, with a countenance pale in anger. " Why are the words of that madman repeated to me?" Verezzi, who had expected to hear Montoni's indignation poured forth againſt Morano, and anſwered by thanks to himſelf, looked with aſtoniſhment at Cavigni, who enjoyed his confuſion. " Can you be weak enough to credit the aſſertions of a madman?" rejoined Montoni, " or, what is the ſame thing, a man poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of vengeance? But he has ſucceeded too well; you believe what he ſaid."

" Signor," ſaid Verezzi, " we believe only what we know."—" How!" interrupted

rupted Montoni, ſternly: "produce your proof."

"We believe only what we know," repeated Verezzi, "and we know nothing of what Morano aſſerts." Montoni ſeemed to recover himſelf. "I am haſty, my friends," ſaid he, "with reſpect to my honour; no man ſhall queſtion it with impunity — you did not mean to queſtion it. Theſe fooliſh words are not worth your remembrance, or my reſentment. Verezzi, here is to your firſt exploit."

"Succeſs to your firſt exploit," re-echoed the whole company.

"Noble Signor," replied Verezzi, glad to find he had eſcaped Montoni's reſentment, "with my good will, you ſhall build your ramparts of gold."

"Paſs the goblet," cried Montoni. "We will drink to Signora St. Aubert," ſaid Cavigni. "By your leave, we will firſt drink to the Lady of the caſtle," ſaid Bertolini.—Montoni was ſilent. "To the

Lady of the caſtle," ſaid his gueſts. He bowed his head.

"It much ſurpriſes me, Signor," ſaid Bertolini, "that you have ſo long neglected this caſtle; it is a noble edifice."

"It ſuits our purpoſe," replied Montoni, "and *is* a noble edifice. You know not, it ſeems, by what miſchance it came to me."

"It was a lucky miſchance, be it what it may, Signor," replied Bertolini, ſmiling, "I would, that one ſo lucky had befallen me."

Montoni looked gravely at him. "If you will attend to what I ſay," he reſumed, "you ſhall hear the ſtory."

The countenances of Bertolini and Verezzi expreſſed ſomething more than curioſity; Cavigni, who ſeemed to feel none, had probably heard the relation before.

"It is now near twenty years," ſaid Montoni, "ſince this caſtle came into my poſſeſſion. I inherit it by the female line. The lady, my predeceſſor, was only diſtantly related

related to me; I am the laſt of her family. She was beautiful and rich; I wooed her; but her heart was fixed upon another, and ſhe rejected me. It is probable, however, that ſhe was herſelf rejected of the perſon, whoever he might be, on whom ſhe beſtowed her favour, for a deep and ſettled melancholy took poſſeſſion of her; and I have reaſon to believe ſhe put a period to her own life. I was not at the caſtle at the time; but as there are ſome ſingular and myſterious circumſtances attending that event, I ſhall repeat them."

"Repeat them!" ſaid a voice.

Montoni was ſilent; the gueſts looked at each other, to know who ſpoke; but they perceived, that each was making the ſame enquiry. Montoni, at length, recovering himſelf, "We are overheard," ſaid he: "we will finiſh this ſubject another time. Paſs the goblet."

The cavaliers looked round the wide chamber.

"Here is no perſon, but ourſelves," ſaid Verezzi: "pray, Signor, proceed."

"Did you hear any thing?" ſaid Montoni.

"We did," ſaid Bertolini.

"It could be only fancy," ſaid Verezzi, looking round again. "We ſee no perſon beſides ourſelves; and the ſound I thought I heard ſeemed within the room. Pray, Signor, go on."

Montoni paused a moment, and then proceeded in a lowered voice, while the cavaliers drew nearer to attend.

"Ye are to know, Signors, that the Lady Laurentini had for ſome months ſhewn ſymptoms of a dejected mind, nay, of a diſturbed imagination. Her mood was very unequal; ſometimes ſhe was ſunk in calm melancholy, and, at others, as I have been told, ſhe betrayed all the ſymptoms of frantic madneſs. It was one night in the month of October, after ſhe had recovered from one of thoſe fits of exceſs, and had ſunk again into her uſual melancholy, that ſhe retired alone

alone to her chamber, and forbade all interruption. It was the chamber at the end of the corridor, Signors, where we had the affray, last night. From that hour, she was seen no more."

"How! seen no more!" said Bertolini, "was not her body found in the chamber?"

"Were her remains never found?" cried the rest of the company all together.

"Never!" replied Montoni.

"What reasons were there to suppose she destroyed herself, then?" said Bertolini. —"Aye, what reasons?" said Verezzi.—"How happened it that her remains were never found? Although she killed herself, she could not bury herself." Montoni looked indignantly at Verezzi, who began to apologize. "Your pardon, Signor," said he: "I did not consider, that the lady was your relative, when I spoke of her so lightly."

Montoni accepted the apology.

"But the Signor will oblige us with the

reaſons, which urged him to believe, that the lady committed ſuicide."

"Thoſe I will explain hereafter," ſaid Montoni: "at preſent let me relate a moſt extraordinary circumſtance. This converſation goes no further, Signors. Liſten, then, to what I am going to ſay."

"Liſten!" ſaid a voice.

They were all again ſilent, and the countenance of Montoni changed. "This is no illuſion of the fancy," ſaid Cavigni, at length breaking the profound ſilence.—"No," ſaid Bertolini; "I heard it myſelf, now. Yet here is no perſon in the room but ourſelves!"

"This is very extraordinary," ſaid Montoni, ſuddenly riſing. "This is not to be borne; here is ſome deception, ſome trick, I will know what it means."

All the company roſe from their chairs in confuſion.

"It is very odd!" ſaid Bertolini. "Here is really no ſtranger in the room.

If

If it is a trick, Signor, you will do well to puniſh the author of it ſeverely."

"A trick! what elſe can it be?" ſaid Cavigni, affecting a laugh.

The ſervants were now ſummoned, and the chamber was ſearched, but no perſon was found. The ſurpriſe and conſternation of the company increaſed. Montoni was diſcompoſed. "We will leave this room," ſaid he, "and the ſubject of our converſation alſo; it is too ſolemn." His gueſts were equally ready to quit the apartment; but the ſubject had rouſed their curioſity, and they entreated Montoni to withdraw to another chamber, and finiſh it; no intreaties could, however, prevail with him. Notwithſtanding his efforts to appear at eaſe, he was viſibly and greatly diſordered.

"Why, Signor, you are not ſuperſtitious," cried Verezzi, jeeringly; "you, who have ſo often laughed at the credulity of others!"

"I am not ſuperſtitious," replied Montoni,

toni, regarding him with ſtern diſpleaſure, "though I know how to deſpiſe the common-place ſentences, which are frequently uttered againſt ſuperſtition. I will enquire further into this affair." He then left the room; and his gueſts, ſeparating for the night, retired to their reſpective apartments.

CHAP-

CHAP. VIII.

"He wears the roſe of youth upon his cheek."
SHAKSPEARE.

WE now return to Valancourt, who, it may be remembered, remained at Thouloufe, ſome time after the departure of Emily, reſtleſs and miſerable. Each morrow, that approached, he deſigned ſhould carry him from thence; yet to-morrow and to-morrow came, and ſtill ſaw him lingering in the ſcene of his former happineſs. He could not immediately tear himſelf from the ſpot, where he had been accuſtomed to converſe with Emily, or from the objects they had viewed together, which appeared to him memorials of her affection, as well as a kind of ſurety for its faithfulneſs; and, next to the pain of bidding her adieu, was that of leaving the ſcenes, which ſo powerfully awakened her image. Sometimes he had

bribed a ſervant, who had been left in the care of Madame Montoni's chateau, to permit him to viſit the gardens, and there he would wander for hours together, rapt in a melancholy, not unpleaſing. The terrace, and the pavilion at the end of it, where he had taken leave of Emily, on the eve of her departure from Thouloufe, were his moſt favourite haunts. There, as he walked, or leaned from the window of the building, he would endeavour to recollect all ſhe had ſaid, on that night; to catch the tones of her voice, as they faintly vibrated on his memory, and to remember the exact expreſſion of her countenance, which ſometimes came ſuddenly to his fancy, like a viſion; that beautiful countenance, which awakened, as by inſtantaneous magic, all the tenderneſs of his heart, and ſeemed to tell with irreſiſtible eloquence—that he had loſt her for ever! At theſe moments, his hurried ſteps would have diſcovered to a ſpectator the deſpair of his heart. The character of Montoni, ſuch as he had received

ceived from hints, and ſuch as his fears repreſented it, would riſe to his view, together with all the dangers it ſeemed to threaten to Emily and to his love. He blamed himſelf, that he had not urged theſe more forcibly to her, while it might have been in his power to detain her, and that he had ſuffered an abſurd and criminal delicacy, as he termed it, to conquer ſo ſoon the reaſonable arguments he had oppoſed to this journey. Any evil, that might have attended their marriage, ſeemed ſo inferior to thoſe, which now threatened their love, or even to the ſufferings, that abſence occaſioned, that he wondered how he could have ceaſed to urge his ſuit, till he had convinced her of its propriety; and he would certainly now have followed her to Italy, if he could have been ſpared from his regiment for ſo long a journey. His regiment, indeed, ſoon reminded him, that he had other duties to attend, than thoſe of love.

A ſhort time after his arrival at his bro-

ther's houſe, he was ſummoned to join his brother-officers, and he accompanied a battalion to Paris; where a ſcene of novelty and gaiety opened upon him, ſuch as, till then, he had only a faint idea of. But gaiety diſguſted, and company fatigued, his ſick mind; and he became an object of unceaſing raillery to his companions, from whom, whenever he could ſteal an opportunity, he eſcaped, to think of Emily. The ſcenes around him, however, and the company with whom he was obliged to mingle, engaged his attention, though they failed to amuſe his fancy, and thus gradually weakened the habit of yielding to lamentation, till it appeared leſs a duty to his love to indulge it. Among his brother-officers were many, who added to the ordinary character of a French ſoldier's gaiety ſome of thoſe faſcinating qualities, which too frequently throw a veil over folly, and ſometimes even ſoften the features of vice into ſmiles. To theſe men the reſerved and thoughtful manners of Valancourt

court were a kind of tacit cenſure on their own, for which they rallied him when preſent, and plotted againſt him when abſent; they gloried in the thought of reducing him to their own level, and, conſidering it to be a ſpirited frolic, determined to accompliſh it.

Valancourt was a ſtranger to the gradual progreſs of ſcheme and intrigue, againſt which he could not be on his guard. He had not been accuſtomed to receive ridicule, and he could ill endure its ſting; he reſented it, and this only drew upon him a louder laugh. To eſcape from ſuch ſcenes, he fled into ſolitude, and there the image of Emily met him, and revived the pangs of love and deſpair. He then ſought to renew thoſe taſteful ſtudies, which had been the delight of his early years; but his mind had loſt the tranquillity, which is neceſſary for their enjoyment. To forget himſelf and the grief and anxiety, which the idea of her recalled, he would quit his ſolitude, and again mingle in the crowd—glad of a

temporary

temporary relief, and rejoicing to ſnatch amuſement for the moment.

Thus paſſed weeks after weeks, time gradually ſoftening his ſorrow, and habit ſtrengthening his deſire of amuſement, till the ſcenes around him ſeemed to awaken into a new character, and Valancourt, to have fallen among them from the clouds.

His figure and addreſs made him a welcome viſitor, wherever he had been introduced, and he ſoon frequented the moſt gay and faſhionable circles of Paris. Among theſe, was the aſſembly of the Counteſs Lacleur, a woman of eminent beauty and captivating manners. She had paſſed the ſpring of youth, but her wit prolonged the triumph of its reign, and they mutually aſſiſted the fame of each other; for thoſe, who were charmed by her lovelineſs, ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of her talents; and others, who admired her playful imagination, declared, that her perſonal graces were unrivalled. But her imagination was merely playful, and her wit, if ſuch it could be called, was

brilliant,

brilliant, rather than juſt; it dazzled, and its fallacy eſcaped the detection of the moment; for the accents, in which ſhe pronounced it, and the ſmile, that accompanied them, were a ſpell upon the judgment of the auditors. Her *petits ſoupers* were the moſt taſteful of any in Paris, and were frequented by many of the ſecond claſs of literati. She was fond of muſic, was herſelf a ſcientific performer, and had frequently concerts at her houſe. Valancourt, who paſſionately loved muſic, and who ſometimes aſſiſted at theſe concerts, admired her execution, but remembered with a ſigh the eloquent ſimplicity of Emily's ſongs and the natural expreſſion of her manner, which waited not to be approved by the judgment, but found their way at once to the heart.

Madame *La Comteſſe* had often deep play at her houſe, which ſhe affected to reſtrain, but ſecretly encouraged; and it was well known among her friends, that the ſplendour of her eſtabliſhment was chiefly ſup-

plied

plied from the profits of her tables. But her *petits ſoupers* were the moſt charming imaginable! Here were all the delicacies of the four quarters of the world, all the wit and the lighter efforts of genius, all the graces of converſation—the ſmiles of beauty, and the charms of muſic; and Valancourt paſſed his pleaſanteſt, as well as moſt dangerous hours in theſe parties.

His brother, who remained with his family in Gaſcony, had contented himſelf with giving him letters of introduction to ſuch of his relations, reſiding at Paris, as the latter was not already known to. All theſe were perſons of ſome diſtinction; and, as neither the perſon, mind, or manners of Valancourt the younger threatened to diſgrace their alliance, they received him with as much kindneſs as their nature, hardened by uninterrupted proſperity, would admit of; but their attentions did not extend to acts of real friendſhip; for they were too much occupied by their own purſuits, to feel any intereſt in his; and thus he was

ſet down in the midſt of Paris, in the pride of youth, with an open, unſuſpicious temper and ardent affections, without one friend, to warn him of the dangers, to which he was expoſed. Emily, who, had ſhe been preſent, would have ſaved him from theſe evils by awakening his heart, and engaging him in worthy purſuits, now only increaſed his danger:—it was to loſe the grief, which the remembrance of her occaſioned, that he firſt ſought amuſement; and for this end he purſued it, till habit made it an object of abſtract intereſt.

There was alſo a Marchioneſs Champfort, a young widow, at whoſe aſſemblies he paſſed much of his time. She was handſome, ſtill more artful, gay and fond of intrigue. The ſociety, which ſhe drew round her, was leſs elegant and more vicious, than that of the Counteſs Lacleur; but, as ſhe had addreſs enough to throw a veil, though but a ſlight one, over the worſt parts of her character, ſhe was ſtill viſited by many perſons of what is called diſtinction.

diſtinction. Valancourt was introduced to her parties by two of his brother-officers, whoſe late ridicule he had now forgiven ſo far, that he could ſometimes join in the laugh, which a mention of his former manners would renew.

The gaiety of the moſt ſplendid court in Europe, the magnificence of the palaces, entertainments, and equipages, that ſurrounded him—all conſpired to dazzle his imagination, and re-animate his ſpirits, and the example and maxims of his military aſſociates to delude his mind. Emily's image, indeed, ſtill lived there; but it was no longer the friend, the monitor, that ſaved him from himſelf, and to which he retired to weep the ſweet, yet melancholy, tears of tenderneſs. When he had recourſe to it, it aſſumed a countenance of mild reproach, that wrung his ſoul, and called forth tears of unmixed miſery; his only eſcape from which was to forget the object of it, and he endeavoured, therefore, to think of Emily as ſeldom as he could.

Thus

Thus dangerouſly circumſtanced was Valancourt, at the time, when Emily was ſuffering at Venice, from the perſecuting addreſſes of Count Morano, and the unjuſt authority of Montoni; at which period we leave him.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

"The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt."

KING JOHN.

LEAVING the gay ſcenes of Paris, we return to thoſe of the gloomy Apennine, where Emily's thoughts were ſtill faithful to Valancourt. Looking to him as to her only hope, ſhe recollected, with jealous exactneſs, every aſſurance and every proof ſhe had witneſſed of his affection; read again and again the letters ſhe had received from him; weighed with intenſe anxiety, the force of every word, that ſpoke of his attachment; and dried her tears, as ſhe truſted in his truth.

Montoni, meanwhile, had made ſtrict enquiry, concerning the ſtrange circumſtance of his alarm, without obtaining information; and was, at length, obliged to account

account for it by the reaſonable ſuppoſition, that it was a miſchievous trick played off by one of his domeſtics. His diſagreements with Madame Montoni, on the ſubject of her ſettlements, were now more frequent than ever; he even confined her entirely to her own apartment, and did not ſcruple to threaten her with much greater ſeverity, ſhould ſhe perſevere in a refuſal.

Reaſon, had ſhe conſulted it, would now have perplexed her in the choice of a conduct to be adopted. It would have pointed out the danger of irritating by further oppoſition a man, ſuch as Montoni had proved himſelf to be, and to whoſe power ſhe had ſo entirely committed herſelf; and it would alſo have told her, of what extreme importance to her future comfort it was, to reſerve for herſelf thoſe poſſeſſions, which would enable her to live independently of Montoni, ſhould ſhe ever eſcape from his immediate controul. But ſhe was directed by a more deciſive guide than reaſon—the ſpirit of revenge, which urged her to oppoſe violence

violence to violence, and obſtinacy to obſtinacy.

Wholly confined to the ſolitude of her apartment, ſhe was now reduced to ſolicit the ſociety ſhe ſo lately rejected; for Emily was the only perſon, except Annette, with whom ſhe was permitted to converſe.

Generouſly anxious for her peace, Emily, therefore, tried to perſuade, when ſhe could not convince, and ſought by every gentle means to induce her to forbear that aſperity of reply which ſo greatly irritated Montoni. The pride of her aunt did ſometimes ſoften to the ſoothing voice of Emily, and there even were moments, when ſhe regarded her affectionate attentions with good-will.

The ſcenes of terrible contention, to which Emily was frequently compelled to be witneſs, exhauſted her ſpirits more than any circumſtances, that had occurred ſince her departure from Thouloufe. The gentleneſs and goodneſs of her parents, together with the ſcenes of her early happineſs, often

ſtole

ſtole on her mind, like the viſions of a higher world; while the characters and circumſtances, now paſſing beneath her eye, excited both terror and ſurpriſe. She could ſcarcely have imagined, that paſſions ſo fierce and ſo various, as thoſe which Montoni exhibited, could have been concentrated in one individual; yet what more ſurpriſed her, was, that, on great occaſions, he could bend theſe paſſions, wild as they were, to the cauſe of his intereſt, and generally could diſguiſe in his countenance their operation on his mind; but ſhe had ſeen him too often, when he had thought it unneceſſary to conceal his nature, to be deceived on ſuch occaſions.

Her preſent life appeared like the dream of a diſtempered imagination, or like one of thoſe frightful fictions, in which the wild genius of the poets ſometimes delighted. Reflection brought only regret, and anticipation terror. How often did ſhe wiſh to "ſteal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale," that Languedoc and repoſe might once more be her's!

Of

Of Count Morano's health ſhe made frequent enquiry; but Annette heard only vague reports of his danger, and that his ſurgeon had ſaid he would never leave the cottage alive; while Emily could not but be ſhocked to think, that ſhe, however innocently, might be the means of his death; and Annette, who did not fail to obſerve her emotion, interpreted it in her own way.

But a circumſtance ſoon occurred, which entirely withdrew Annette's attention from this ſubject, and awakened the ſurpriſe and curioſity ſo natural to her. Coming one day to Emily's apartment, with a countenance full of importance, "What can all this mean, ma'amſelle?" ſaid ſhe. "Would I was once ſafe in Languedoc again, they ſhould never catch me going on my travels any more! I muſt think it a fine thing, truly, to come abroad, and ſee foreign parts! I little thought I was coming to be caged up in an old caſtle, among ſuch dreary mountains, with the chance of being murdered, or, what is as good, having my throat cut!"

"What

"What can all this mean, indeed, Annette?" ſaid Emily in aſtoniſhment.

"Aye, ma'amſelle, you may look ſurpriſed; but you won't believe it, perhaps, till they have murdered you, too. You would not believe about the ghoſt I told you of, though I ſhewed you the very place, where it uſed to appear!—You will believe nothing, ma'amſelle."

"Not till you ſpeak more reaſonably, Annette; for Heaven's ſake, explain your meaning. You ſpoke of murder!"

"Aye, ma'amſelle, they are coming to murder us all, perhaps; but what ſignifies explaining?—you will not believe."

Emily again deſired her to relate what ſhe had ſeen, or heard.

"O, I have ſeen enough, ma'am, and heard too much, as Ludovico can prove. Poor ſoul! they will murder him, too! I little thought, when he ſung thoſe ſweet verſes under my lattice at Venice!"—Emily looked impatient and diſpleaſed. "Well, ma'amſelle, as I was ſaying, theſe prepara-

tions about the caſtle, and theſe ſtrange-looking people, that are calling here every day, and the Signor's cruel uſage of my lady, and his odd goings-on—all theſe, as I told Ludovico, can bode no good. And he bid me hold my tongue. So, ſays I, the Signor's ſtrangely altered, Ludovico, in this gloomy caſtle, to what he was in France; there, all ſo gay! Nobody ſo gallant to my lady, then; and he could ſmile, too, upon a poor ſervant, ſometimes, and jeer her, too, good-naturedly enough. I remember once, when he ſaid to me, as I was going out of my lady's dreſſing-room —Annette, ſays he—"

"Never mind what the Signor ſaid," interrupted Emily; "but tell me, at once, the circumſtance, which has thus alarmed you."

"Aye, ma'amſelle," rejoined Annette, "that is juſt what Ludovico ſays: ſays he, Never mind what the Signor ſays to you. So I told him what I thought about the Signor. He is ſo ſtrangely altered, ſaid I: for now he is ſo haughty, and ſo commanding,

ing, and ſo ſharp with my lady; and, if he meets one, he'll ſcarcely look at one, unleſs it be to frown. So much the better, ſays Ludovico, ſo much the better. And to tell you the truth, ma'amſelle, I thought this was a very ill-natured ſpeech of Ludovico: but I went on. And then, ſays I, he is always knitting his brows; and if one ſpeaks to him, he does not hear; and then he ſits up counſelling ſo, of a night, with the other Signors—there they are, till long paſt midnight, diſcourſing together! Aye, but ſays Ludovico, you don't know what they are counſelling about. No, ſaid I, but I can gueſs—it is about my young lady. Upon that, Ludovico burſt out a-laughing, quite loud; ſo he put me in a huff, for I did not like that either I, or you, ma'amſelle, ſhould be laughed at; and I turned away quick, but he ſtopped me. 'Don't be affronted, Annette,' ſaid he, 'but I cannot help laughing;' and with that he laughed again. 'What!' ſays he, 'do you think the Signors ſit up, night

after night, only to counſel about thy young lady! No, no, there is ſomething more in the wind than that. And theſe repairs about the caſtle, and theſe preparations about the ramparts—they are not making about young ladies.' Why, ſurely, ſaid I, the Signor, my maſter, is not going to make war? 'Make war?' ſaid Ludovico, 'what, upon the mountains and the woods? for here is no living ſoul to make war upon, that I ſee.'

"What are theſe preparations for, then? ſaid I; why ſurely nobody is coming to take away my maſter's caſtle! 'Then there are ſo many ill-looking fellows coming to the caſtle every day,' ſays Ludovico, without anſwering my queſtion, 'and the Signor ſees them all, and talks with them all, and they all ſtay in the neighbourhood! By holy St. Marco! ſome of them are the moſt cut-throat looking dogs I ever ſet my eyes upon.'

"I aſked Ludovico again, if he thought they were coming to take away my maſter's caſtle;

caſtle; and he ſaid, No, he did not think they were, but he did not know for certain. 'Then, yeſterday,' ſaid he, but you muſt not tell this, ma'amſelle, 'yeſterday, a party of theſe men came, and left all their horſes in the caſtle ſtables, where, it ſeems, they are to ſtay, for the Signor ordered them all to be entertained with the beſt provender in the manger; but the men are, moſt of them, in the neighbouring cottages.'

"So, ma'amſelle, I came to tell you all this, for I never heard any thing ſo ſtrange in my life. But what can theſe ill-looking men be come about, if it is not to murder us? And the Signor knows this, or why ſhould he be ſo civil to them? And why ſhould he fortify the caſtle, and counſel ſo much with the other Signors, and be ſo thoughtful?"

"Is this all you have to tell, Annette?" ſaid Emily. "Have you heard nothing elſe that alarms you?"

"Nothing elſe, ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette; "why, is not this enough?" "Quite

enough for my patience, Annette, but not quite enough to convince me we are all to be murdered, though I acknowledge here is ſufficient food for curioſity." She forbore to ſpeak her apprehenſions, becauſe ſhe would not encourage Annette's wild terrors; but the preſent circumſtances of the caſtle both ſurpriſed and alarmed her. Annette, having told her tale, left the chamber, on the wing for new wonders.

In the evening, Emily had paſſed ſome melancholy hours with Madame Montoni, and was retiring to reſt, when ſhe was alarmed by a ſtrange and loud knocking at her chamber door, and then a heavy weight fell againſt it, that almoſt burſt it open. She called to know who was there, and receiving no anſwer, repeated the call; but a chilling ſilence followed. It occurred to her—for, at this moment, ſhe could not reaſon on the probability of circumſtances—that ſome one of the ſtrangers, lately arrived at the caſtle, had diſcovered her apartment, and was come with ſuch

intent, as their looks rendered too poſſible —to rob, perhaps to murder, her. The moment ſhe admitted this poſſibility, terror ſupplied the place of conviction, and a kind of inſtinctive remembrance of her remote ſituation from the family heightened it to a degree, that almoſt overcame her ſenſes. She looked at the door, which led to the ſtair-caſe, expecting to ſee it open, and liſtening, in fearful ſilence, for a return of the noiſe, till ſhe began to think it had proceeded from this door, and a wiſh of eſcaping through the oppoſite one ruſhed upon her mind. She went to the gallery door, and then, fearing to open it, leſt ſome perſon might be ſilently lurking for her without, ſhe ſtopped, but with her eyes fixed in expectation upon the oppoſite door of the ſtaircaſe. As thus ſhe ſtood, ſhe heard a faint breathing near her, and became convinced, that ſome perſon was on the other ſide of the door, which was already locked. She ſought for other faſtening, but there was none.

While ſhe yet liſtened, the breathing was diſtinctly heard, and her terror was not ſoothed, when, looking round her wide and lonely chamber, ſhe again conſidered her remote ſituation. As ſhe ſtood heſitating whether to call for aſſiſtance, the continuance of the ſtillneſs ſurpriſed her; and her ſpirits would have revived, had ſhe not continued to hear the faint breathing, that convinced her, the perſon, whoever it was, had not quitted the door.

At length, worn out with anxiety, ſhe determined to call loudly for aſſiſtance from her caſement, and was advancing to it, when, whether the terror of her mind gave her ideal ſounds, or that real ones did come, ſhe thought footſteps were aſcending the private ſtaircaſe; and, expecting to ſee its door uncloſe, ſhe forgot all other cauſe of alarm, and retreated towards the corridor. Here ſhe endeavoured to make her eſcape, but, on opening the door, was very near falling over a perſon, who lay on the floor without. She ſcreamed, and would have

have paſſed, but her trembling frame refuſed to ſupport her; and the moment, in which ſhe leaned againſt the wall of the gallery, allowed her leiſure to obſerve the figure before her, and to recognize the features of Annette. Fear inſtantly yielded to ſurpriſe. She ſpoke in vain to the poor girl, who remained ſenſeleſs on the floor, and then, loſing all conſciouſneſs of her own weakneſs, hurried to her aſſiſtance.

When Annette recovered, ſhe was helped by Emily into the chamber, but was ſtill unable to ſpeak, and looked round her, as if her eyes followed ſome perſon in the room. Emily tried to ſooth her diſturbed ſpirits, and forbore, at preſent, to aſk her any queſtions; but the faculty of ſpeech was never long withheld from Annette, and ſhe explained, in broken ſentences, and in her tedious way, the occaſion of her diſorder. She affirmed, and with a ſolemnity of conviction, that almoſt ſtaggered the incredulity of Emily, that ſhe had ſeen

an apparition, as ſhe was paſſing to her bed-room, through the corridor.

"I had heard ſtrange ſtories of that chamber before," ſaid Annette: "but as it was ſo near your's, ma'amſelle, I would not tell them to you, becauſe they would frighten you. The ſervants had told me, often and often, that it was haunted, and that was the reaſon why it was ſhut up: nay, for that matter, why the whole ſtring of theſe rooms, here, are ſhut up. I quaked whenever I went by, and I muſt ſay, I did ſometimes think I heard odd noiſes within it. But, as I ſaid, as I was paſſing along the corridor, and not thinking a word about the matter, or even of the ſtrange voice that the Signors heard the other night, all of a ſudden comes a great light, and, looking behind me, there was a tall figure (I ſaw it as plainly, ma'amſelle, as I ſee you at this moment), a tall figure gliding along (Oh! I cannot deſcribe how!) into the room, that is always ſhut up, and nobody has the key

of

of it but the Signor, and the door ſhut directly.

"Then it doubtleſs was the Signor," ſaid Emily.

"O no, ma'amſelle, it could not be him, for I left him buſy a-quarrelling in my lady's dreſſing-room!"

"You bring me ſtrange tales, Annette," ſaid Emily: "it was but this morning, that you would have terrified me with the apprehenſion of murder; and now you would perſuade me, you have ſeen a ghoſt! Theſe wonderful ſtories come too quickly."

"Nay, ma'amſelle, I will ſay no more, only, if I had not been frightened, I ſhould not have fainted dead away, ſo. I ran as faſt as I could, to get to your door; but, what was worſt of all, I could not call out; then I thought ſomething muſt be ſtrangely the matter with me, and directly I dropt down."

"Was it the chamber where the black veil hangs?" ſaid Emily. "O! no, ma'amſelle, it was one nearer to this. What ſhall I do, to get to my room? I would not go

out into the corridor again, for the whole world!" Emily, whoſe ſpirits had been ſeverely ſhocked, and who, therefore, did not like the thought of paſſing the night alone, told her ſhe might ſleep where ſhe was. "O, no ma'amſelle," replied Annette, "I would not ſleep in the room, now, for a thouſand ſequins!"

Wearied and diſappointed, Emily firſt ridiculed, though ſhe ſhared, her fears, and then tried to ſooth them; but neither attempt ſucceeded, and the girl perſiſted in believing and affirming, that what ſhe had ſeen was nothing human. It was not till ſome time after Emily had recovered her compoſure, that ſhe recollected the ſteps ſhe had heard on the ſtaircaſe—a remembrance, however, which made her inſiſt that Annette ſhould paſs the night with her, and, with much difficulty, ſhe, at length, prevailed, aſſiſted by that part of the girl's fear, which concerned the corridor.

Early on the following morning, as Emily croſſed the hall to the ramparts, ſhe heard

heard a noiſy buſtle in the court-yard, and the clatter of horſes' hoofs. Such unuſual ſounds excited her curioſity; and, inſtead of going to the ramparts, ſhe went to an upper caſement, from whence ſhe ſaw, in the court below, a large party of horſemen, dreſſed in a ſingular, but uniform habit, and completely, though variouſly, armed. They wore a kind of ſhort jacket, compoſed of black and ſcarlet, and ſeveral of them had a cloak, of plain black, which, covering the perſon entirely, hung down to the ſtirrups. As one of theſe cloaks glanced aſide, ſhe ſaw, beneath, daggers, apparently of different ſizes, tucked into the horſeman's belt. She further obſerved, that theſe were carried, in the ſame manner, by many of the horſemen without cloaks, moſt of whom bore alſo pikes, or javelins. On their heads were the ſmall Italian caps, ſome of which were diſtinguiſhed by black feathers. Whether theſe caps gave a fierce air to the countenance, or that the countenances they ſurmounted had naturally ſuch

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an appearance, Emily thought ſhe had never, till then, ſeen an aſſemblage of faces ſo ſavage and terrific. While ſhe gazed, ſhe almoſt fancied herſelf ſurrounded by banditti; and a vague thought glanced athwart her fancy—that Montoni was the captain of the groupe before her, and that this caſtle was to be the place of rendezvous. The ſtrange and horrible ſuppoſition was but momentary, though her reaſon could ſupply none more probable, and though ſhe diſcovered, among the band, the ſtrangers ſhe had formerly noticed with ſo much alarm, who were now diſtinguiſhed by the black plume.

While ſhe continued gazing, Cavigni, Verezzi, and Bertolini came forth from the hall, habited like the reſt, except that they wore hats, with a mixed plume of black and ſcarlet, and that their arms differed from thoſe of the reſt of the party. As they mounted their horſes, Emily was ſtruck with the exulting joy, expreſſed on the viſage of Verezzi, while Cavigni was gay, yet with

with a ſhade of thought on his countenance; and, as he managed his horſe with dexterity, his graceful and commanding figure, which exhibited the majeſty of a hero, had never appeared to more advantage. Emily, as ſhe obſerved him, thought he ſomewhat reſembled Valancourt, in the ſpirit and dignity of his perſon; but ſhe looked in vain for the noble, benevolent countenance—the ſoul's intelligence, which overſpread the features of the latter.

As ſhe was hoping, ſhe ſcarcely knew why, that Montoni would accompany the party, he appeared at the hall-door, but unaccoutred. Having carefully obſerved the horſemen, converſed awhile with the cavaliers, and bidden them farewel, the band wheeled round the court, and, led by Verezzi, iſſued forth under the portcullis; Montoni following to the portal, and gazing after them for ſome time. Emily then retired from the caſement, and, now certain of being unmoleſted, went to walk on the ramparts, from whence ſhe ſoon after ſaw

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the party winding among the mountains to the weſt, appearing and diſappearing between the woods, till diſtance confuſed their figures, conſolidated their numbers, and only a dingy maſs appeared moving along the heights.

Emily obſerved, that no workmen were on the ramparts, and that the repairs of the fortifications ſeemed to be completed. While ſhe ſauntered thoughtfully on, ſhe heard diſtant footſteps, and, raiſing her eyes, ſaw ſeveral men lurking under the caſtle walls, who were evidently not workmen, but looked as if they would have accorded well with the party which was gone. Wondering where Annette had hid herſelf ſo long, who might have explained ſome of the late circumſtances, and then conſidering that Madame Montoni was probably riſen, ſhe went to her dreſſing-room, where ſhe mentioned what had occurred; but Madame Montoni either would not, or could not, give any explanation of the event. The Signor's reſerve to his wife, on this ſubject,

was

was probably nothing more than uſual; yet, to Emily, it gave an air of myſtery to the whole affair, that ſeemed to hint, there was danger, if not villany, in his ſchemes.

Annette preſently came, and, as uſual, was full of alarm; to her lady's eager enquiries of what ſhe had heard among the ſervants, ſhe replied:

"Ah, madam! nobody knows what it is all about, but old Carlo; he knews well enough, but I dare ſay, he is as cloſe as his maſter. Some ſay the Signor is going out to frighten the enemy, as they call it: but where is the enemy? Then others ſay, he is going to take away ſome body's caſtle: but I am ſure he has room enough in his own, without taking other people's; and I am ſure I ſhould like it a great deal better, if there were more people to fill it."

"Ah! you will ſoon have your wiſh, I fear," replied Madame Montoni.

"No, madam, but ſuch ill-looking fellows are not worth having. I mean ſuch gallant

gallant, ſmart, merry fellows as Ludovico, who is always telling droll ſtories, to make one laugh. It was but yeſterday, he told me ſuch a *humourſome* tale! I can't help laughing at it now.—Says he—"

"Well, we can diſpenſe with the ſtory," ſaid her lady. "Ah!" continued Annette, "he ſees a great way, a great way further than other people! Now he ſees into all the Signor's meaning, without knowing a word about the matter!"

"How is that?" ſaid Madame Montoni.

"Why he ſays—but he made me promiſe not to tell, and I would not diſoblige him for the world."

"What is it he made you promiſe not to tell?" ſaid her lady, ſternly. "I inſiſt upon knowing immediately—what is it he made you promiſe?"

"O madam," cried Annette, "I would not tell for the univerſe!" "I inſiſt upon your telling this inſtant," ſaid Madame Montoni. "O dear madam! I would not tell for an hundred ſequins! You would

not

not have me forſwear myſelf, madam!" exclaimed Annette.

"I will not wait another moment," ſaid Madame Montoni. Annette was ſilent.

"The Signor ſhall be informed of this directly," rejoined her miſtreſs: "he will make you diſcover all."

"It is Ludovico, who has diſcovered," ſaid Annette: "but for mercy's ſake, madam, don't tell the Signor, and you ſhall know all directly." Madame Montoni ſaid that ſhe would not.

"Well, then, madam, Ludovico ſays, that the Signor, my maſter, is—is—that is, he only thinks ſo, and any body, you know, madam, is free to think—that the Signor, my maſter, is—is—"

"Is what?" ſaid her lady, impatiently.

"That the Signor, my maſter, is going to be—a great robber—that is—he is going to rob on his own account;—to be (but I am ſure I don't underſtand what he means) —to be a—captain of—robbers."

"Art thou in thy ſenſes, Annette?" ſaid Madame

Madame Montoni; or is this a trick to deceive me? Tell me, this inſtant, what Ludovico *did* ſay to thee;—no equivocation;—this inſtant."—

"Nay, madam," cried Annette, "if this is all I am to get for having told the ſecret" —Her miſtreſs thus continued to inſiſt, and Annette to proteſt, till Montoni, himſelf, appeared, who bade the latter leave the room, and ſhe withdrew, trembling for the fate of her ſtory. Emily alſo was retiring, but her aunt deſired ſhe would ſtay; and Montoni had ſo often made her a witneſs of their contention, that he no longer had ſcruples on that account.

"I inſiſt upon knowing this inſtant, Signor, what all this means:" ſaid his wife —"what are all theſe armed men, whom they tell me of, gone out about?" Montoni anſwered her only with a look of ſcorn; and Emily whiſpered ſomething to her. "It does not ſignify," ſaid her aunt: "I will know; and I will know, too, what the caſtle has been fortified for."

"Come,

"Come, come," ſaid Montoni, "other buſineſs brought me here. I muſt be trifled with no longer. I have immediate occaſion for what I demand—thoſe eſtates muſt be given up, without further contention; or I may find a way——"

"They never ſhall be given up," interrupted Madame Montoni: "they never ſhall enable you to carry on your wild ſchemes:—but what are theſe? I will know. Do you expect the caſtle to be attacked? Do you expect enemies? Am I to be ſhut up here, to be killed in a ſiege?"

"Sign the writing," ſaid Montoni, "and you ſhall know more."

"What enemy can be coming?" continued his wife. "Have you entered into the ſervice of the ſtate? Am I to be blocked up here to die?"

"That may poſſibly happen," ſaid Montoni, "unleſs you yield to my demand: for, come what may, you ſhall not quit the caſtle till then." Madame Montoni burſt into

into loud lamentation, which ſhe as ſuddenly checked, conſidering, that her huſband's aſſertions might be only artifices, employed to extort her conſent. She hinted this ſuſpicion, and, in the next moment, told him alſo, that his deſigns were not ſo honourable as to ſerve the ſtate, and that ſhe believed he had only commenced a captain of banditti, to join the enemies of Venice, in plundering and laying waſte the ſurrounding country.

Montoni looked at her for a moment with a ſteady and ſtern countenance; while Emily trembled, and his wife, for once, thought ſhe had ſaid too much. "You ſhall be removed, this night," ſaid he, "to the eaſt turret: there, perhaps, you may underſtand the danger of offending a man, who has an unlimited power over you."

Emily now fell at his feet, and, with tears of terror, ſupplicated for her aunt, who ſat, trembling with fear, and indignation, now ready to pour forth execrations,

and

and now to join the interceſſions of Emily. Montoni, however, ſoon interrupted theſe entreaties with an horrible oath; and, as he burſt from Emily, leaving his cloak in her hand, ſhe fell to the floor, with a force, that occaſioned her a ſevere blow on the forehead. But he quitted the room, without attempting to raiſe her, whoſe attention was called from herſelf, by a deep groan from Madame Montoni, who continued otherwiſe unmoved in her chair, and had not fainted. Emily, haſtening to her aſſiſtance, ſaw her eyes rolling, and her features convulſed.

Having ſpoken to her, without receiving an anſwer, ſhe brought water, and ſupported her head, while ſhe held it to her lips; but the increaſing convulſions ſoon compelled Emily to call for aſſiſtance. On her way through the hall, in ſearch of Annette, ſhe met Montoni, whom ſhe told what had happened, and conjured to return and comfort her aunt; but he turned ſilently away, with a look of indifference, and went out

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upon the ramparts. At length ſhe found old Carlo and Annette, and they haſtened to the dreſſing-room, where Madame Montoni had fallen on the floor, and was lying in ſtrong convulſions. Having lifted her into the adjoining room, and laid her on the bed, the force of her diſorder ſtill made all their ſtrength neceſſary to hold her, while Annette trembled and ſobbed, and old Carlo looked ſilently and piteouſly on, as his feeble hands graſped thoſe of his miſtreſs, till, turning his eyes upon Emily, he exclaimed, "Good God! Signora, what is the matter?"

Emily looked calmly at him, and ſaw his enquiring eyes fixed on her: and Annette, looking up, ſcreamed loudly; for Emily's face was ſtained with blood, which continued to fall ſlowly from her forehead: but her attention had been ſo entirely occupied by the ſcene before her, that ſhe had felt no pain from the wound. She now held an handkerchief to her face, and, notwithſtanding her faintneſs, continued to watch

watch Madame Montoni, the violence of whoſe convulſions was abating, till at length they ceaſed, and left her in a kind of ſtupor.

"My aunt muſt remain quiet," ſaid Emily. "Go, good Carlo; if we ſhould want your aſſiſtance, I will ſend for you. In the mean time, if you have an opportunity, ſpeak kindly of your miſtreſs to your maſter."

"Alas!" ſaid Carlo, "I have ſeen too much! I have little influence with the Signor. But do, dear young lady, take ſome care of yourſelf; that is an ugly wound, and you look ſadly."

"Thank you, my friend, for your conſideration," ſaid Emily, ſmiling kindly: "the wound is trifling, it came by a fall."

Carlo ſhook his head, and left the room; and Emily, with Annette, continued to watch by her aunt. "Did my lady tell the Signor what Ludovico ſaid, ma'amſelle?" aſked Annette in a whiſper; but Emily quieted her fears on that ſubject.

"I thought what this quarrelling would come to," continued Annette: "I ſuppoſe the Signor has been beating my lady."

"No, no, Annette, you are totally miſtaken, nothing extraordinary has happened."

"Why, extraordinary things happen here ſo often, ma'amſelle, that there is nothing in them. Here is another legion of thoſe ill-looking fellows, come to the caſtle, this morning."

"Huſh! Annette, you will diſturb my aunt; we will talk of that by and bye."

They continued watching ſilently, till Madame Montoni uttered a low ſigh, when Emily took her hand, and ſpoke ſoothingly to her; but the former gazed with unconſcious eyes, and it was long before ſhe knew her niece. Her firſt words then enquired for Montoni; to which Emily replied by an entreaty, that ſhe would compoſe her ſpirits, and conſent to be kept quiet, adding, that, if ſhe wiſhed any meſſage to be conveyed to him, ſhe would herſelf

ſelf deliver it. "No," ſaid her aunt faintly, "no—I have nothing new to tell him. Does he perſiſt in ſaying I ſhall be removed from my chamber?"

Emily replied, that he had not ſpoken, on the ſubject, ſince Madame Montoni heard him; and then ſhe tried to divert her attention to ſome other topic; but her aunt ſeemed to be inattentive to what ſhe ſaid, and loſt in ſecret thoughts. Emily, having brought her ſome refreſhment, now left her to the care of Annette, and went in ſearch of Montoni, whom ſhe found on a remote part of the rampart, converſing among a groupe of the men deſcribed by Annette. They ſtood round him with fierce, yet ſubjugated, looks, while he, ſpeaking earneſtly, and pointing to the walls, did not perceive Emily, who remained at ſome diſtance, waiting, till he ſhould be at leiſure, and obſerving involuntarily the appearance of one man, more ſavage than his fellows, who ſtood reſting on his pike, and looking, over the ſhoulders of a comrade,

at Montoni, to whom he liſtened with uncommon earneſtneſs. This man was apparently of low condition; yet his looks appeared not to acknowledge the ſuperiority of Montoni, as did thoſe of his companions; and ſometimes they even aſſumed an air of authority, which the deciſive manner of the Signor could not repreſs. Some few words of Montoni then paſſed in the wind; and, as the men were ſeparating, ſhe heard him ſay, "This evening, then, begin the watch at ſun-ſet."

"At ſun-ſet, Signor," replied one or two of them, and walked away; while Emily approached Montoni, who appeared deſirous of avoiding her: but, though ſhe obſerved this, ſhe had courage to proceed. She endeavoured to intercede once more for her aunt, repreſented to him her ſufferings, and urged the danger of expoſing her to a cold apartment in her preſent ſtate. "She ſuffers by her own folly," ſaid Montoni, "and is not to be pitied;—ſhe knows how ſhe may avoid theſe ſufferings in future—if ſhe

ſhe is removed to the turret, it will be her own fault. Let her be obedient, and ſign the writings you heard of, and I will think no more of it."

When Emily ventured ſtill to plead, he ſternly ſilenced and rebuked her for interfering in his domeſtic affairs, but, at length, diſmiſſed her with this conceſſion—That he would not remove Madame Montoni, on the enſuing night, but allow her till the next to conſider, whether ſhe would reſign her ſettlements, or be impriſoned in the eaſt turret of the caſtle, "where ſhe ſhall find," he added, "a puniſhment ſhe may not expect."

Emily then haſtened to inform her aunt of this ſhort reſpite and of the alternative, that awaited her, to which the latter made no reply, but appeared thoughtful, while Emily, in conſideration of her extreme languor, wiſhed to ſooth her mind by leading it to leſs intereſting topics: and, though theſe efforts were unſucceſsful, and Madame Montoni became peeviſh, her reſolution, on

the contended point, ſeemed ſomewhat to relax, and Emily recommended, as her only means of ſafety, that ſhe ſhould ſubmit to Montoni's demand. "You know not what you adviſe," ſaid her aunt. "Do you underſtand, that theſe eſtates will deſcend to you at my death, if I perſiſt in a refuſal?"

"I was ignorant of that circumſtance, madam," replied Emily, "but the knowledge of it cannot with-hold me from adviſing you to adopt the conduct, which not only your peace, but, I fear, your ſafety requires, and I entreat, that you will not ſuffer a conſideration comparatively ſo trifling, to make you heſitate a moment in reſigning them."

"Are you ſincere, niece?" "Is it poſſible you can doubt it, madam?" Her aunt appeared to be affected. "You are not unworthy of theſe eſtates, niece," ſaid ſhe: "I would wiſh to keep them for your ſake—you ſhew a virtue I did not expect."

"How have I deſerved this reproof, madam?" ſaid Emily ſorrowfully.

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"Reproof!" replied Madame Montoni: "I meant to praiſe your virtue."

"Alas! here is no exertion of virtue," rejoined Emily, "for here is no temptation to be overcome."

"Yet Monſieur Valancourt"—ſaid her aunt. "O madam!" interrupted Emily, anticipating what ſhe would have ſaid, "do not let me glance on that ſubject: do not let my mind be ſtained with a wiſh ſo ſhockingly ſelf-intereſted." She immediately changed the topic, and continued with Madame Montoni, till ſhe withdrew to her apartment for the night.

At that hour, the caſtle was perfectly ſtill, and every inhabitant of it, except herſelf, ſeemed to have retired to reſt. As ſhe paſſed along the wide and lonely galleries, duſky and ſilent, ſhe felt forlorn and apprehenſive of—ſhe ſcarcely knew what; but when, entering the corridor, ſhe recollected the incident of the preceding night, a dread ſeized her, leſt a ſubject of alarm, ſimilar to that, which had befallen Annette, ſhould

occur to her, and which, whether real, or ideal, would, ſhe felt, have an almoſt equal effect upon her weakened ſpirits. The chamber, to which Annette had alluded, ſhe did not exactly know, but underſtood it to be one of thoſe ſhe muſt paſs in the way to her own; and, ſending a fearful look forward into the gloom, ſhe ſtepped lightly and cautiouſly along, till, coming to a door, from whence iſſued a low ſound, ſhe heſitated and pauſed; and, during the delay of that moment, her fears ſo much increaſed, that ſhe had no power to move from the ſpot. Believing, that ſhe heard a human voice within, ſhe was ſomewhat revived; but, in the next moment, the door was opened, and a perſon, whom ſhe conceived to be Montoni, appeared, who inſtantly ſtarted back, and cloſed it, though not before ſhe had ſeen, by the light that burned in the chamber, another perſon, ſitting in a melancholy attitude by the fire. Her terror vaniſhed, but her aſtoniſhment only began, which was now rouſed by the myſterious

ſecrecy

ſecrecy of Montoni's manner, and by the diſcovery of a perſon, whom he thus viſited, at midnight, in an apartment, which had long been ſhut up, and of which ſuch extraordinary reports were circulated.

While ſhe thus continued heſitating, ſtrongly prompted to watch Montoni's motions, yet fearing to irritate him by appearing to notice them, the door was again opened cautiouſly, and as inſtantly cloſed as before. She then ſtepped ſoftly to her chamber, which was the next but one to this, but, having put down her lamp, returned to an obſcure corner of the corridor, to obſerve the proceedings of this half-ſeen perſon, and to aſcertain, whether it was indeed Montoni.

Having waited in ſilent expectation for a few minutes, with her eyes fixed on the door, it was again opened, and the ſame perſon appeared, whom ſhe now knew to be Montoni. He looked cautiouſly around, without perceiving her, then, ſtepping forward, cloſed the door, and left the corridor.

Soon after, Emily heard the door faſtened on the inſide, and ſhe withdrew to her chamber, wondering at what ſhe had witneſſed.

It was now twelve o'clock. As ſhe cloſed her caſement, ſhe heard footſteps on the terrace below, and ſaw imperfectly, through the gloom, ſeveral perſons advancing, who paſſed under the caſement. She then heard the clink of arms, and, in the next moment, the watch-word; when, recollecting the command ſhe had overheard from Montoni, and the hour of the night, ſhe underſtood, that theſe men were, for the firſt time, relieving guard in the caſtle. Having liſtened till all was again ſtill, ſhe retired to ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

"And ſhall no lay of death
With pleaſing murmur ſooth
Her parted ſoul?
Shall no tear wet her grave?"

SAYER.

ON the following morning, Emily went early to the apartment of Madame Montoni, who had ſlept well, and was much recovered. Her ſpirits alſo had returned with her health, and her reſolution to oppoſe Montoni's demands revived, though it yet ſtruggled with her fears; which Emily, who trembled for the conſequence of further oppoſition, endeavoured to confirm.

Her aunt, as has been already ſhewn, had a diſpoſition, which delighted in contradiction, and which taught her, when unpleaſant circumſtances were offered to her underſtanding, not to enquire into their truth,

but to ſeek for arguments, by which ſhe might make them appear falſe. Long habit had ſo entirely confirmed this natural propenſity, that ſhe was not conſcious of poſſeſſing it. Emily's remonſtrances and repreſentations, therefore, rouſed her pride, inſtead of alarming, or convincing her judgment, and ſhe ſtill relied upon the diſcovery of ſome means, by which ſhe might yet avoid ſubmitting to the demand of her huſband. Conſidering, that, if ſhe could once eſcape from his caſtle, ſhe might defy his power, and, obtaining a deciſive ſeparation, live in comfort on the eſtates, that yet remained for her, ſhe mentioned this to her niece, who accorded with her in the wiſh, but differed from her, as to the probability, of its completion. She repreſented the impoſſibility of paſſing the gates, ſecured and guarded as they were, and the extreme danger of committing her deſign to the diſcretion of a ſervant, who might either purpoſely betray, or accidentally diſcloſe it.—Montoni's vengeance would alſo diſdain reſtraint,

ſtraint, if her intention was detected: and, though Emily wiſhed, as fervently as ſhe could do, to regain her freedom, and return to France, ſhe conſulted only Madame Montoni's ſafety, and perſevered in adviſing her to relinquiſh her ſettlement, without braving further outrage.

The ſtruggle of contrary emotions, however, continued to rage in her aunt's boſom, and ſhe ſtill brooded over the chance of effecting an eſcape. While ſhe thus ſat, Montoni entered the room, and, without noticing his wife's indiſpoſition, ſaid, that he came to remind her of the impolicy of trifling with him, and that he gave her only till the evening to determine, whether ſhe would conſent to his demand, or compel him, by a refuſal, to remove her to the eaſt turret. He added, that a party of cavaliers would dine with him, that day, and that he expected ſhe would ſit at the head of the table, where Emily, alſo, muſt be preſent. Madame Montoni was now on the point of uttering an abſolute refuſal, but, ſuddenly

con-

conſidering, that her liberty, during this entertainment, though circumſcribed, might favour her further plans, ſhe acquieſced, with ſeeming reluctance, and Montoni, ſoon after, left the apartment. His command ſtruck Emily with ſurpriſe and apprehenſion, who ſhrunk from the thought of being expoſed to the gaze of ſtrangers, ſuch as her fancy repreſented theſe to be, and the words of Count Morano, now again recollected, did not ſooth her fears.

When ſhe withdrew to prepare for dinner, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with even more ſimplicity than uſual, that ſhe might eſcape obſervation—a policy, which did not avail her, for, as ſhe re-paſſed to her aunt's apartment, ſhe was met by Montoni, who cenſured what he called her prudiſh appearance, and inſiſted, that ſhe would wear the moſt ſplendid dreſs ſhe had, even that, which had been prepared for her intended nuptials with Count Morano, and which, it now appeared, her aunt had carefully brought with her from Venice. This was made, not in

the

the Venetian, but, in the Neapolitan faſhion, ſo as to ſet off the ſhape and figure to the utmoſt advantage. In it, her beautiful cheſtnut treſſes were negligently bound up in pearls, and ſuffered to fall back again on her neck. The ſimplicity of a better taſte, than Madame Montoni's, was conſpicuous in this dreſs, ſplendid as it was, and Emily's unaffected beauty never had appeared more captivatingly. She had now only to hope, that Montoni's order was prompted, not by any extraordinary deſign, but by an oſtentation of diſplaying his family, richly attired, to the eyes of ſtrangers; yet nothing leſs than his abſolute command could have prevailed with her to wear a dreſs, that had been deſigned for ſuch an offenſive purpoſe, much leſs to have worn it on this occaſion. As ſhe deſcended to dinner, the emotion of her mind threw a faint bluſh over her countenance, and heightened its intereſting expreſſion; for timidity had made her linger in her apartment, till the utmoſt moment, and, when ſhe entered the hall, in which a

kind

kind of ſtate dinner was ſpread, Montoni and his gueſts were already ſeated at the table. She was then going to place herſelf by her aunt; but Montoni waved his hand, and two of the cavaliers roſe, and ſeated her between them.

The eldeſt of theſe was a tall man, with ſtrong Italian features, an aquiline noſe, and dark penetrating eyes, that flaſhed with fire, when his mind was agitated, and, even in its ſtate of reſt, retained ſomewhat of the wildneſs of the paſſions. His viſage was long and narrow, and his complexion of a ſickly yellow.

The other, who appeared to be about forty, had features of a different caſt, yet Italian, and his look was ſlow, ſubtle, and penetrating; his eyes, of a dark grey, were ſmall, and hollow; his complexion was a ſun-burnt brown, and the contour of his face, though inclined to oval, was irregular and ill-formed.

Eight other gueſts ſat round the table, who were all dreſſed in an uniform, and had

had all an expreſſion, more or leſs, of wild fierceneſs, of ſubtle deſign, or of licentious paſſions. As Emily timidly ſurveyed them, ſhe remembered the ſcene of the preceding morning, and again almoſt fancied herſelf ſurrounded by banditti; then, looking back to the tranquillity of her early life, ſhe felt ſcarcely leſs aſtoniſhment, than grief, at her preſent ſituation. The ſcene, in which they ſat, aſſiſted the illuſion; it was an ancient hall, gloomy from the ſtyle of its architecture, from its great extent, and becauſe almoſt the only light it received was from one large gothic window, and from a pair of folding doors, which, being open, admitted likewiſe a view of the weſt rampart, with the wild mountains of the Apennine beyond.

The middle compartment of this hall roſe into a vaulted roof, enriched with fret-work, and ſupported, on three ſides, by pillars of marble; beyond theſe, long colonades retired in gloomy grandeur, till the extent was loſt in twilight. The lighteſt

lightest footsteps of the servants, as they advanced through these, were returned in whispering echoes, and their figures, seen at a distance imperfectly through the dusk, frequently awakened Emily's imagination. She looked alternately at Montoni, at his guests, and on the surrounding scene; and then, remembering her dear native province, her pleasant home, and the simplicity and goodness of the friends, whom she had lost, grief and surprise again occupied her mind.

When her thoughts could return from these considerations, she fancied she observed an air of authority towards his guests, such as she had never before seen him assume, though he had always been distinguished by an haughty carriage; there was something also in the manners of the strangers, that seemed perfectly, though not servilely, to acknowledge his superiority.

During dinner, the conversation was chiefly on war and politics. They talked with energy of the state of Venice, its dangers,

gers, the character of the reigning Doge, and of the chief ſenators; and then ſpoke of the ſtate of Rome. When the repaſt was over, they roſe, and, each filling his goblet with wine from the gilded ewer, that ſtood beſide him, drank "Succeſs to our exploits!" Montoni was lifting his goblet to his lips to drink this toaſt, when ſuddenly the wine hiſſed, roſe to the brim, and, as he held the glaſs from him, it burſt into a thouſand pieces.

To him, who conſtantly uſed that ſort of Venice glaſs, which had the quality of breaking, upon receiving poiſoned liquor, a ſuſpicion, that ſome of his gueſts had endeavoured to betray him, inſtantly occurred, and he ordered all the gates to be cloſed, drew his ſword, and, looking round on them, who ſtood in ſilent amazement, exclaimed, "Here is a traitor among us; let thoſe, that are innocent, aſſiſt in diſcovering the guilty."

Indignation flaſhed from the eyes of the cavaliers, who all drew their ſwords; and

Madame

Madame Montoni, terrified at what might enſue, was haſtening from the hall, when her huſband commanded her to ſtay; but his further words could not now be diſtinguiſhed, for the voice of every perſon roſe together. His order, that all the ſervants ſhould appear, was at length obeyed, and they declared their ignorance of any deceit —a proteſtation which could not be believed; for it was evident, that, as Montoni's liquor, and his only, had been poiſoned, a deliberate deſign had been formed againſt his life, which could not have been carried ſo far towards its accompliſhment, without the connivance of the ſervant, who had the care of the wine ewers.

This man, with another, whoſe face betrayed either the conſciouſneſs of guilt, or the fear of puniſhment, Montoni ordered to be chained inſtantly, and confined in a ſtrong room, which had formerly been uſed as a priſon. Thither, likewiſe, he would have ſent all his gueſts, had he not foreſeen the conſequence of ſo bold and unjuſtifiable a pro-

a proceeding. As to thoſe, therefore, he contented himſelf with ſwearing, that no man ſhould paſs the gates, till this extraordinary affair had been inveſtigated, and then ſternly bade his wife retire to her apartment, whither he ſuffered Emily to attend her.

In about half an hour, he followed to the dreſſing-room; and Emily obſerved, with horror, his dark countenance and quivering lip, and heard him denounce vengeance on her aunt.

"It will avail you nothing," ſaid he to his wife, "to deny the fact; I have proof of your guilt. Your only chance of mercy reſts on a full confeſſion;—there is nothing to hope from ſullenneſs, or falſehood; your accomplice has confeſſed all."

Emily's fainting ſpirits were rouſed by aſtoniſhment, as ſhe heard her aunt accuſed of a crime ſo atrocious, and ſhe could not, for a moment, admit the poſſibility of her guilt. Meanwhile Madame Montoni's agitation did not permit her to reply; alternately

nately her complexion varied from livid paleneſs to a crimſon fluſh; and ſhe trembled,—but, whether with fear, or with indignation, it were difficult to decide.

"Spare your words," ſaid Montoni, ſeeing her about to ſpeak, "your countenance makes full confeſſion of your crime.—You ſhall be inſtantly removed to the eaſt turret."

"This accuſation," ſaid Madame Montoni, ſpeaking with difficulty, "is uſed only as an excuſe for your cruelty; I diſdain to reply to it. You do not believe me guilty."

"Signor!" ſaid Emily ſolemnly, "this dreadful charge, I would anſwer with my life, is falſe. Nay, Signor," ſhe added, obſerving the ſeverity of his countenance, "this is no moment for reſtraint, on my part; I do not ſcruple to tell you, that you are deceived--moſt wickedly deceived, by the ſuggeſtion of ſome perſon, who aims at the ruin of my aunt:—it is impoſſible, that you could yourſelf have imagined a crime ſo hideous."

Montoni,

Montoni, his lips trembling more than before, replied only, "If you value your own ſafety," addreſſing Emily, "you will be ſilent. I ſhall know how to interpret your remonſtrances, ſhould you perſevere in them."

Emily raiſed her eyes calmly to heaven. "Here is, indeed, then, nothing to hope!" ſaid ſhe.

"Peace!" cried Montoni, "or you ſhall find there is ſomething to fear."

He turned to his wife, who had now recovered her ſpirits, and who vehemently and wildly remonſtrated upon this myſterious ſuſpicion: but Montoni's rage heightened with her indignation, and Emily, dreading the event of it, threw herſelf between them, and claſped his knees in ſilence, looking up in his face with an expreſſion, that might have ſoftened the heart of a fiend. Whether his was hardened by a conviction of Madame Montoni's guilt, or that a bare ſuſpicion of it, made him eager to exerciſe vengeance, he was totally and alike

alike inſenſible to the diſtreſs of his wife, and to the pleading looks of Emily, whom he made no attempt to raiſe, but was vehemently menacing both, when he was called out of the room by ſome perſon at the door. As he ſhut the door, Emily heard him turn the lock and take out the key; ſo that Madame Montoni and herſelf were now priſoners; and ſhe ſaw that his deſigns became more and more terrible. Her endeavours to explain his motives for this circumſtance were almoſt as ineffectual as thoſe to ſooth the diſtreſs of her aunt, whoſe innocence ſhe could not doubt; but ſhe, at length, accounted for Montoni's readineſs to ſuſpect his wife by his own conſciouſneſs of cruelty towards her, and for the ſudden violence of his preſent conduct againſt both, before even his ſuſpicions could be completely formed, by his general eagerneſs to effect ſuddenly whatever he was led to deſire, and his careleſſneſs of juſtice, or humanity, in accompliſhing it.

Madame Montoni, after ſome time, again looked

looked round, in ſearch of a poſſibility of eſcape from the caſtle, and converſed with Emily on the ſubject, who was now willing to encounter any hazard, though ſhe forbore to encourage a hope in her aunt, which ſhe herſelf did not admit. How ſtrongly the edifice was ſecured, and how vigilantly guarded, ſhe knew too well; and trembled to commit their ſafety to the caprice of the ſervant, whoſe aſſiſtance they muſt ſolicit. Old Carlo was compaſſionate, but he ſeemed to be too much in his maſter's intereſt to be truſted by them; Annette could of herſelf do little, and Emily knew Ludovico only from her report. At preſent, however, theſe conſiderations were uſeleſs, Madame Montoni and her niece being ſhut up from all intercourſe, even with the perſons, whom there might be theſe reaſons to reject.

In the hall, confuſion and tumult ſtill reigned. Emily, as ſhe liſtened anxiouſly to the murmur, that ſounded along the

gallery, ſometimes fancied ſhe heard the claſhing of ſwords, and when ſhe conſidered the nature of the provocation, given by Montoni, and his impetuoſity, it appeared probable, that nothing leſs than arms would terminate the contention. Madame Montoni, having exhauſted all her expreſſions of indignation, and Emily, her's of comfort, they remained ſilent, in that kind of breathleſs ſtillneſs, which, in nature, often ſucceeds to the uproar of conflicting elements; a ſtillneſs, like the morning, that dawns upon the ruins of an earthquake.

An uncertain kind of terror pervaded Emily's mind; the circumſtances of the paſt hour ſtill came dimly and confuſedly to her memory; and her thoughts were various and rapid, though without tumult.

From this ſtate of waking viſions ſhe was recalled by a knocking at the chamber-door, and, enquiring who was there, heard the whiſpering voice of Annette.

"Dear

"Dear madam, let me come in, I have a great deal to ſay," ſaid the poor girl.

"The door is locked," anſwered her lady.

"Yes, ma'am, but do pray open it."

"The Signor has the key," ſaid Madame Montoni.

"O bleſſed Virgin! what will become of us?" exclaimed Annette.

"Aſſiſt us to eſcape," ſaid her miſtreſs. "Where is Ludovico?"

"Below in the hall, ma'am, amongſt them all, fighting with the beſt of them!"

"Fighting! Who are fighting?" cried Madame Montoni.

"Why the Signor, ma'am, and all the Signors, and a great many more."

"Is any perſon much hurt?" ſaid Emily, in a tremulous voice. "Hurt! Yes, ma'amſelle,—there they lie bleeding, and the ſwords are claſhing, and—O holy ſaints! Do let me in, ma'am, they are coming this way—I ſhall be murdered!"

"Fly!" cried Emily, "fly! we cannot open the door."

Annette repeated, that they were coming, and in the ſame moment fled.

"Be calm, madam," ſaid Emily, turning to her aunt, "I entreat you be calm, I am not frightened—not frightened in the leaſt, do not you be alarmed."

"You can ſcarcely ſupport yourſelf," replied her aunt; "Merciful God! what is it they mean to do with us?"

"They come, perhaps, to liberate us," ſaid Emily, "Signor Montoni perhaps is —is conquered."

The belief of his death gave her ſpirits a ſudden ſhock, and ſhe grew faint as ſhe ſaw him in imagination, expiring at her feet.

"They are coming!" cried Madame Montoni—"I hear their ſteps—they are at the door!"

Emily turned her languid eyes to the door, but terror deprived her of utterance. The key ſounded in the lock; the door opened,

opened, and Montoni appeared, followed by three ruffian-like men. "Execute your orders," ſaid he, turning to them, and pointing to his wife, who ſhrieked, but was immediately carried from the room; while Emily ſunk, ſenſeleſs, on a couch, by which ſhe had endeavoured to ſupport herſelf. When ſhe recovered, ſhe was alone, and recollected only, that Madame Montoni had been there, together with ſome unconnected particulars of the preceding tranſaction, which were, however, ſufficient to renew all her terror. She looked wildly round the apartment, as if in ſearch of ſome means of intelligence, concerning her aunt, while neither her own danger, or an idea of eſcaping from the room, immediately occurred.

When her recollection was more complete, ſhe raiſed herſelf and went, but with only a faint hope, to examine whether the door was unfaſtened. It was ſo, and ſhe then ſtepped timidly out into the gallery, but pauſed there, uncertain which way ſhe

ſhould proceed. Her firſt wiſh was to gather ſome information, as to her aunt, and ſhe, at length, turned her ſteps to go to the leſſer hall, where Annette and the other ſervants uſually waited.

Every where, as ſhe paſſed, ſhe heard, from a diſtance, the uproar of contention, and the figures and faces, which ſhe met, hurrying along the paſſages, ſtruck her mind with diſmay. Emily might now have appeared, like an angel of light, encompaſſed by fiends. At length, ſhe reached the leſſer hall, which was ſilent and deſerted, but, panting for breath, ſhe ſat down to recover herſelf. The total ſtillneſs of this place was as awful as the tumult, from which ſhe had eſcaped: but ſhe had now time to recal her ſcattered thoughts, to remember her perſonal danger, and to conſider of ſome means of ſafety. She perceived, that it was uſeleſs to ſeek Madame Montoni, through the wide extent and intricacies of the caſtle, now, too, when every avenue ſeemed to be beſet by ruffians; in this hall

ſhe

ſhe could not reſolve to ſtay, for ſhe knew not how ſoon it might become their place of rendezvous; and, though ſhe wiſhed to go to her chamber, ſhe dreaded again to encounter them on the way.

Thus ſhe ſat, trembling and heſitating, when a diſtant murmur broke on the ſilence, and grew louder and louder, till ſhe diſtinguiſhed voices and ſteps approaching. She then roſe to go, but the ſounds came along the only paſſage, by which ſhe could depart, and ſhe was compelled to await in the hall, the arrival of the perſons, whoſe ſteps ſhe heard. As theſe advanced, ſhe diſtinguiſhed groans, and then ſaw a man borne ſlowly along by four others. Her ſpirits faltered at the ſight, and ſhe leaned againſt the wall for ſupport. The bearers, meanwhile, entered the hall, and, being too buſily occupied to detain, or even notice Emily, ſhe attempted to leave it, but her ſtrength failed, and ſhe again ſat down on the bench. A damp chillneſs came over her; her ſight became confuſed; ſhe knew

not what had paſſed, or where ſhe was, yet the groans of the wounded perſon ſtill vibrated on her heart. In a few moments, the tide of life ſeemed again to flow; ſhe began to breathe more freely, and her ſenſes revived. She had not fainted, nor had ever totally loſt her conſciouſneſs, but had contrived to ſupport herſelf on the bench; ſtill without courage to turn her eyes upon the unfortunate object, which remained near her, and about whom the men were yet too much engaged to attend to her.

When her ſtrength returned, ſhe roſe, and was ſuffered to leave the hall, though her anxiety, having produced ſome vain enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, had thus made a diſcovery of herſelf. Towards her chamber ſhe now haſtened, as faſt as her ſteps would bear her, for ſhe ſtill perceived, upon her paſſage, the ſounds of confuſion at a diſtance, and ſhe endeavoured, by taking her way through ſome obſcure rooms, to avoid encountering the perſons, whoſe looks had terrified her before,

fore, as well as thoſe parts of the caſtle, where the tumult might ſtill rage.

At length, ſhe reached her chamber, and, having ſecured the door of the corridor, felt herſelf, for a moment, in ſafety. A profound ſtillneſs reigned in this remote apartment, which not even the faint murmur of the moſt diſtant ſounds now reached. She ſat down, near one of the caſements, and, as ſhe gazed on the mountain-view beyond, the deep repoſe of its beauty ſtruck her with all the force of contraſt, and ſhe could ſcarcely believe herſelf ſo near a ſcene of ſavage diſcord. The contending elements ſeemed to have retired from their natural ſpheres, and to have collected themſelves into the minds of men, for there alone the tempeſt now reigned.

Emily tried to tranquillize her ſpirits, but anxiety made her conſtantly liſten for ſome ſound, and often look out upon the ramparts, where all, however, was lonely and ſtill. As a ſenſe of her own immediate danger had decreaſed, her apprehenſion

concerning Madame Montoni heightened, who, ſhe remembered, had been fiercely threatened with confinement in the eaſt turret, and it was poſſible, that her huſband had ſatisfied his preſent vengeance with this puniſhment. She, therefore, determined, when night ſhould return, and the inhabitants of the caſtle ſhould be aſleep, to explore the way to the turret, which, as the direction it ſtood in was mentioned, appeared not very difficult to be done. She knew, indeed, that although her aunt might be there, ſhe could afford her no effectual aſſiſtance, but it might give her ſome comfort even to know, that ſhe was diſcovered, and to hear the ſound of her niece's voice; for herſelf, any certainty, concerning Madame Montoni's fate, appeared more tolerable, than this exhauſting ſuſpenſe.

Meanwhile Annette did not appear, and Emily was ſurpriſed, and ſomewhat alarmed for her, whom, in the confuſion of the late ſcene, various accidents might have befallen, and it was improbable, that ſhe would have

have failed to come to her apartment, unleſs ſomething unfortunate had happened.

Thus the hours paſſed in ſolitude, in ſilence, and in anxious conjecturing. Being not once diſturbed by a meſſage, or a ſound, it appeared that Montoni had wholly forgotten her, and it gave her ſome comfort to find, that ſhe could be ſo unnoticed. She endeavoured to withdraw her thoughts from the anxiety, that preyed upon them, but they refuſed controul; ſhe could neither read, or draw, and the tones of her lute were ſo utterly diſcordant with the preſent ſtate of her feelings, that ſhe could not endure them for a moment.

The ſun, at length, ſet behind the weſtern mountains; his fiery beams faded from the clouds, and then a dun melancholy purple drew over them, and gradually involved the features of the country below. Soon after, the ſentinels paſſed on the rampart to commence the watch.

Twilight had now ſpread its gloom over every object; the diſmal obſcurity of her

chamber recalled fearful thoughts, but ſhe remembered, that to procure a light ſhe muſt paſs through a great extent of the caſtle, and, above all, through the halls, where ſhe had already experienced ſo much horror. Darkneſs, indeed, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits, made ſilence and ſolitude terrible to her; it would alſo prevent the poſſibility of her finding her way to the turret, and condemn her to remain in ſuſpenſe, concerning the fate of her aunt; yet ſhe dared not to venture forth for a lamp.

Continuing at the caſement, that ſhe might catch the laſt lingering gleam of evening, a thouſand vague images of fear floated on her fancy. "What if ſome of theſe ruffians," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould find out the private ſtaircaſe, and in the darkneſs of night ſteal into my chamber!" Then, recollecting the myſterious inhabitant of the neighbouring apartment, her terror changed its object. "He is not a priſoner," ſaid ſhe, "though he remains in one chamber, for

for Montoni did not faſten the door, when he left it; the unknown perſon himſelf did this; it is certain, therefore, he can come out when he pleaſes."

She paused, for, notwithſtanding the terrors of darkneſs, ſhe conſidered it to be very improbable, whoever he was, that he could have any intereſt in intruding upon her retirement; and again the ſubject of her emotion changed, when remembering her nearneſs to the chamber, where the veil had formerly diſcloſed a dreadful ſpectacle, ſhe doubted whether ſome paſſage might not communicate between it and the inſecure door of the ſtaircaſe.

It was now entirely dark, and ſhe left the caſement. As ſhe ſat with her eyes fixed on the hearth, ſhe thought ſhe perceived there a ſpark of light; it twinkled and diſappeared, and then again was viſible. At length, with much care, ſhe fanned the embers of a wood fire, that had been lighted in the morning, into flame, and, having communicated it to a lamp, which always

ſtood

ſtood in her room, felt a ſatisfaction not to be conceived, without a review of her ſituation. Her firſt care was to guard the door of the ſtaircaſe, for which purpoſe ſhe placed againſt it all the furniture ſhe could move, and ſhe was thus employed, for ſome time, at the end of which ſhe had another inſtance how much more oppreſſive miſfortune is to the idle, than to the buſy; for, having then leiſure to think over all the circumſtances of her preſent afflictions, ſhe imagined a thouſand evils for futurity, and theſe real and ideal ſubjects of diſtreſs alike wounded her mind.

Thus heavily moved the hours till midnight, when ſhe counted the ſullen notes of the great clock, as they rolled along the rampart, unmingled with any ſound, except the diſtant foot-fall of a ſentinel, who came to relieve guard. She now thought ſhe might venture towards the turret, and, having gently opened the chamber door to examine the corridor, and to liſten if any perſon was ſtirring in the caſtle, found all around

around in perfect ſtillneſs. Yet no ſooner had ſhe left the room, than ſhe perceived a light flaſh on the walls of the corridor, and, without waiting to ſee by whom it was carried, ſhe ſhrunk back, and cloſed her door. No one approaching, ſhe conjectured, that it was Montoni going to pay his midnight viſit to her unknown neighbour, and ſhe determined to wait till he ſhould have retired to his own apartment.

When the chimes had tolled another half hour, ſhe once more opened the door, and, perceiving that no perſon was in the corridor, haſtily croſſed into a paſſage, that led along the ſouth ſide of the caſtle towards the ſtaircaſe, whence ſhe believed ſhe could eaſily find her way to the turret. Often pauſing on her way, liſtening apprehenſively to the murmurs of the wind, and looking fearfully onward into the gloom of the long paſſages, ſhe, at length, reached the ſtaircaſe; but there her perplexity began. Two paſſages appeared, of which ſhe knew not how to prefer one, and was compelled,

pelled, at laſt, to decide by chance, rather than by circumſtances. That ſhe entered, opened firſt into a wide gallery, along which ſhe paſſed lightly and ſwiftly; for the lonely aſpect of the place awed her, and ſhe ſtarted at the echo of her own ſteps.

On a ſudden, ſhe thought ſhe heard a voice, and, not diſtinguiſhing from whence it came, feared equally to proceed, or to return. For ſome moments, ſhe ſtood in an attitude of liſtening expectation, ſhrinking almoſt from herſelf, and ſcarcely daring to look round her. The voice came again, but, though it was now near her, terror did not allow her to judge exactly whence it proceeded. She thought, however, that it was the voice of complaint, and her belief was ſoon confirmed by a low moaning ſound, that ſeemed to proceed from one of the chambers, opening into the gallery. It inſtantly occurred to her, that Madame Montoni might be there confined, and ſhe advanced to the door to ſpeak, but was checked by conſidering, that ſhe was, perhaps,

going

going to commit herſelf to a ſtranger, who might diſcover her to Montoni; for, though this perſon, whoever it was, ſeemed to be in affliction, it did not follow, that he was a priſoner.

While theſe thoughts paſſed over her mind, and left her ſtill in heſitation, the voice ſpoke again, and, calling, "Ludovico," ſhe then perceived it to be that of Annette; on which, no longer heſitating, ſhe went in joy to anſwer her.

"Ludovico!" cried Annette, ſobbing—"Ludovico!"

"It is I," ſaid Emily, trying to open the door. "How came you here? Who ſhut you up?"

"Ludovico!" repeated Annette—"O Ludovico!"

"It is not Ludovico, it is I—Mademoiſelle Emily."

Annette ceaſed ſobbing, and was ſilent.

"If you can open the door, let me in," ſaid Emily, "here is no perſon to hurt you."

"Ludo-

"Ludovico!—O, Ludovico!" cried Annette.

Emily now loſt her patience, and, her fear of being overheard increaſing, ſhe was even nearly about to leave the door, when ſhe conſidered, that Annette might, poſſibly, know ſomething of the ſituation of Madame Montoni, or direct her to the turret. At length, ſhe obtained a reply, though little ſatisfactory, to her queſtions, for Annette knew nothing of Madame Montoni, and only conjured Emily to tell her what was become of Ludovico. Of him ſhe had no information to give, and ſhe again aſked who had ſhut Annette up.

"Ludovico," ſaid the poor girl, "Ludovico ſhut me up. When I ran away from the dreſſing-room door to-day, I went I ſcarcely knew where, for ſafety; and, in this gallery, here, I met Ludovico, who hurried me into this chamber, and locked me up to keep me out of harm, as he ſaid. But he was in ſuch a hurry himſelf, he hardly ſpoke ten words, but he told me he would

would come, and let me out, when all was quiet, and he took away the key with him. Now all theſe hours are paſſed, and I have neither ſeen, or heard a word of him; they have murdered him—I know they have!"

Emily ſuddenly remembered the wounded perſon, whom ſhe had ſeen borne into the ſervants' hall, and ſhe ſcarcely doubted, that he was Ludovico, but ſhe concealed the circumſtance from Annette, and endeavoured to comfort her. Then, impatient to learn ſomething of her aunt, ſhe again enquired the way to the turret.

"O! you are not going, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "for Heaven's ſake, do not go and leave me here by myſelf."

"Nay, Annette, you do not think I can wait in the gallery all night," replied Emily. "Direct me to the turret; in the morning I will endeavour to releaſe you."

"O holy Mary!" exclaimed Annette, "am I to ſtay here by myſelf all night! I ſhall be frightened out of my ſenſes, and I ſhall die of hunger; I have had nothing to eat ſince dinner!"

Emily

puſneſs of her duty returned, as ſhe went on. Still all was ſilent. At length a track of blood, upon a ſtair, caught her eye; and inſtantly ſhe perceived, that the wall and ſeveral other ſteps were ſtained. She pauſed, again ſtruggled to ſupport herſelf, and the lamp almoſt fell from her trembling hand. Stil no ſound was heard, no living being ſeemed to inhabit the turret; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed herſelf again in her chamber; dreaded to enquire farther—dreaded to encounter ſome horrible ſpectacle, and yet could not reſolve, now that ſhe was ſo near the termination of her efforts, to deſiſt from them. Having again collected courage to proceed, after aſcending about half way up the turret, ſhe came to another door, but here again ſhe ſtopped in heſitation; liſtened for ſounds within, and then, ſummoning all her reſolution, unclofed it, and entered a chamber, which, as her lamp ſhot its feeble rays through the darkneſs, ſeemed to exhibit only dew-ſtained and deſerted walls. As ſhe ſtood examining it, in fearful expec-

expectation of diſcovering the remains of her unfortunate aunt, ſhe perceived ſomething lying in an obſcure corner of the room, and, ſtruck with an horrible conviction, ſhe became, for an inſtant, motionleſs and nearly inſenſible. Then, with a kind of deſperate reſolution; ſhe hurried towards the object that excited her terror, when, perceiving the clothes of ſome perſon, on the floor, ſhe caught hold of them, and found in her graſp the old uniform of a ſoldier, beneath which appeared a heap of pikes and other arms. Scarcely daring to truſt her ſight, ſhe continued, for ſome moments, to gaze on the object of her late alarm, and then left the chamber, ſo much comforted and occupied by the conviction, that her aunt was not there, that ſhe was going to deſcend the turret, without enquiring farther; when, on turning to do ſo, ſhe obſerved upon ſome ſteps on the ſecond flight an appearance of blood, and remembering, that there was yet another chamber to be explored, ſhe again followed the windings

windings of the aſcent. Still, as ſhe aſcended, the track of blood glared upon the ſtairs.

It led her to the door of a landing-place, that terminated them, but ſhe was unable to follow it farther. Now that ſhe was ſo near the ſought-for certainty, ſhe dreaded to know it, even more than before, and had not fortitude ſufficient to ſpeak, or to attempt opening the door.

Having liſtened, in vain, for ſome ſound, that might confirm, or deſtroy her fears, ſhe, at length, laid her hand on the lock, and, finding it faſtened, called on Madame Montoni; but only a chilling ſilence enſued.

"She is dead!" ſhe cried,—"murdered!—her blood is on the ſtairs!"

Emily grew very faint; could ſupport herſelf no longer, and had ſcarcely preſence of mind to ſet down the lamp, and place herſelf on a ſtep.

When her recollection returned, ſhe ſpoke again at the door, and again attempted to open

open it, and, having lingered for ſome time, without receiving any anſwer, or hearing a ſound, ſhe deſcended the turret, and, with all the ſwiftneſs her feebleneſs would permit, ſought her own apartment.

As ſhe turned into the corridor, the door of a chamber opened, from whence Montoni came forth; but Emily, more terrified than ever to behold him, ſhrunk back into the paſſage ſoon enough to eſcape being noticed, and heard him cloſe the door, which ſhe had perceived was the ſame ſhe formerly obſerved. Having here liſtened to his departing ſteps, till their faint ſound was loſt in diſtance, ſhe ventured to her apartment, and, ſecuring it once again, retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the hearth. But ſleep was fled from her haraſſed mind, to which images of horror alone occurred. She endeavoured to think it poſſible, that Madame Montoni had not been taken to the turret; but, when ſhe recollected the former menaces of her huſband and the terrible ſpirit of vengeance, which he had

diſplayed on a late occaſion; when ſhe remembered his general character, the looks of the men, who had forced Madame Montoni from her apartment, and the written traces on the ſtairs of the turret—ſhe could not doubt, that her aunt had been carried thither, and could ſcarcely hope, that ſhe had not been carried to be murdered.

The grey of morning had long dawned through her caſements, before Emily cloſed her eyes in ſleep; when wearied nature, at length, yielded her a reſpite from ſuffering.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

"Who fears the bloody hand?"

SAYER.

EMILY remained in her chamber, on the following morning, without receiving any notice from Montoni, or ſeeing a human being, except the armed men, who ſometimes paſſed on the terrace below. Having taſted no food ſince the dinner of the preceding day, extreme faintneſs made her feel the neceſſity of quitting the aſylum of her apartment to obtain refreſhment, and ſhe was alſo very anxious to procure liberty for Annette. Willing, however, to defer venturing forth, as long as poſſible, and conſidering, whether ſhe ſhould apply to Montoni, or to the compaſſion of ſome other perſon, her exceſſive anxiety concern-

ing her aunt, at length, overcame her abhorrence of his preſence, and ſhe determined to go to him, and to entreat, that he would ſuffer her to ſee Madame Montoni.

Meanwhile, it was too certain, from the abſence of Annette, that ſome accident had befallen Ludovico, and that ſhe was ſtill in confinement; Emily, therefore, reſolved alſo to viſit the chamber, where ſhe had ſpoken to her, on the preceding night, and, if the poor girl was yet there, to inform Montoni of her ſituation.

It was near noon, before ſhe ventured from her apartment, and went firſt to the ſouth gallery, whither ſhe paſſed without meeting a ſingle perſon, or hearing a ſound, except, now and then, the echo of a diſtant footſtep.

It was unneceſſary to call Annette, whoſe lamentations were audible upon the firſt approach to the gallery, and who, bewailing her own and Ludovico's fate, told Emily, that ſhe ſhould certainly be ſtarved

to

to death, if ſhe was not let out immediately. Emily replied, that ſhe was going to beg her releaſe of Montoni: but the terrors of hunger now yielded to thoſe of the Signor, and, when Emily left her, ſhe was loudly entreating, that her place of refuge might be concealed from him.

As Emily drew near the great hall, the ſounds ſhe heard and the people ſhe met in the paſſages renewed her alarm. The latter, however, were peaceable, and did not interrupt her, though they looked earneſtly at her, as ſhe paſſed, and ſometimes ſpoke. On croſſing the hall towards the cedar room, where Montoni uſually ſat, ſhe perceived, on the pavement, fragments of ſwords, ſome tattered garments ſtained with blood, and almoſt expected to have ſeen among them a dead body; but from ſuch a ſpectacle ſhe was, at preſent, ſpared. As ſhe approached the room, the ſound of ſeveral voices iſſued from within, and a dread of appearing before many ſtrangers, as well as of irritating Montoni by ſuch an in-

truſion, made her pauſe and falter from her purpoſe. She looked up through the long arcades of the hall, in ſearch of a ſervant, who might bear a meſſage, but no one appeared, and the urgency of what ſhe had to requeſt made her ſtill linger near the door. The voices within were not in contention, though ſhe diſtinguiſhed thoſe of ſeveral of the gueſts of the preceding day; but ſtill her reſolution failed, whenever ſhe would have tapped at the door, and ſhe had determined to walk in the hall, till ſome perſon ſhould appear, who might call Montoni from the room, when, as ſhe turned from the door, it was ſuddenly opened by himſelf. Emily trembled, and was confuſed, while he almoſt ſtarted with ſurpriſe, and all the terrors of his countenance unfolded themſelves. She forgot all ſhe would have ſaid, and neither enquired for her aunt, or entreated for Annette, but ſtood ſilent and embarraſſed.

After cloſing the door he reproved her for a meanneſs, of which ſhe had not been guilty,

ty, and ſternly queſtioned her what ſhe had overheard; an accuſation, which revived her recollection ſo far, that ſhe aſſured him ſhe had not come thither with an intention to liſten to his converſation, but to entreat his compaſſion for her aunt, and for Annette. Montoni ſeemed to doubt this aſſertion, for he regarded her with a ſcrutinizing look; and the doubt evidently aroſe from no trifling intereſt. Emily then further explained herſelf, and concluded with entreating him to inform her, where her aunt was placed, and to permit, that ſhe might viſit her; but he looked upon her only with a malignant ſmile, which inſtantaneouſly confirmed her worſt fears for her aunt, and, at that moment, ſhe had not courage to renew her entreaties.

"For Annette," ſaid he—"if you go to Carlo, he will releaſe the girl; the fooliſh fellow, who ſhut her up, died yeſterday." Emily ſhuddered——"But my aunt, Signor"—ſaid ſhe, "O tell me of my aunt!"

"She is taken care of," replied Montoni haſtily, "I have no time to anſwer idle queſtions."

He would have paſſed on, but Emily, in a voice of agony, that could not be wholly reſiſted, conjured him to tell her, where Madame Montoni was; while he pauſed, and ſhe anxiouſly watched his countenance, a trumpet ſounded, and, in the next moment, ſhe heard the heavy gates of the portal open, and then the clattering of horſes' hoofs in the court, with the confuſion of many voices. She ſtood for a moment heſitating whether ſhe ſhould follow Montoni, who, at the ſound of the trumpet, had paſſed through the hall, and, turning her eyes whence it came, ſhe ſaw through the door, that opened beyond a long perſpective of arches into the courts, a party of horſemen, whom ſhe judged, as well as the diſtance and her embarraſſment would allow, to be the ſame ſhe had ſeen depart, a few days before. But ſhe ſtaid not to ſcrutinize, for, when the trumpet ſounded again,

again, the chevaliers ruſhed out of the cedar room, and men came running into the hall from every quarter of the caſtle. Emily once more hurried for ſhelter to her own apartment. Thither ſhe was ſtill purſued by images of horror. She re-conſidered Montoni's manner and words, when he had ſpoken of his wife, and they ſerved only to confirm her moſt terrible ſuſpicions. Tears refuſed any longer to relieve her diſtreſs, and ſhe had ſat for a conſiderable time abſorbed in thought, when a knocking at the chamber door rouſed her, on opening which ſhe found old Carlo.

"Dear young lady," ſaid he, "I have been ſo flurried, I never once thought of you till juſt now. I have brought you ſome fruit and wine, and I am ſure you muſt ſtand in need of them by this time."

"Thank you, Carlo," ſaid Emily, "this is very good of you. Did the Signor remind you of me?"

"No, Signora," replied Carlo, "his

cellenza has buſineſs enough on his hands." Emily then renewed her enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, but Carlo had been employed at the other end of the caſtle, during the time that ſhe was removed, and he had heard nothing ſince, concerning her.

While he ſpoke, Emily looked ſteadily at him, for ſhe ſcarcely knew whether he was really ignorant, or concealed his knowledge of the truth from a fear of offending his maſter. To ſeveral queſtions, concerning the contentions of yeſterday, he gave very limited anſwers; but told, that the diſputes were now amicably ſettled, and that the Signor believed himſelf to have been miſtaken in his ſuſpicions of his gueſts. "The fighting was about that, Signora," ſaid Carlo; "but I truſt I ſhall never ſee ſuch another day in this caſtle, though ſtrange things are about to be done."

On her enquiring his meaning, "Ah, Signora!" added he, "it is not for me to betray ſecrets, or tell all I think, but time will tell."

She

She then desired him to release Annette, and, having described the chamber in which the poor girl was confined, he promised to obey her immediately, and was departing, when she remembered to ask who were the persons just arrived. Her late conjecture was right; it was Verezzi, with his party.

Her spirits were somewhat soothed by this short conversation with Carlo; for, in her present circumstances, it afforded some comfort to hear the accents of compassion, and to meet the look of sympathy.

An hour passed before Annette appeared, who then came weeping and sobbing "O Ludovico, Ludovico!" cried she.

"My poor Annette!" said Emily, and made her sit down.

"Who could have foreseen this, ma'amselle? O miserable, wretched, day—that ever I should live to see it!" and she continued to moan and lament, till Emily thought it necessary to check her excess of grief. "We are continually losing

dear friends by death," ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, that came from her heart. " We muſt ſubmit to the will of heaven—our tears, alas! cannot recal the dead!"

Annette took the handkerchief from her face.

" You will meet Ludovico in a better world, I hope," added Emily.

" Yes—yes—ma'amſelle," ſobbed Annette, " but I hope I ſhall meet him again in this—though he is ſo wounded!"

" Wounded!" exclaimed Emily, " does he live?"

" Yes, ma'am, but—but he has a terrible wound, and could not come to let me out. They thought him dead, at firſt, and he has not been rightly himſelf, till within this hour."

" Well, Annette, I rejoice to hear he lives."

" Lives! Holy Saints! why he will not die, ſurely!"

Emily ſaid ſhe hoped not; but this expreſſion of hope Annette thought implied fear,

fear, and her own increaſed in proportion, as Emily endeavoured to encourage her. To enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, ſhe could give no ſatisfactory anſwers.

" I quite forgot to aſk among the ſervants, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, " for I could think of nobody but poor Ludovico."

Annette's grief was now ſomewhat aſſuaged, and Emily ſent her to make enquiries, concerning her lady, of whom, however, ſhe could obtain no intelligence, ſome of the people ſhe ſpoke with being really ignorant of her fate, and others having probably received orders to conceal it.

This day paſſed with Emily in continued grief and anxiety for her aunt; but ſhe was unmoleſted by any notice from Montoni; and, now that Annette was liberated, ſhe obtained food, without expoſing herſelf to danger, or impertinence.

Two following days paſſed in the ſame manner, unmarked by any occurrence, during

during which she obtained no information of Madame Montoni. On the evening of the second, having dismissed Annette, and retired to bed, her mind became haunted by the most dismal images, such as her long anxiety, concerning her aunt, suggested; and, unable to forget herself, for a moment, or to vanquish the phantoms, that tormented her, she rose from her bed, and went to one of the casements of her chamber, to breathe a freer air.

All without was silent and dark, unless that could be called light, which was only the faint glimmer of the stars, shewing imperfectly the outline of the mountains, the western towers of the castle and the ramparts below, where a solitary sentinel was pacing. What an image of repose did this scene present! The fierce and terrible passions, too, which so often agitated the inhabitants of this edifice, seemed now hushed in sleep;—those mysterious workings, that rouse the elements of man's nature into tempest—were calm. Emily's heart

heart was not ſo; but her ſufferings, though deep, partook of the gentle character of her mind. Her's was a ſilent anguiſh, weeping, yet enduring; not the wild energy of paſſion, inflaming imagination, bearing down the barriers of reaſon, and living in a world of its own.

The air refreſhed her, and ſhe continued at the caſement, looking on the ſhadowy ſcene, over which the planets burned with a clear light, amid the deep blue æther, as they ſilently moved in their deſtined courſe. She remembered how often ſhe had gazed on them with her dear father, how often he had pointed out their way in the heavens, and explained their laws; and theſe reflections led to others, which, in an almoſt equal degree, awakened her grief and aſtoniſhment.

They brought a retroſpect of all the ſtrange and mournful events, which had occurred ſince ſhe lived in peace with her parents. And to Emily, who had been ſo tenderly

tenderly educated, ſo tenderly loved, who once knew only goodneſs and happineſs—to her, the late events and her preſent ſituation—in a foreign land—in a remote caſtle—ſurrounded by vice and violence, ſeemed more like the viſions of a diſtempered imagination, than the circumſtances of truth. She wept to think of what her parents would have ſuffered, could they have foreſeen the events of her future life.

While ſhe raiſed her ſtreaming eyes to heaven, ſhe obſerved the ſame planet, which ſhe had ſeen in Languedoc, on the night preceding her father's death, riſe above the eaſtern towers of the caſtle, while ſhe remembered the converſation, which had paſſed, concerning the probable ſtate of departed ſouls; remembered, alſo, the ſolemn muſic ſhe had heard, and to which the tenderneſs of her ſpirits had, in ſpite of her reaſon, given a ſuperſtitious meaning. At theſe recollections ſhe wept again, and continued muſing, when ſuddenly the notes of ſweet muſic paſſed on the

the air. A ſuperſtitious dread ſtole over her; ſhe ſtood liſtening, for ſome moments, in trembling expectation, and then endeavoured to recollect her thoughts, and to reaſon herſelf into compoſure: but human reaſon cannot eſtabliſh her laws on ſubjects, loſt in the obſcurity of imagination, any more than the eye can aſcertain the form of objects, that only glimmer through the dimneſs of night.

Her ſurpriſe, on hearing ſuch ſoothing and delicious ſounds, was, at leaſt, juſtifiable; for it was long—very long, ſince ſhe had liſtened to any thing like melody. The fierce trumpet and the ſhrill fife were the only inſtruments ſhe had heard, ſince her arrival, at Udolpho.

When her mind was ſomewhat more compoſed, ſhe tried to aſcertain from what quarter the ſounds proceeded, and thought they came from below; but whether from a room of the caſtle, or from the terrace, ſhe could not with certainty judge. Fear and ſurpriſe now yielded to the enchant-

ment

ment of a ſtrain, that floated on the ſilent night, with the moſt ſoft and melancholy ſweetneſs. Suddenly, it ſeemed removed to a diſtance, trembled faintly, and then entirely ceaſed.

She continued to liſten, ſunk in that pleaſing repoſe, which ſoft muſic leaves on the mind—but it came no more. Upon this ſtrange circumſtance her thoughts were long engaged, for ſtrange it certainly was to hear muſic at midnight, when every inhabitant of the caſtle had long ſince retired to reſt, and in a place, where nothing like harmony had been heard before, probably, for many years. Long-ſuffering had made her ſpirits peculiarly ſenſible to terror, and liable to be affected by the illuſions of ſuperſtition.—It now ſeemed to her, as if her dead father had ſpoken to her in that ſtrain, to inſpire her with comfort and confidence, on the ſubject, which had then occupied her mind. Yet reaſon told her, that this was a wild conjecture, and ſhe was inclined to diſmiſs it; but, with

with the inconſiſtency ſo natural, when imagination guides the thoughts, ſhe then wavered towards a belief as wild. She remembered the ſingular event, connected with the caſtle, which had given it into the poſſeſſion of its preſent owner; and, when ſhe conſidered the myſterious manner in which its late poſſeſſor had diſappeared, and that ſhe had never ſince been heard of, her mind was impreſſed with an high degree of ſolemn awe; ſo that, though there appeared no clue to connect that event with the late muſic, ſhe was inclined fancifully to think they had ſome relation to each other. At this conjecture, a ſudden chillneſs ran through her frame; ſhe looked fearfully upon the duſkineſs of her chamber, and the dead ſilence, that prevailed there, heightened to her fancy its gloomy aſpect.

At length, ſhe left the caſement, but her ſteps faltered, as ſhe approached the bed, and ſhe ſtopped and looked round. The ſingle lamp, that burned in her ſpacious

cious chamber, was expiring; for a moment, ſhe ſhrunk from the darkneſs beyond; and then, aſhamed of the weakneſs, which, however, ſhe could not wholly conquer, went forward to the bed, where her mind did not ſoon know the ſoothings of ſleep. She ſtill muſed on the late occurrence, and looked with anxiety to the next night, when, at the ſame hour, ſhe determined to watch whether the muſic returned. "If thoſe ſounds were human," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall probably hear them again."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

" Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, in ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance."

SHAKSPEARE.

ANNETTE came almoſt breathleſs to Emily's apartment in the morning. " O ma'amſelle!" ſaid ſhe, in broken ſentences, " what news I have to tell! I have found out who the priſoner is—but he was no priſoner neither;—he that was ſhut up in the chamber I told you of. I muſt think him a ghoſt, forſooth!"

" Who was the priſoner?" enquired Emily, while her thoughts glanced back to the circumſtance of the preceding night.

" You miſtake, ma'am," ſaid Annette; " he was not a priſoner, after all."

" Who is the perſon then?"

" Holy Saints!" rejoined Annette; " How I was ſurpriſed! I met him juſt now,

now, on the rampart below, there. I never was ſo ſurpriſed in my life! Ah! ma'amſelle! this is a ſtrange place! I ſhould never have done wondering, if I was to live here an hundred years. But, as I was ſaying, I met him juſt now on the rampart, and I was thinking of nobody leſs than of him."

"This trifling is inſupportable," ſaid Emily; "pr'ythee, Annette, do not torture my patience any longer."

"Nay, ma'amſelle, gueſs—gueſs who it was; it was ſomebody you know very well."

"I cannot gueſs," ſaid Emily impatiently.

"Nay, ma'amſelle, I'll tell you ſomething to gueſs by—A tall Signor, with a longiſh face, who walks ſo ſtately, and uſed to wear ſuch a high feather in his hat; and uſed often to look down upon the ground, when people ſpoke to him; and to look at people from under his eyebrows, as it were, all ſo dark and frowning.

ing. You have ſeen him, often and often, at Venice, ma'am. Then he was ſo intimate with the Signor, too. And, now I think of it, I wonder what he could be afraid of in this lonely old caſtle, that he ſhould ſhut himſelf up for. But he is come abroad now, for I met him on the rampart juſt this minute. I trembled when I ſaw him, for I always was afraid of him, ſomehow; but I determined I would not let him ſee it; ſo I went up to him, and made him a low courteſy, 'You are welcome to the caſtle, Signor Orſino,' ſaid I."

"O, it was Signor Orſino, then!" ſaid Emily.

"Yes, ma'amſelle, Signor Orſino, himſelf, who cauſed that Venetian gentleman to be killed, and has been popping about from place to place, ever ſince, as I hear."

"Good God!" exclaimed Emily, recovering from the ſhock of this intelligence; "and is *he* come to Udolpho? He does well to endeavour to conceal himſelf."

"Yes,

" Yes, ma'amſelle, but if that was all, this deſolate place would conceal him, without his ſhutting himſelf up in one room. Who would think of coming to look for him here? I am ſure I ſhould as ſoon think of going to look for any body in the world."

" There is ſome truth in that," ſaid Emily, who would now have concluded it was Orſino's muſic, which ſhe had heard, on the preceding night, had ſhe not known, that he had neither taſte, or ſkill in the art. But, though ſhe was unwilling to add to the number of Annette's ſurpriſes, by mentioning the ſubject of her own, ſhe enquired whether any perſon in the caſtle played on a muſical inſtrument?

" O yes, ma'amſelle; there is Benedetto plays the great drum to admiration; and then, there is Launcelot the trumpeter; nay, for that matter, Ludovico himſelf can play on the trumpet;—but he is ill now. I remember once"——

Emily interrupted her; " Have you heard

heard no other muſic ſince you came to the caſtle—none laſt night?"

"Why, did *you* hear any laſt night, ma'amſelle?"

Emily evaded this queſtion, by repeating her own.

"Why, no, ma'am," replied Annette; "I never heard any muſic here, I muſt ſay, but the drums and the trumpet; and, as for laſt night, I did nothing but dream I ſaw my late lady's ghoſt."

"Your *late* lady's," ſaid Emily in a tremulous voice; "you have heard more, then. Tell me—tell me all, Annette, I entreat; tell me the worſt at once."

"Nay, ma'amſelle, you know the worſt already."

"I know nothing," ſaid Emily.

"Yes, you do, ma'amſelle; you know, that nobody knows any thing about her; and it is plain, therefore, ſhe is gone, the way of the firſt lady of the caſtle—nobody ever knew any thing about her."

Emily leaned her head upon her hand,

and was, for ſome time, ſilent; then, telling Annette ſhe wiſhed to be alone, the latter left the room.

The remark of Annette had revived Emily's terrible ſuſpicion, concerning the fate of Madame Montoni; and ſhe reſolved to make another effort to obtain certainty on this ſubject, by applying to Montoni once more.

When Annette returned a few hours after, ſhe told Emily, that the porter of the caſtle wiſhed very much to ſpeak with her, for that he had ſomething of importance to ſay; her ſpirits had, however, of late been ſo ſubject to alarm, that any new circumſtance excited it; and this meſſage from the porter, when her firſt ſurpriſe was over, made her look round for ſome lurking danger, the more ſuſpiciouſly, perhaps, becauſe ſhe had frequently remarked the unpleaſant air and countenance of this man. She now heſitated, whether to ſpeak with him, doubting even, that this requeſt was only a pretext to draw her into ſome danger;

ger; but a little reflection ſhewed her the improbability of this, and ſhe bluſhed at her weak fears.

"I will ſpeak to him, Annette," ſaid ſhe; "deſire him to come to the corridor immediately."

Annette departed, and ſoon after returned.

"Barnardine, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, "dare not come to the corridor, leſt he ſhould be diſcovered, it is ſo far from his poſt; and he dare not even leave the gates for a moment now; but, if you will come to him at the portal, through ſome round-about paſſages he told me of, without croſſing the courts, he has that to tell, which will ſurpriſe you. But you muſt not come through the courts, leſt the Signor ſhould ſee you."

Emily, neither approving theſe "round-about paſſages," nor the other part of the requeſt, now poſitively refuſed to go. "Tell him," ſaid ſhe, "if he has any thing of conſequence to impart, I will

hear him in the corridor, whenever he has an opportunity of coming thither."

Annette went to deliver this meſſage, and was abſent a conſiderable time. When ſhe returned, " It won't do, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe. " Barnardine has been conſidering all this time what can be done, for it is as much as his place is worth to leave his poſt now. But, if you will come to the eaſt rampart in the duſk of the evening, he can, perhaps, ſteal away, and tell you all he has to ſay.'

Emily was ſurpriſed and alarmed, at the ſecrecy which this man ſeemed to think ſo neceſſary, and heſitated whether to meet him, till, conſidering that he might mean to warn her of ſome ſerious danger, ſhe reſolved to go."

" Soon after ſun-ſet," ſaid ſhe, " I will be at the end of the eaſt rampart. But then the watch will be ſet," ſhe added, recollecting herſelf, " and how can Barnardine paſs unobſerved?"

" That is juſt what I ſaid to him, ma'am,

ma'am, and he anſwered me, that he had the key of the gate, at the end of the rampart, that leads towards the courts, and could let himſelf through that way; and as for the ſentinels, there were none at this end of the terrace, becauſe the place is guarded enough by the high walls of the caſtle, and the eaſt turret; and he ſaid thoſe at the other end were too far off to ſee him, if it was pretty duſkyiſh."

"Well," ſaid Emily, "I muſt hear what he has to tell; and, therefore, deſire you will go with me to the terrace, this evening."

"He deſired it might be pretty duſkyiſh, ma'amſelle," repeated Annette, "becauſe of the watch."

Emily pauſed, and then ſaid ſhe would be on the terrace, an hour after ſun-ſet;—"and tell Barnardine," ſhe added, "to be punctual to the time; for that I, alſo, may be obſerved by Signor Montoni. Where is the Signor? I would ſpeak with him."

"He is in the cedar chamber, ma'am,

counſelling with the other Signors. He is going to give them a ſort of a treat to-day, to make up for what paſſed at the laſt, I ſuppoſe; the people are all very buſy in the kitchen."

Emily now enquired, if Montoni expected any new gueſts? and Annette believed that he did not. "Poor Ludovico!" added ſhe, "he would be as merry as the beſt of them, if he was well; but he may recover yet. Count Morano was wounded as bad as he, and he is got well again, and is gone back to Venice."

"Is he ſo?" ſaid Emily, "when did you hear this?"

"I heard it, laſt night, ma'amſelle, but I forgot to tell it."

Emily aſked ſome further queſtions, and then deſiring Annette would obſerve and inform her, when Montoni was alone, the girl went to deliver her meſſage to Barnardine.

Montoni was, however, ſo much engaged, during the whole day, that Emily had

had no opportunity of ſeeking a releaſe from her terrible ſuſpenſe, concerning her aunt. Annette was employed in watching his ſteps, and in attending upon Ludovico, whom ſhe, aſſiſted by Caterina, nurſed with the utmoſt care; and Emily was, of courſe, left much alone. Her thoughts dwelt often on the meſſage of the porter, and were employed in conjecturing the ſubject, that occaſioned it, which ſhe ſometimes imagined concerned the fate of Madame Montoni; at others, that it related to ſome perſonal danger, which threatened herſelf. The cautious ſecrecy which Barnardine obſerved in his conduct, inclined her to believe the latter.

As the hour of appointment drew near, her impatience increaſed. At length the ſun ſet; ſhe heard the paſſing ſteps of the ſentinels going to their poſts; and waited only for Annette to accompany her to the terrace, who, ſoon after, came, and they deſcended together. When Emily expreſſed apprehenſions of meeting Montoni, or

ſome of his gueſts, " O, there is no fear of that, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, " they are all ſet in to feaſting yet, and that Barnardine knows."

They reached the firſt terrace, where the ſentinels demanded who paſſed; and Emily, having anſwered, walked on to the eaſt rampart, at the entrance of which they were again ſtopped; and, having again replied, were permitted to proceed. But Emily did not like to expoſe herſelf to the diſcretion of theſe men, at ſuch an hour; and, impatient to withdraw from the ſituation, ſhe ſtepped haſtily on in ſearch of Barnardine. He was not yet come. She leaned penſively on the wall of the rampart, and waited for him. The gloom of twilight ſat deep on the ſurrounding objects, blending in ſoft confuſion the valley, the mountains, and the woods, whoſe tall heads, ſtirred by the evening breeze, gave the only ſounds, that ſtole on ſilence, except a faint, faint chorus of diſtant voices, that aroſe from within the caſtle.

" What

" What voices are thoſe?" ſaid Emily, as ſhe fearfully liſtened.

" It is only the Signor and his gueſts, carouſing," replied Annette.

" Good God!" thought Emily, " can this man's heart be ſo gay, when he has made another being ſo wretched; if, indeed, my aunt is yet ſuffered to feel her wretchedneſs? O! whatever are my own ſufferings, may my heart never, never be hardened againſt thoſe of others!"

She looked up, with a ſenſation of horror, to the eaſt turret, near which ſhe then ſtood; a light glimmered through the grates of the lower chamber, but thoſe of the upper one were dark. Preſently ſhe perceived a perſon moving with a lamp acroſs the lower room; but this circumſtance revived no hope, concerning Madame Montoni, whom ſhe had vainly ſought in that apartment, which had appeared to contain only ſoldiers' accoutrements. Emily, however, determined to attempt the outer door of the turret, as ſoon as Barnardine ſhould with-

draw; and, if it was unfaſtened, to make another effort to diſcover her aunt.

The moments paſſed, but ſtill Barnardine did not appear; and Emily, becoming uneaſy, heſitated whether to wait any longer. She would have ſent Annette to the portal to haſten him, but feared to be left alone, for it was now almoſt dark, and a melancholy ſtreak of red, that ſtill lingered in the weſt, was the only veſtige of departed day. The ſtrong intereſt, however, which Barnardine's meſſage had awakened, overcame other apprehenſions, and ſtill detained her.

While ſhe was conjecturing with Annette what could thus occaſion his abſence, they heard a key turn in the lock of the gate near them, and preſently ſaw a man advancing. It was Barnardine, of whom Emily haſtily enquired what he had to communicate, and deſired, that he would tell her quickly, "for I am chilled with this evening air," ſaid ſhe.

"You muſt diſmiſs your maid, lady," ſaid

ſaid the man in a voice, the deep tone of which ſhocked her, " what I have to tell is to you only."

Emily, after ſome heſitation, deſired Annette to withdraw to a little diſtance. " Now, my friend, what would you ſay ?"

He was ſilent a moment, as if conſidering, and then ſaid,——

" That which would coſt me my place, at leaſt, if it came to the Signor's ears. You muſt promiſe, lady, that nothing ſhall ever make you tell a ſyllable of the matter; I have been truſted in this affair, and, if it was known, that I betrayed my truſt, my life, perhaps, might anſwer it. But I was concerned for you, lady, and I reſolved to tell you." He pauſed.——

Emily thanked him, aſſured him that he might repoſe on her diſcretion, and entreated him to diſpatch.

" Annette told us in the hall how unhappy you was about Signora Mon-

toni, and how much you wiſhed to know what was become of her."

"Moſt true," ſaid Emily eagerly, "and you can inform me. I conjure you tell me the worſt, without heſitation." She reſted her trembling arm upon the wall.

"I can tell you," ſaid Barnardine, and pauſed.—

Emily had no power to enforce her entreaties.

"I *can* tell you," reſumed Barnardine, —"but"——

"But what?" exclaimed Emily, recovering her reſolution.

"Here I am, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, who, having heard the eager tone, in which Emily pronounced theſe words, came running towards her.

"Retire!" ſaid Barnardine, ſternly; "you are not wanted;" and, as Emily ſaid nothing, Annette obeyed.

"I *can* tell you," repeated the porter, —"but I know not how—you was afflicted before."——

"I am

" I am prepared for the worſt, my friend," ſaid Emily, in a firm and ſolemn voice. " I can ſupport any certainty better than this ſuſpenſe."

" Well, Signora, if that is the caſe, you ſhall hear.—You know, I ſuppoſe, that the Signor and his lady uſed ſometimes to diſagree. It is none of my concerns to enquire what it was about, but I believe you know it was ſo."

" Well," ſaid Emily, " proceed."

" The Signor, it ſeems, had lately been very wroth againſt her. I ſaw all, and heard all,—a great deal more than people thought for; but it was none of my buſineſs, ſo I ſaid nothing. A few days ago, the Signor ſent for me. ' Barnardine,' ſays he, ' you are—an honeſt man, I think I can truſt you.' I aſſured his *Excellenza* that he could. ' Then,' ſays he, as near as I can remember, ' I have an affair in hand, which I want you to aſſiſt me in.'—Then he told me what I was to do; but that

that I ſhall ſay nothing about—it concerned only the Signora."

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Emily—— "what have you done?"

Barnardine heſitated, and was ſilent.

"What fiend could tempt him, or you, to ſuch an act!" cried Emily, chilled with horror, and ſcarcely able to ſupport her fainting ſpirits.

"It was a fiend," ſaid Barnardine in a gloomy tone of voice. They were now both ſilent;—Emily had not courage to enquire further, and Barnardine ſeemed to ſhrink from telling more. At length he ſaid, "It is of no uſe to think of the paſt; the Signor was cruel enough, but he would be obeyed. What ſignified my refuſing? He would have found others, who had no ſcruples."

"You have murdered her, then!" ſaid Emily, in a hollow and inward voice— "I am talking with a murderer!" Barnardine ſtood ſilent; while Emily turned from him, and attempted to leave the place.

"Stay,

"Stay, lady!" ſaid he. "You deſerve to think ſo ſtill—ſince you can believe me capable of ſuch a deed."

"If you are innocent, tell me quickly," ſaid Emily, in faint accents, "for I feel I ſhall not be able to hear you long."

"I will tell you no more," ſaid he, and walked away. Emily had juſt ſtrength enough to bid him ſtay, and then to call Annette, on whoſe arm ſhe leaned, and they walked ſlowly up the rampart, till they heard ſteps behind them. It was Barnardine again.

"Send away the girl," ſaid he, "and I will tell you more."

"She muſt not go," ſaid Emily; "what you have to ſay, ſhe may hear."

"May ſhe ſo, lady?" ſaid he. "You ſhall know no more, then;" and he was going, though ſlowly, when Emily's anxiety, overcoming the reſentment and fear, which the man's behaviour had rouſed, ſhe deſired him to ſtay, and bade Annette retire.

"The

" The Signora is alive," ſaid he, " for me. She is my priſoner, though; his *Excellenza* has ſhut her up in the chamber over the great gates of the court, and I have the charge of her. I was going to have told you, you might ſee her—but now——"

Emily, relieved from an unutterable load of anguiſh by this ſpeech, had now only to aſk Barnardine's forgiveneſs, and to conjure, that he would let her viſit her aunt.

He complied with leſs reluctance, than ſhe expected, and told her, that if ſhe would repair, on the following night, when the Signor was retired to reſt, to the poſtern-gate of the caſtle, ſhe ſhould, perhaps, ſee Madame Montoni.

Amid all the thankfulneſs, which Emily felt for this conceſſion, ſhe thought ſhe obſerved a malicious triumph in his manner, when he pronounced the laſt words; but, in the next moment, ſhe diſmiſſed the thought, and, having again thanked him,

him, commended her aunt to his pity, and aſſured him, that ſhe would herſelf reward him, and would be punctual to her appointment; ſhe bade him good-night, and retired, unobſerved, to her chamber. It was a conſiderable time, before the tumult of joy, which Barnardine's unexpected intelligence had occaſioned, allowed Emily to think with clearneſs, or to be conſcious of the real dangers, that ſtill ſurrounded Madame Montoni and herſelf. When this agitation ſubſided, ſhe perceived, that her aunt was yet the priſoner of a man, to whoſe vengeance, or avarice, ſhe might fall a ſacrifice; and, when ſhe further conſidered the ſavage aſpect of the perſon, who was appointed to guard Madame Montoni, her doom appeared to be already ſealed, for the countenance of Barnardine ſeemed to bear the ſtamp of a murderer; and, when ſhe had looked upon it, ſhe felt inclined to believe, that there was no deed, however black, which he might not be prevailed upon to execute. Theſe

reflections

reflections brought to her remembrance the tone of voice, in which he had promiſed to grant her requeſt to ſee his priſoner; and ſhe muſed upon it long in uneaſineſs and doubt. Sometimes, ſhe even heſitated, whether to truſt herſelf with him at the lonely hour he had appointed; and once, and only once, it ſtruck her, that Madame Montoni might be already murdered, and that this ruffian was appointed to decoy herſelf to ſome ſecret place, where her life alſo was to be ſacrificed to the avarice of Montoni, who then would claim ſecurely the conteſted eſtates in Languedoc. The conſideration of the enormity of ſuch guilt did, at length, relieve her from the belief of its probability, but not from all the doubts and fears, which a recollection of Barnardine's manner had occaſioned. From theſe ſubjects, her thoughts, at length, paſſed to others; and, as the evening advanced, ſhe remembered, with ſomewhat more than ſurpriſe, the muſic ſhe had heard, on the preceding night, and now awaited

awaited its return, with more than curioſity.

She diſtinguiſhed, till a late hour, the diſtant carouſals of Montoni and his companions—the loud conteſt, the diſſolute laugh, and the choral ſong, that made the halls re-echo. At length, ſhe heard the heavy gates of the caſtle ſhut for the night, and thoſe ſounds inſtantly ſunk into a ſilence, which was diſturbed only by the whiſpering ſteps of perſons, paſſing through the galleries to their remote rooms. Emily now judging it to be about the time, when ſhe had heard the muſic, on the preceding night, diſmiſſed Annette, and gently opened the caſement to watch for its return. The planet ſhe had ſo particularly noticed, at the recurrence of the muſic, was not yet riſen; but, with ſuperſtitious weakneſs, ſhe kept her eyes fixed on that part of the hemiſphere, where it would riſe, almoſt expecting, that, when it appeared, the ſounds would return. At length, it came, ſerenely bright, over the eaſtern towers of the

the caſtle. Her heart trembled, when ſhe perceived it, and ſhe had ſcarcely courage to remain at the caſement, leſt the returning muſic ſhould confirm her terror, and ſubdue the little ſtrength ſhe yet retained. The clock ſoon after ſtruck one, and, knowing this to be about the time, when the ſounds had occurred, ſhe ſat down in a chair, near the caſement, and endeavoured to compoſe her ſpirits; but the anxiety of expectation yet diſturbed them. Every thing, however, remained ſtill; ſhe heard only the ſolitary ſtep of a ſentinel, and the lulling murmur of the woods below, and ſhe again leaned from the caſement, and again looked, as if for intelligence, to the planet, which was now riſen high above the towers.

Emily continued to liſten, but no muſic came. "Thoſe were ſurely no mortal ſounds!" ſaid ſhe, recollecting their entrancing melody. "No inhabitant of this caſtle could utter ſuch; and, where is the feeling, that could modulate ſuch exquiſite expreſ-

expreſſion? We all know, that it has been affirmed celeſtial ſounds have ſometimes been heard on earth. Father Pierre and father Antoine declared, that they had ſometimes heard them in the ſtillneſs of night, when they alone were waking to offer their oriſons to heaven. Nay, my dear father himſelf once ſaid, that, ſoon after my mother's death, as he lay watchful in grief, ſounds of uncommon ſweetneſs called him from his bed; and, on opening his window, he heard lofty muſic paſs alone the midnight air. It ſoothed him, he ſaid; he looked up with confidence to heaven, and reſigned her to his God."

Emily pauſed to weep at this recollection. "Perhaps," reſumed ſhe, "perhaps, thoſe ſtrains I heard were ſent to comfort, —to encourage me! Never ſhall I forget thoſe I heard, at this hour, in Languedoc! Perhaps, my father watches over me, at this moment!" She wept again in tender-

tenderneſs. Thus paſſed the hour in watchfulneſs and ſolemn thought; but no ſounds returned; and, after remaining at the caſement, till the light tint of dawn began to edge the mountain-tops and ſteal upon the night-ſhade, ſhe concluded, that they would not return, and retired reluctantly to repoſe.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.